

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE RED SEA SHARKS

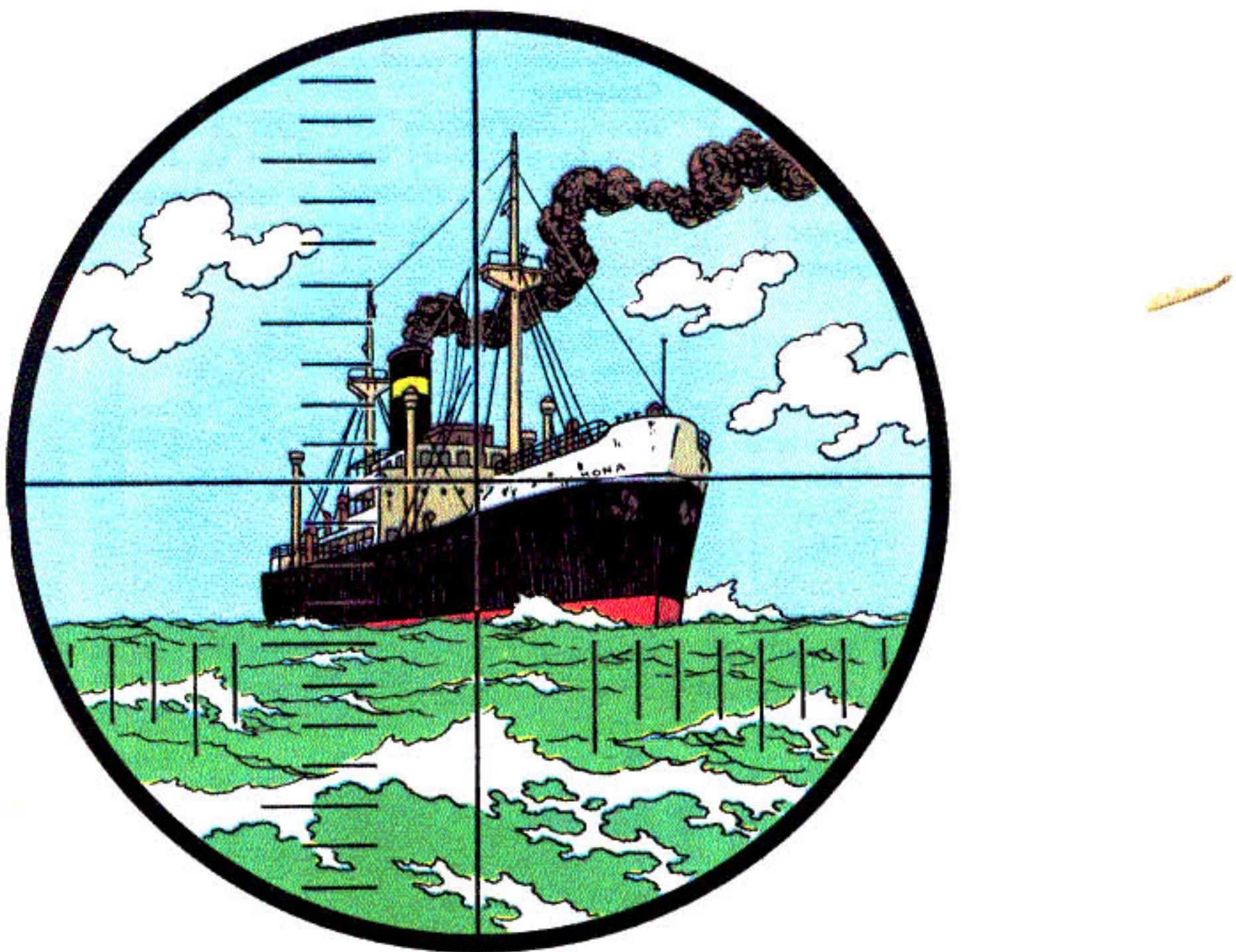


MAMMOTH

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE RED SEA SHARKS



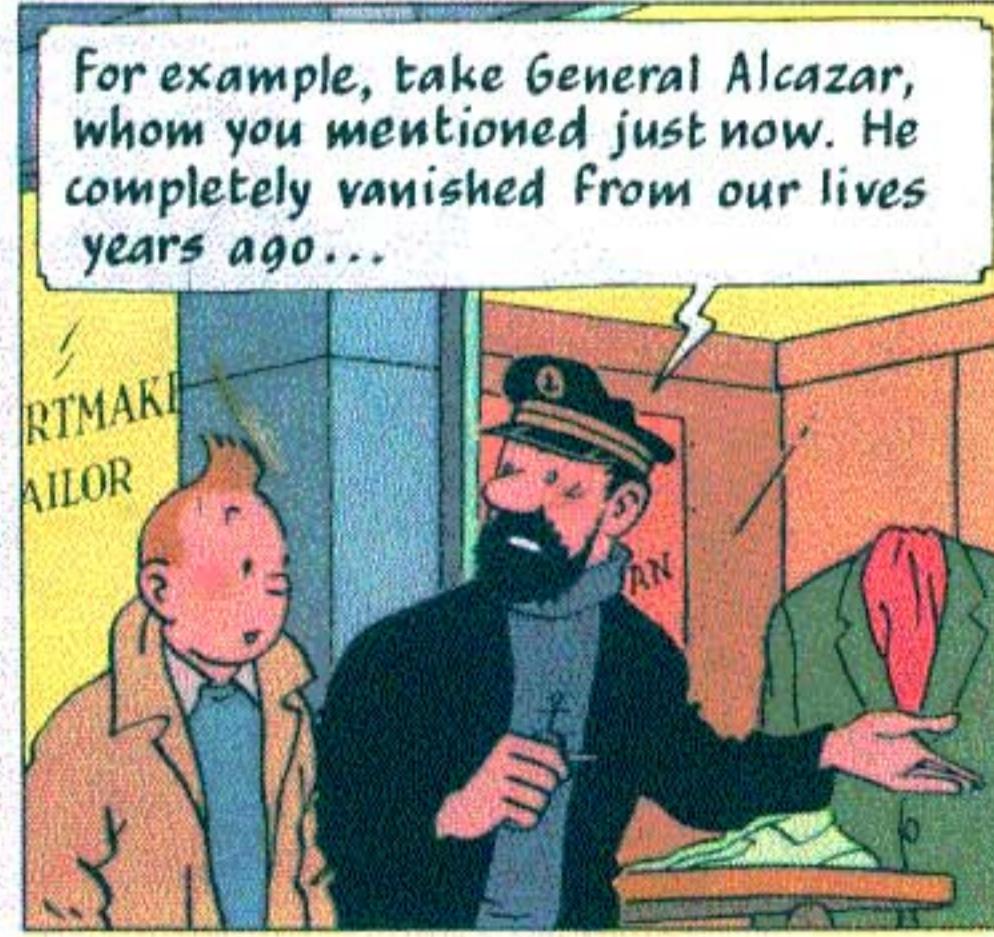
METHUEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS
LONDON

THE RED SEA SHARKS

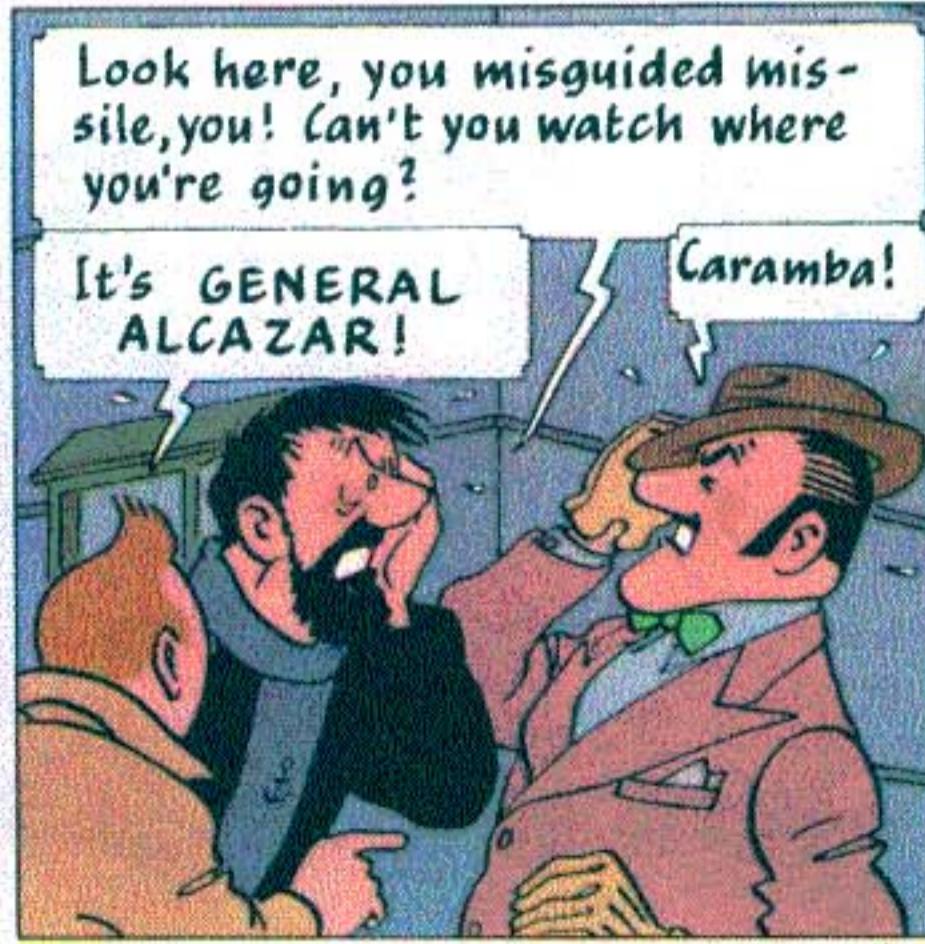
One evening, at the cinema...



...but the end was too improbable. The old uncle hasn't seen his nephew for twenty years...he starts thinking about him...the door opens, and hey-presto, who's there? The nephew!



Well, d'you suppose, if I just think about him he'll pop up on the street corner, like that, bingo!?



It's extraordinary! Imagine!
The Captain and I were just this
moment talking about you!

Qué?... Of me?

Yes, of you... weren't we, Captain? Then up you pop like a jack-in-a-box. It's incredible... But tell me, General, what are you doing nowadays?

Me?... Er... Well... Si... I... travel... But...

Por favor... excuse please... In mucho hurry... Already late for appointment... I go now.

Oh, what a pity... At all events, here's my address. And where can we find you, General?

Er... Um... At thees hotel... er... thees Hotel Bristol.

Good! The Bristol... And when do you...

Just so... Now I go... Adios, amigos!

Goodbye, General.

Well, well! Frankly, I don't think your friend Alcazar was in a very chatty mood!

Yes, an odd fellow. Oh well, come on.

?

OH!

Crumbs! It's the general's wallet. He didn't put it right inside his pocket.

Quick! He can't have got far.

Hello, where's he gone to? ...

Perhaps he got into a car. ... Never mind. The Hotel Bristol is quite near; we'll leave his wallet there.

A few minutes later, at the Bristol...

General Alcazar?... No, Sir, we have no one of that name here.

I wonder: perhaps he's registered under another name... Ramon Zarate?

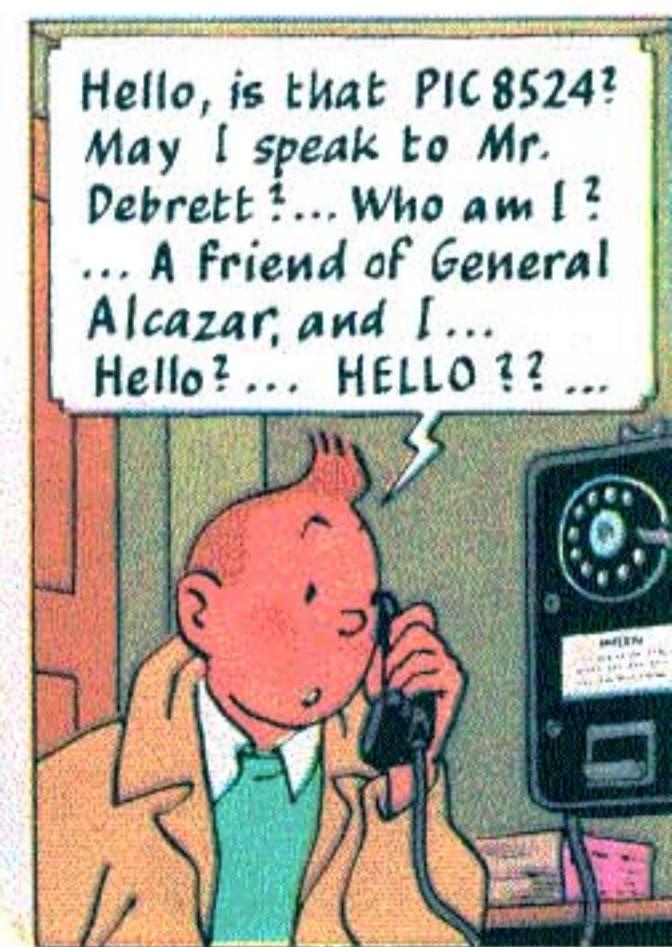
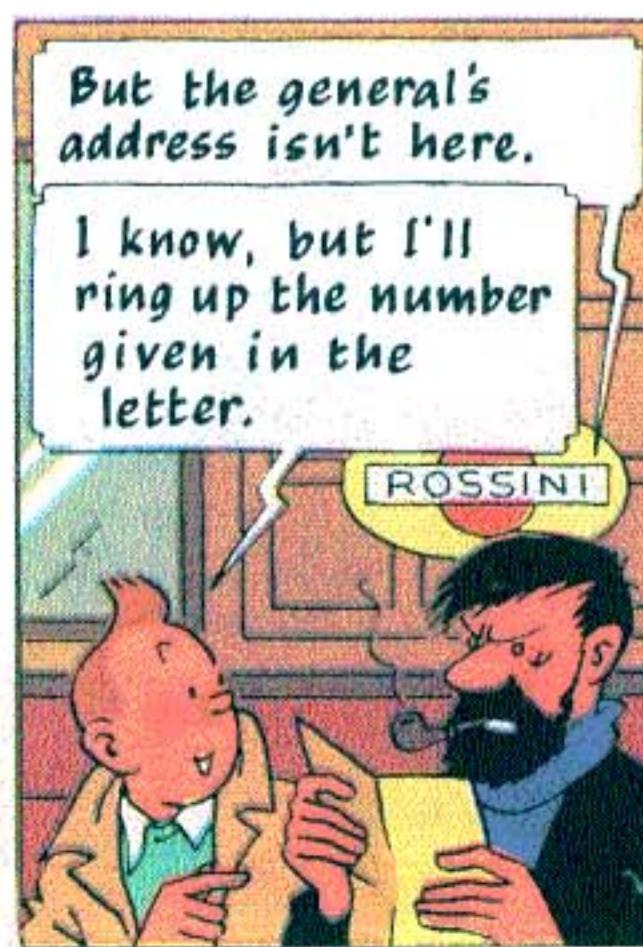
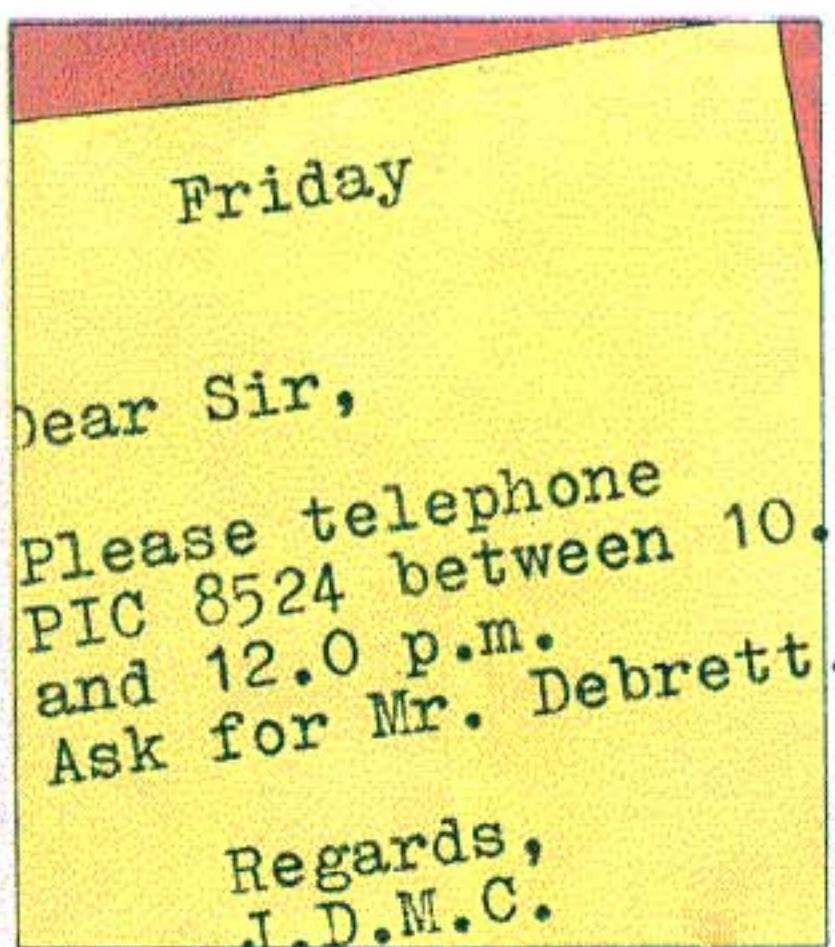
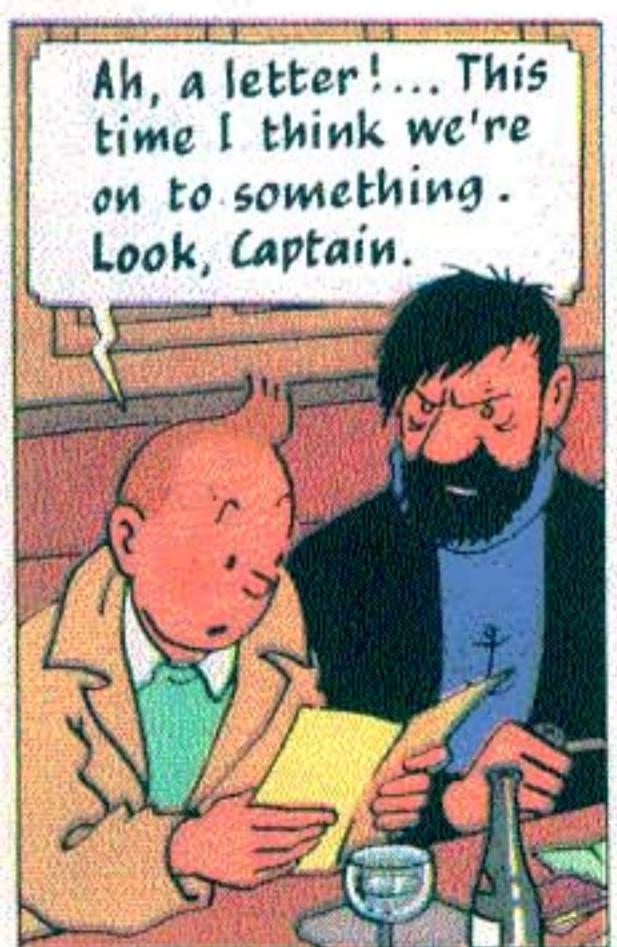
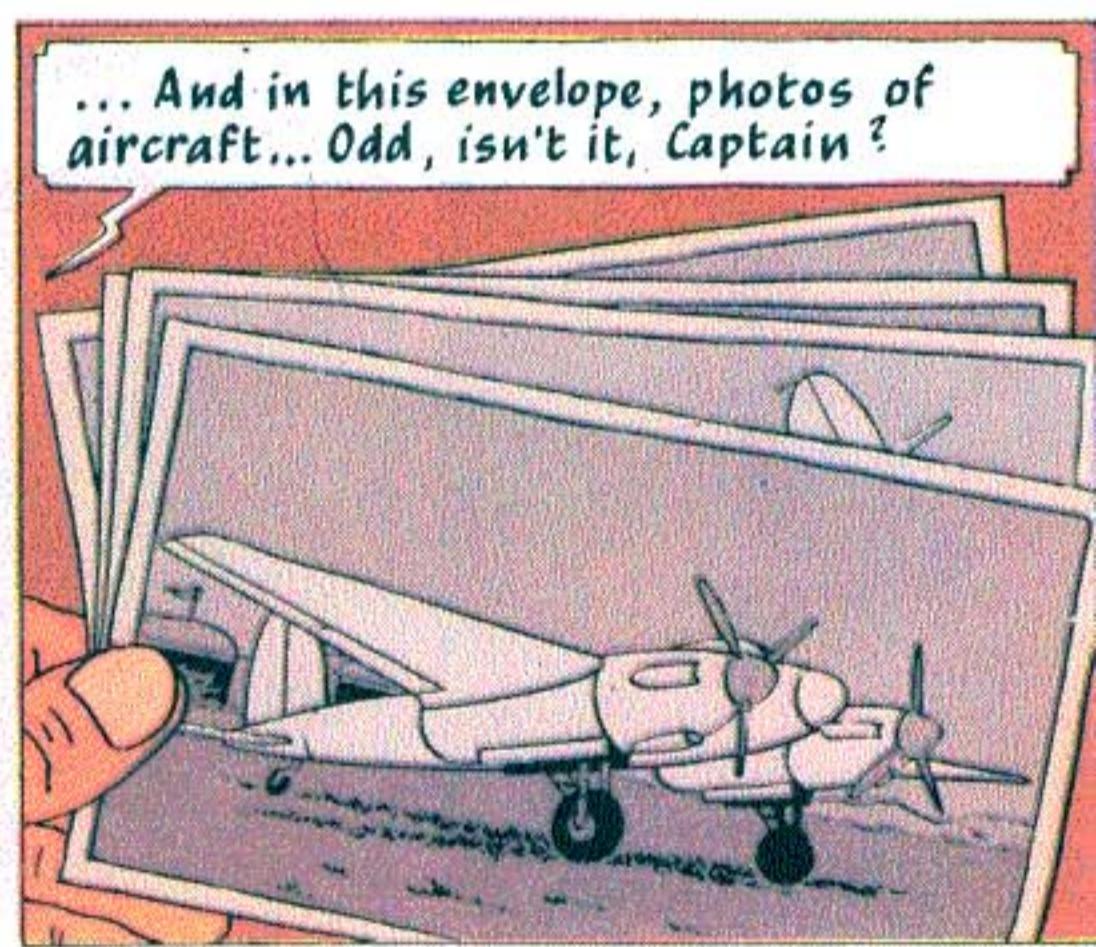
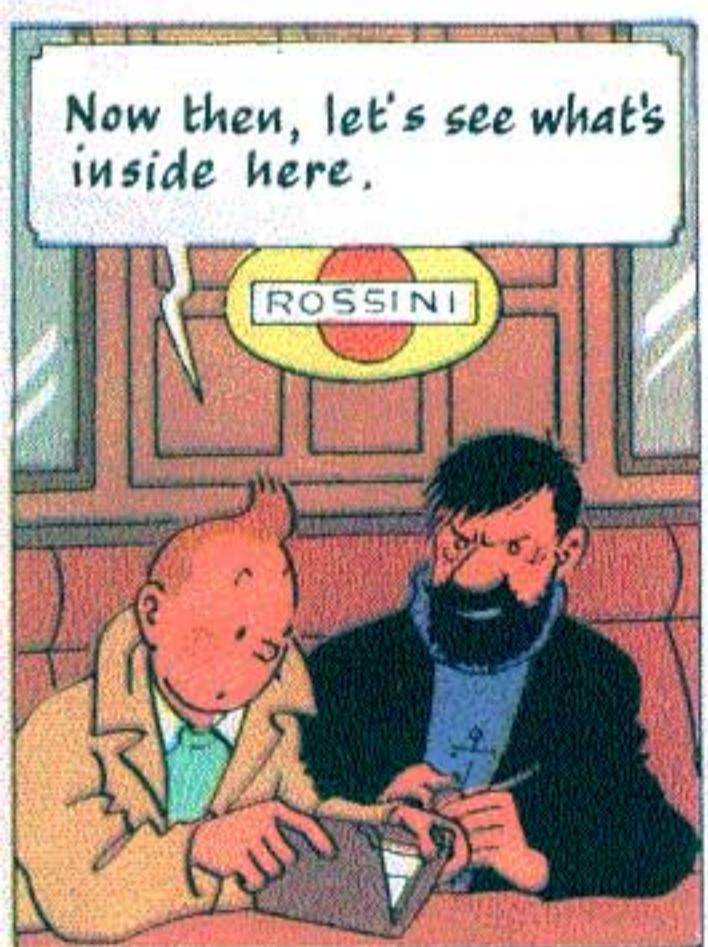
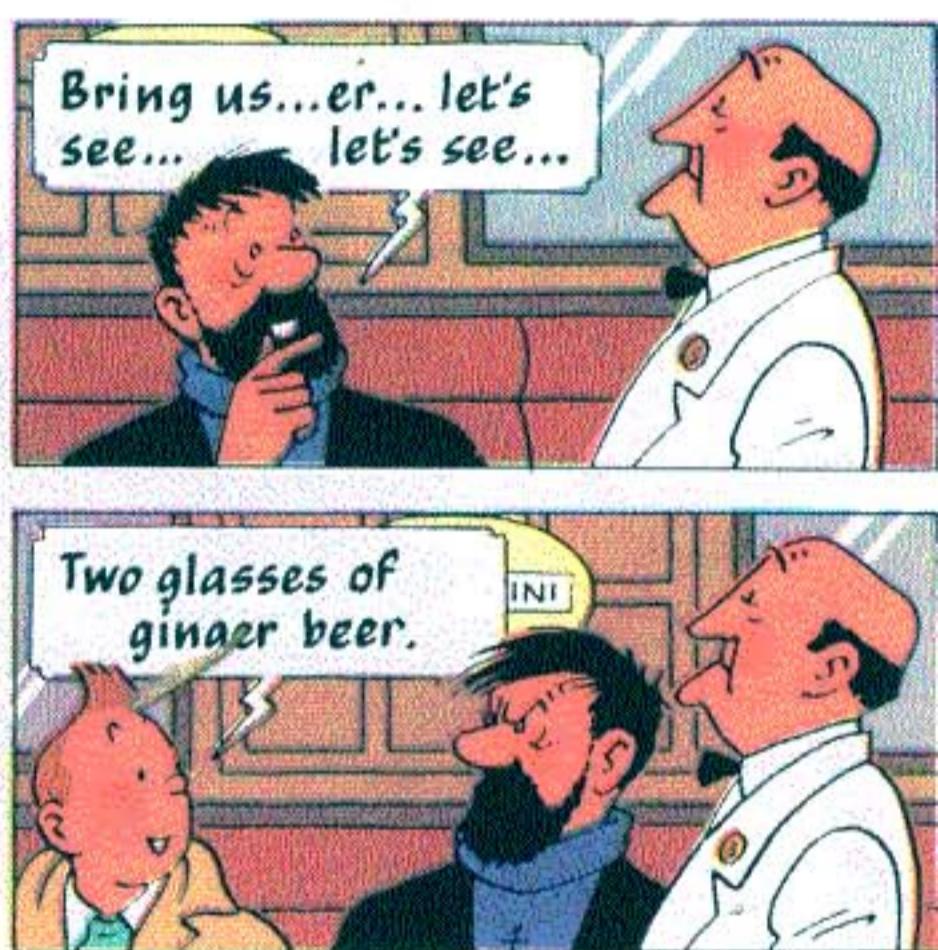
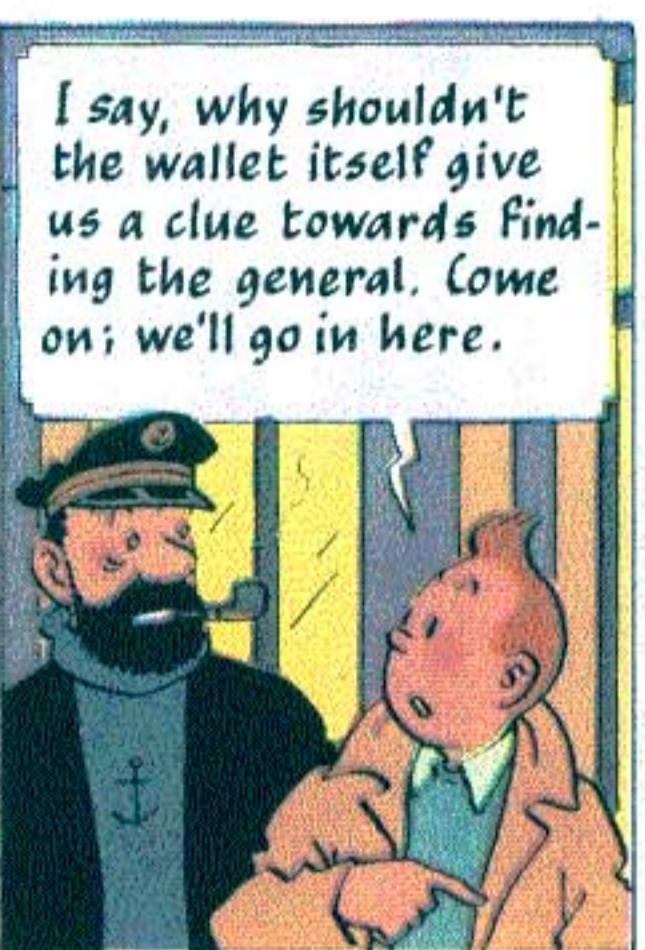
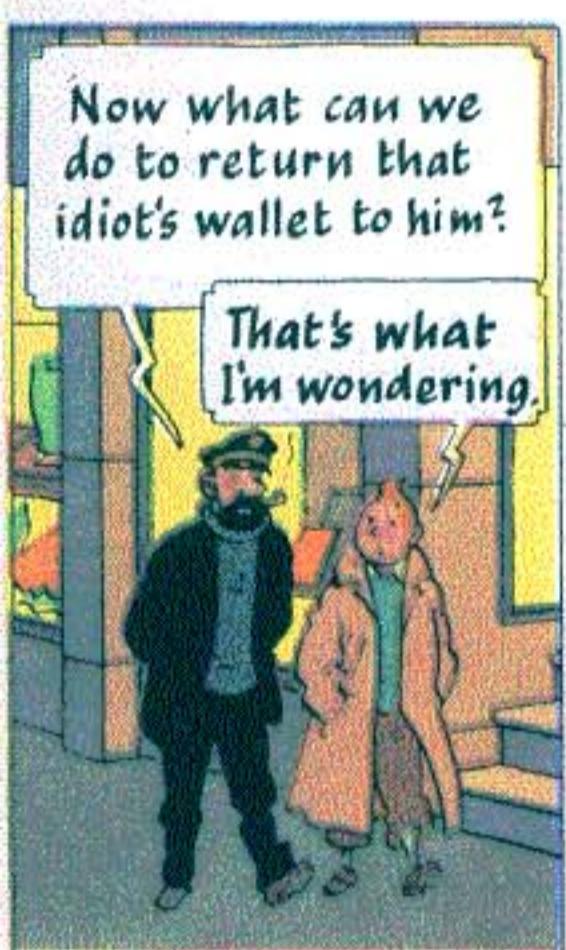
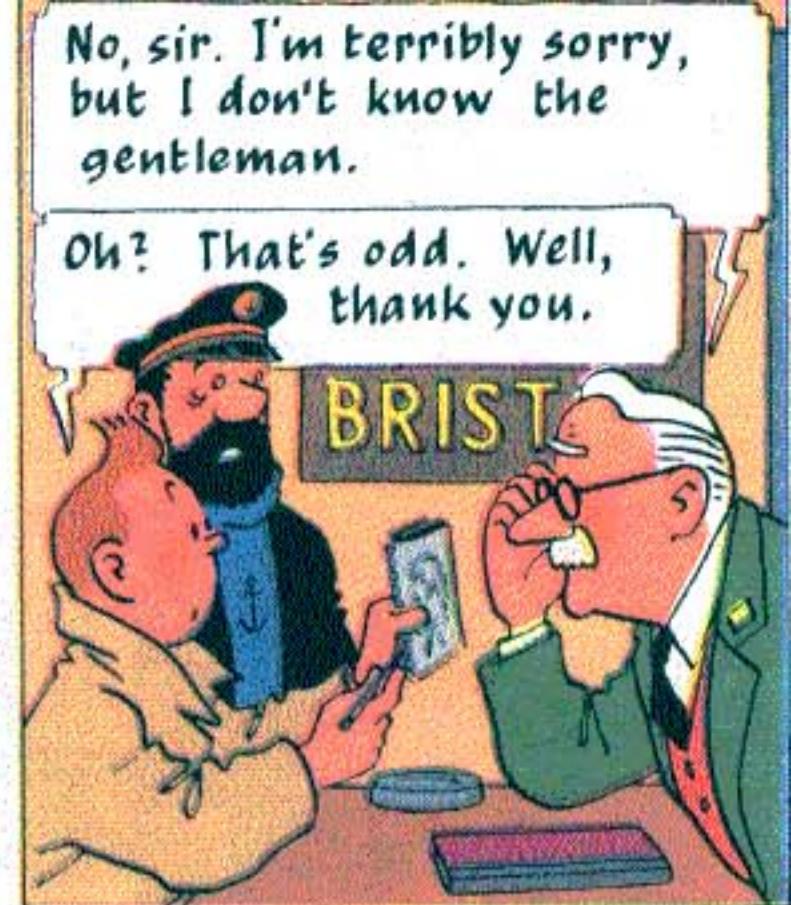
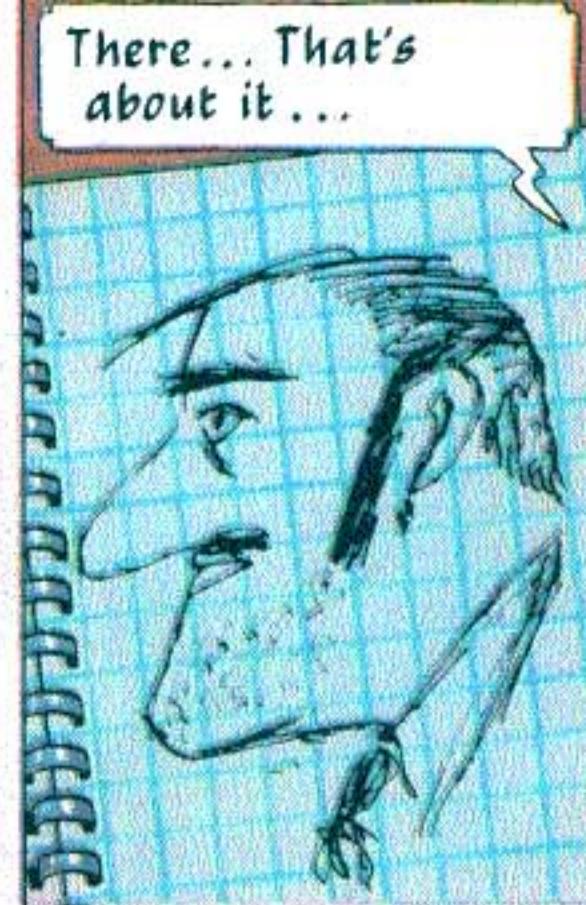
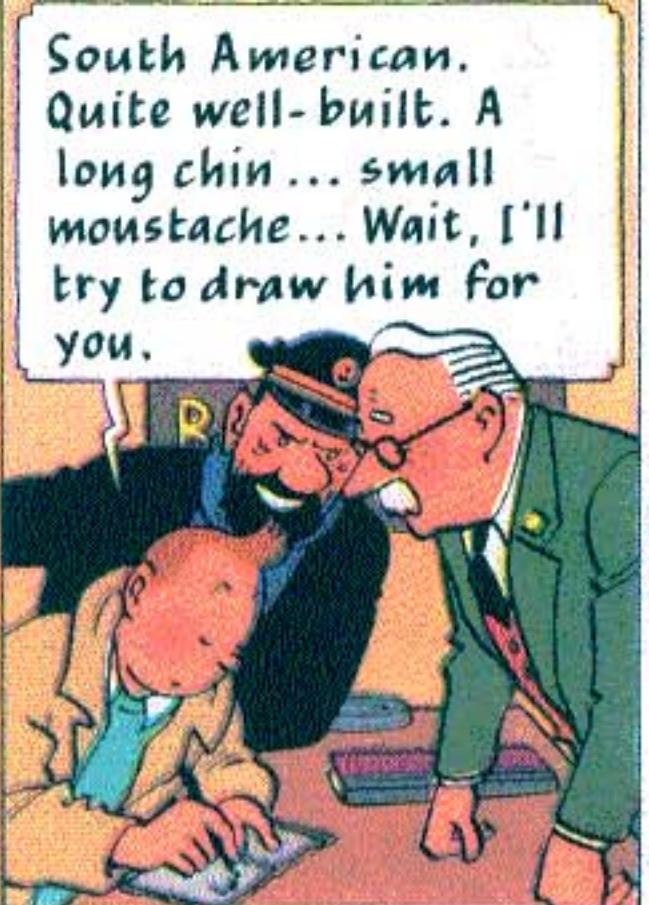
Ramon Zarate?... No, sir. A Spanish gentleman?

South American. Quite well-built. A long chin... small moustache... Wait, I'll try to draw him for you.

There... That's about it...

No, sir. I'm terribly sorry, but I don't know the gentleman.

Oh? That's odd. Well, thank you.



Can you hear me? ...
What? ... You don't know
the name Alcazar? ...
What about Ramon
Zarate? ... Nor that? ...
You see, sir, I found
his wallet and... I beg
your pardon?

I tell you, sir, I am
not Mr. Debrett! I
don't know your Gen-
eral Alhambra, and
I am not interested
in your story ...
Goodbye!

There's polite-
ness for you! ...

Very odd... They don't know of him
at that number. Too bad... We'd
better be getting home to Marlinspike.



A little later ...

How strange. The
front door's open...



WOOAAAH!..WOOAAAH!..



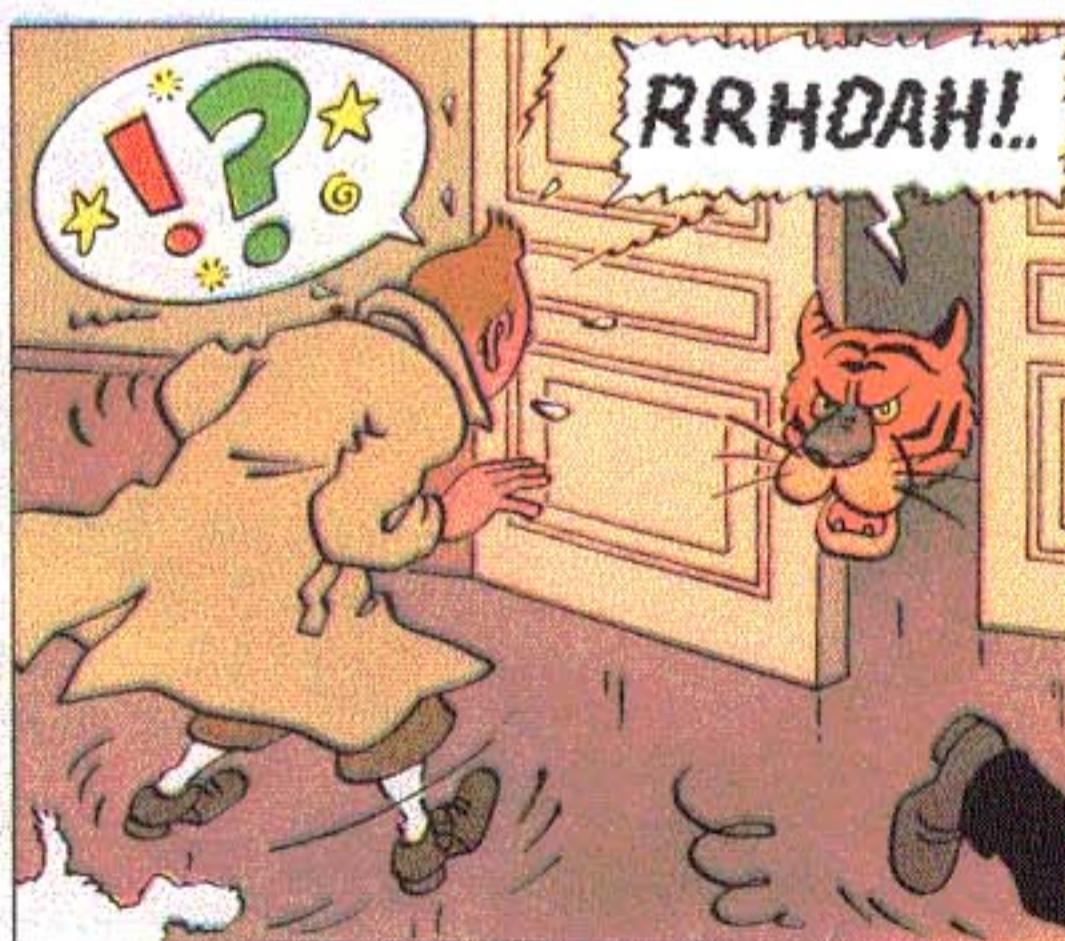
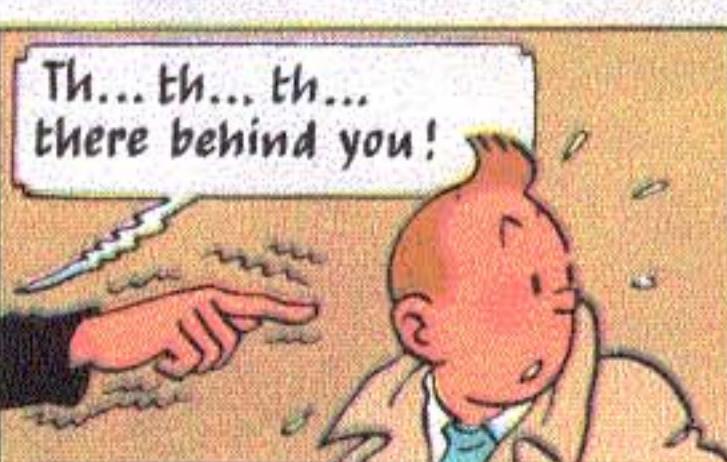
I'll get to the bottom
of it!

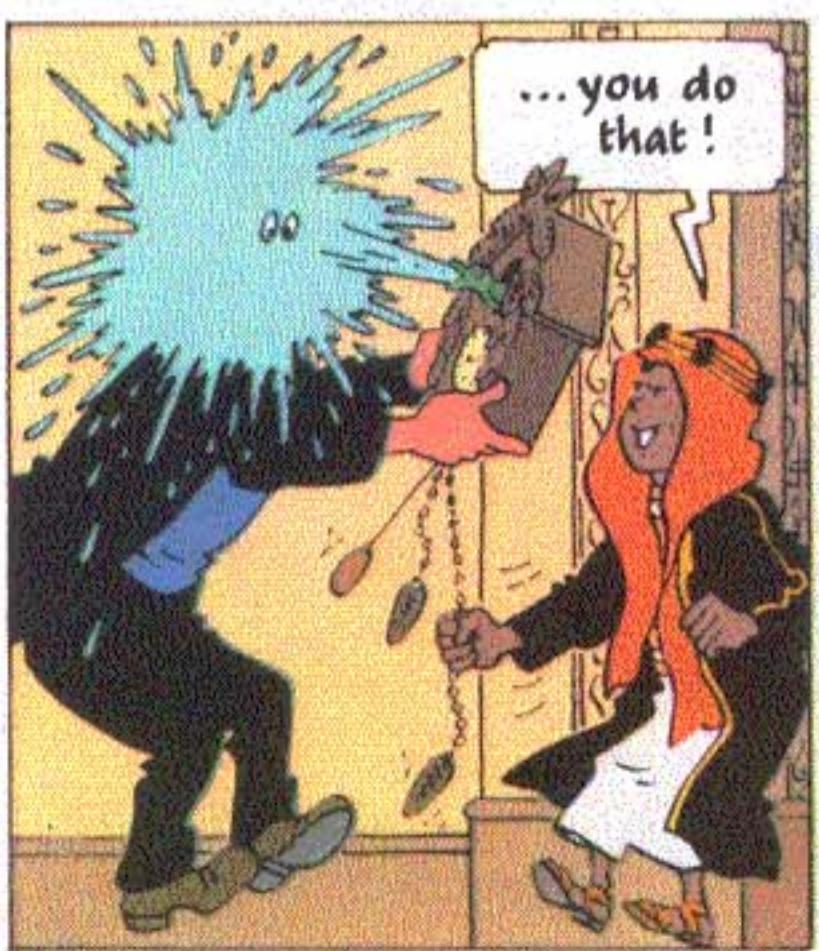


Hey, Captain, what's
happened to you?



Billions of blue blistering bar-
nacles! Who's the thundering son
of a sea-gherkin who did that? ...
Nestor! ... Nestor!





Me Hassim, servant to His Highness
Prince Abdullah ...



And I bring you message from my
Master.



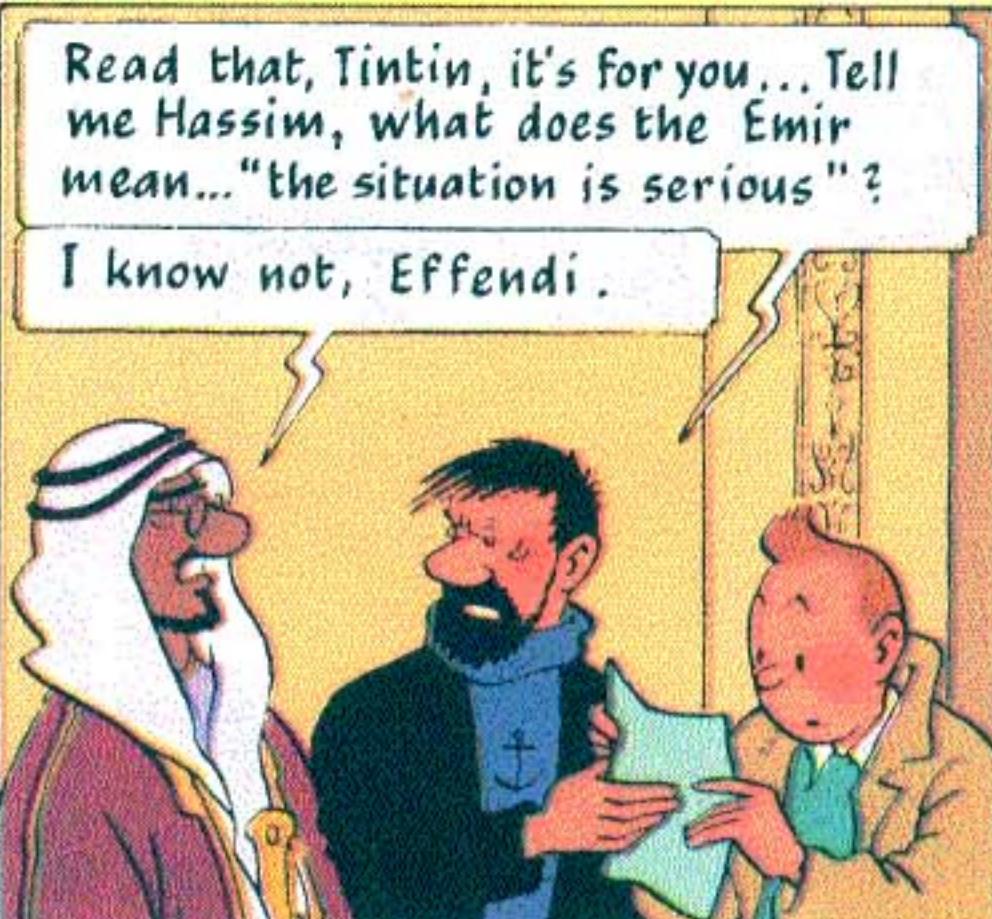
Most esteemed and well-
beloved friend,

I entrust to you my
son Abdullah, to
improve his English.
Here the situation is
serious. Should any
misfortune befall me
I count on you, my friend,
to care for Abdullah.

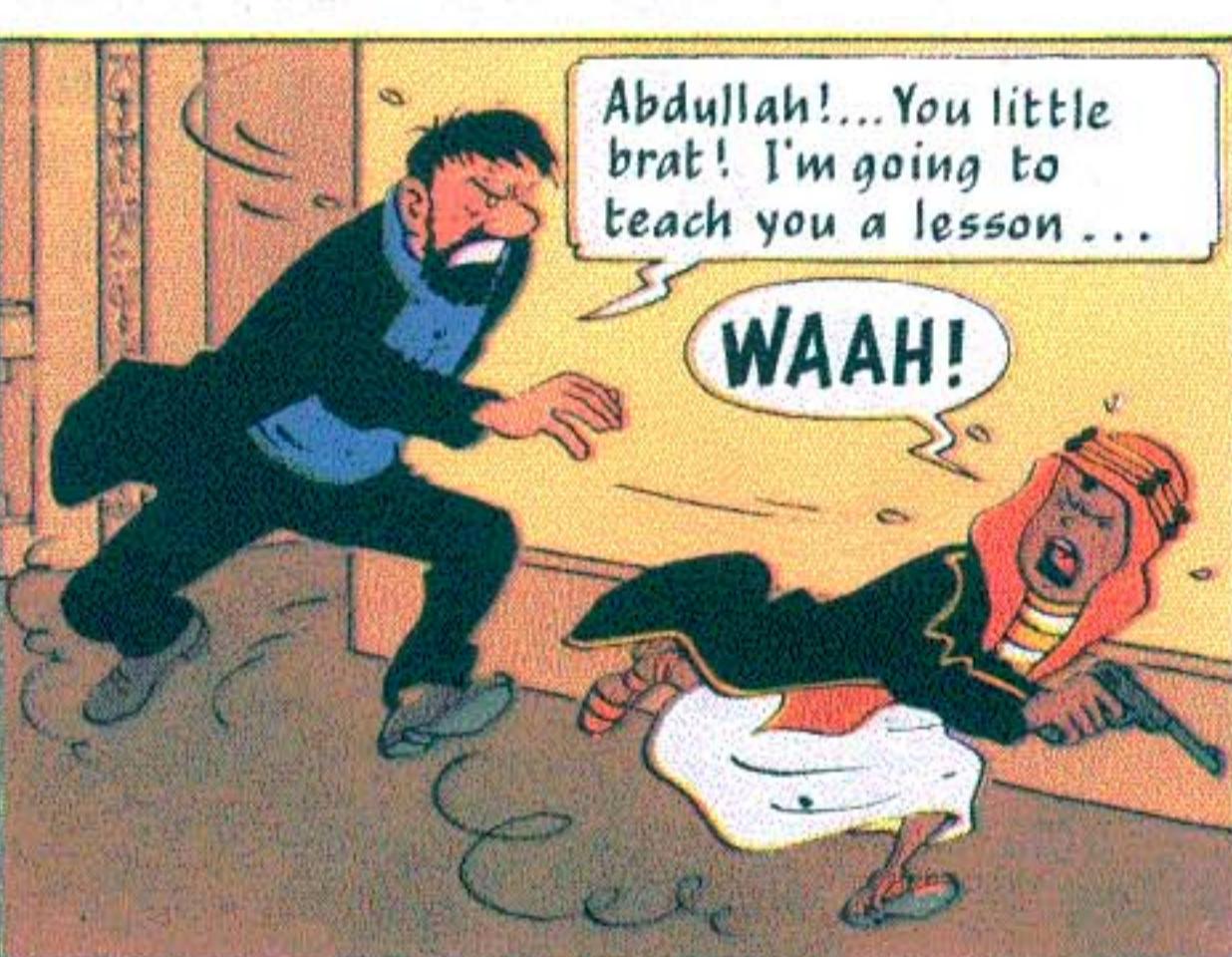
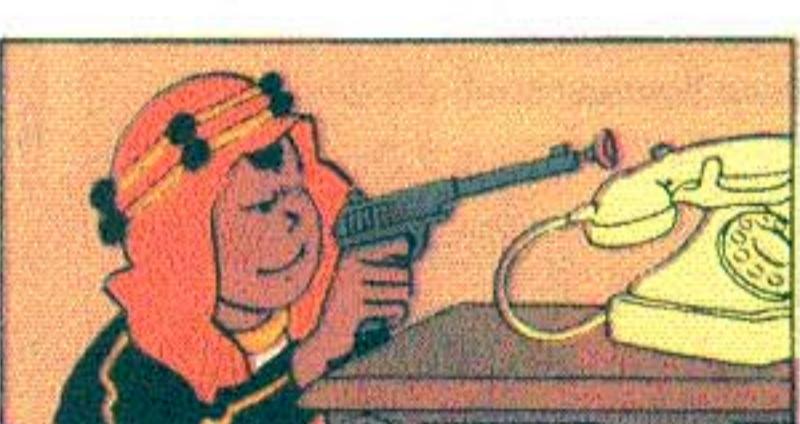
Emir Ben Kalish Ezab

Read that, Tintin, it's for you... Tell
me Hassim, what does the Emir
mean... "the situation is serious"?

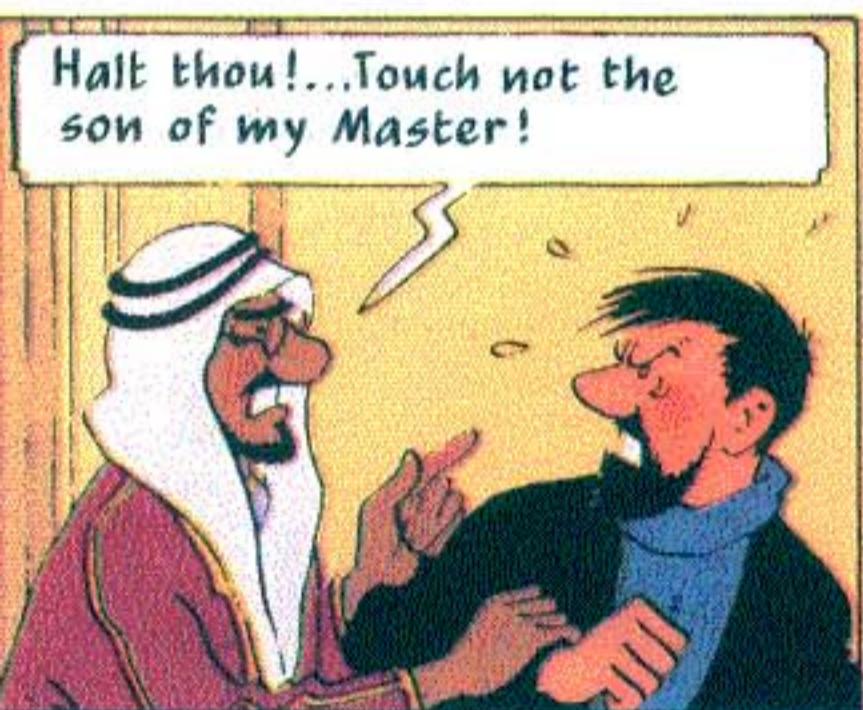
I know not, Effendi.



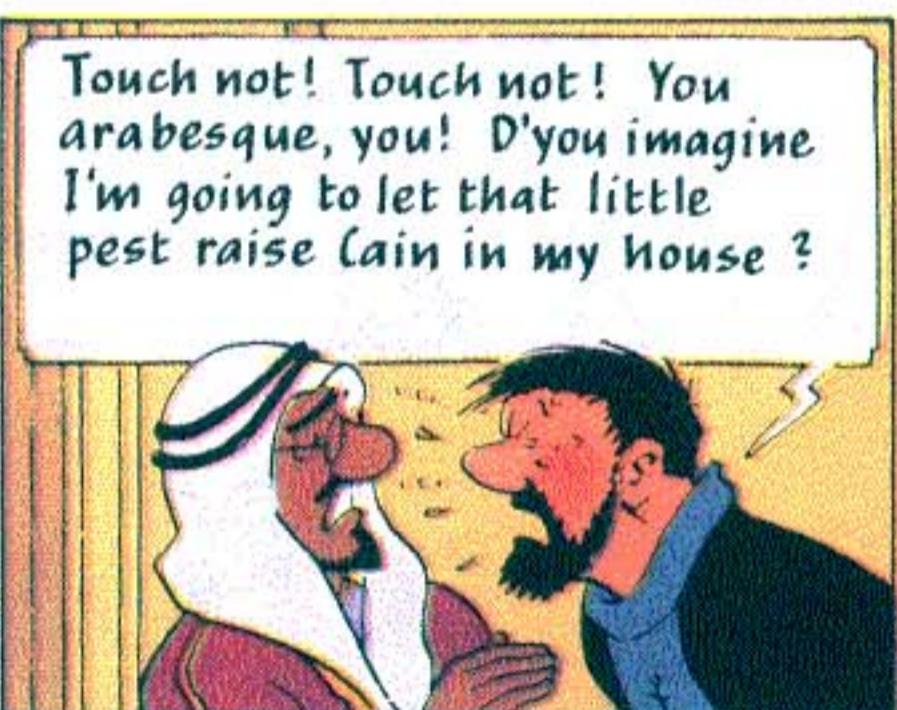
What d'you make of it?
One thing's clear: we've
got Abdullah on our hands.
We'll have to bring the
young scamp to heel.



Halt thou!... Touch not the
son of my Master!



Touch not! Touch not! You
arabesque, you! D'you imagine
I'm going to let that little
pest raise Cain in my house?

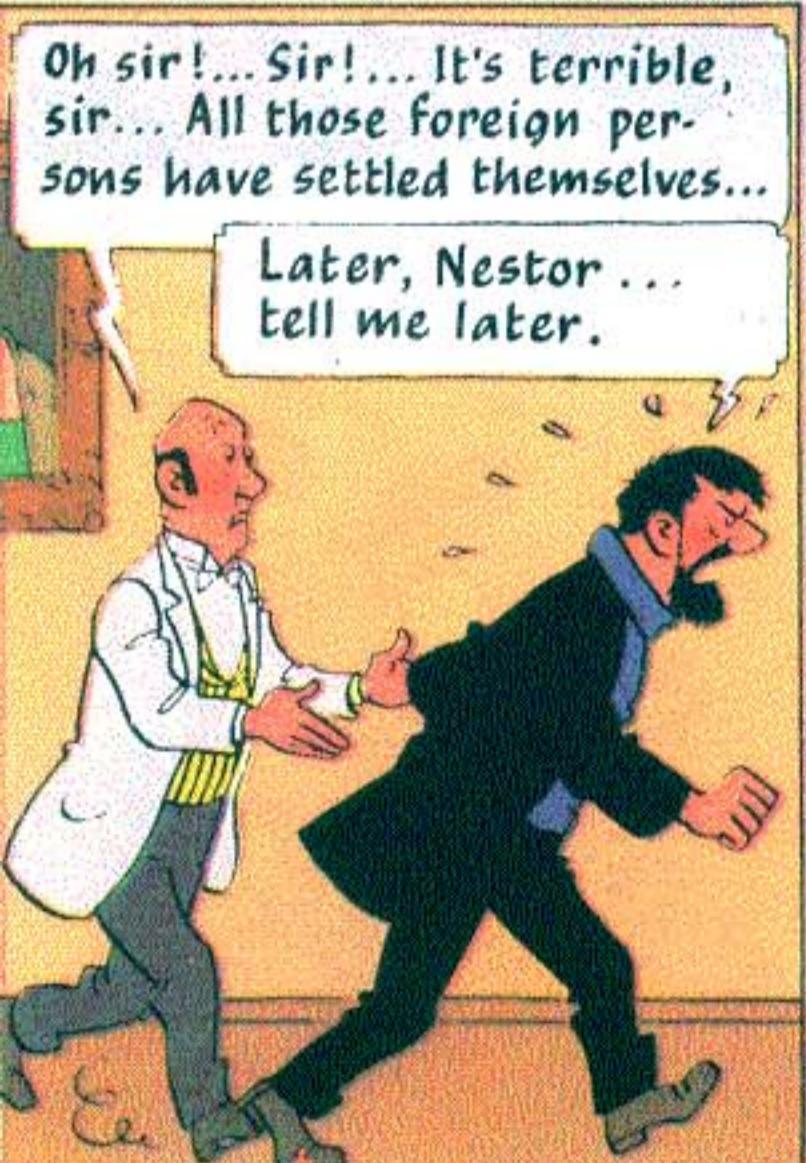


Just wait till
I find you,
you young
rapscallion!

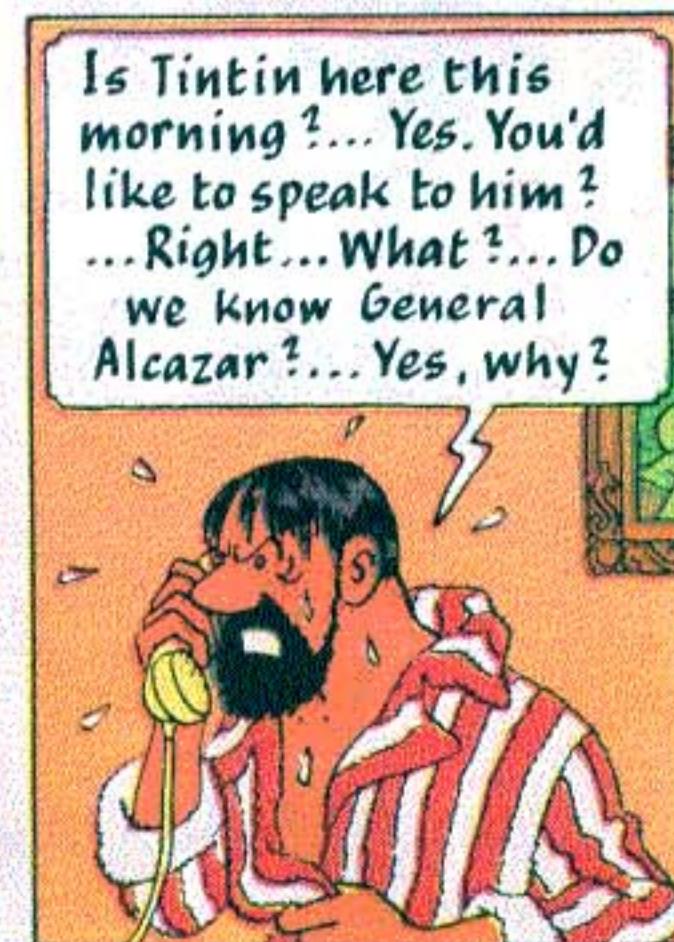
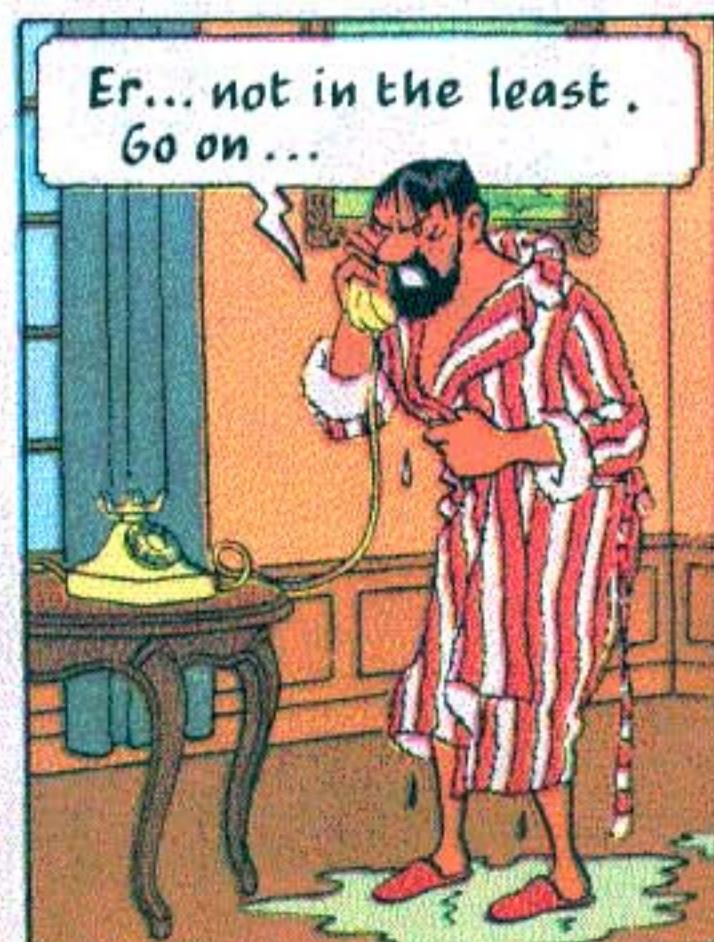
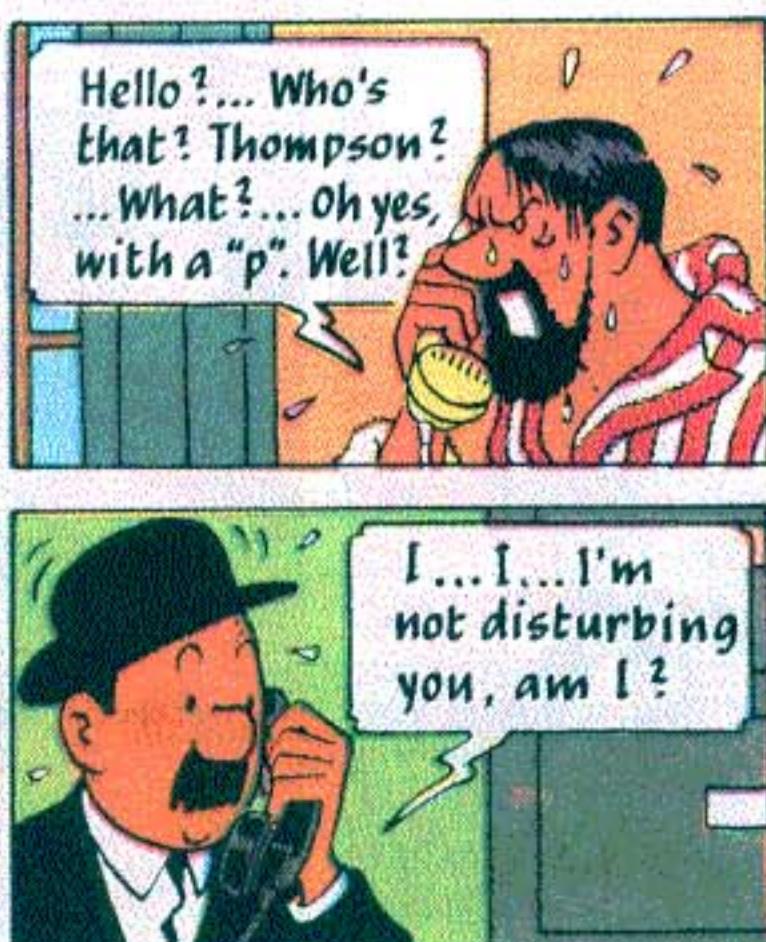
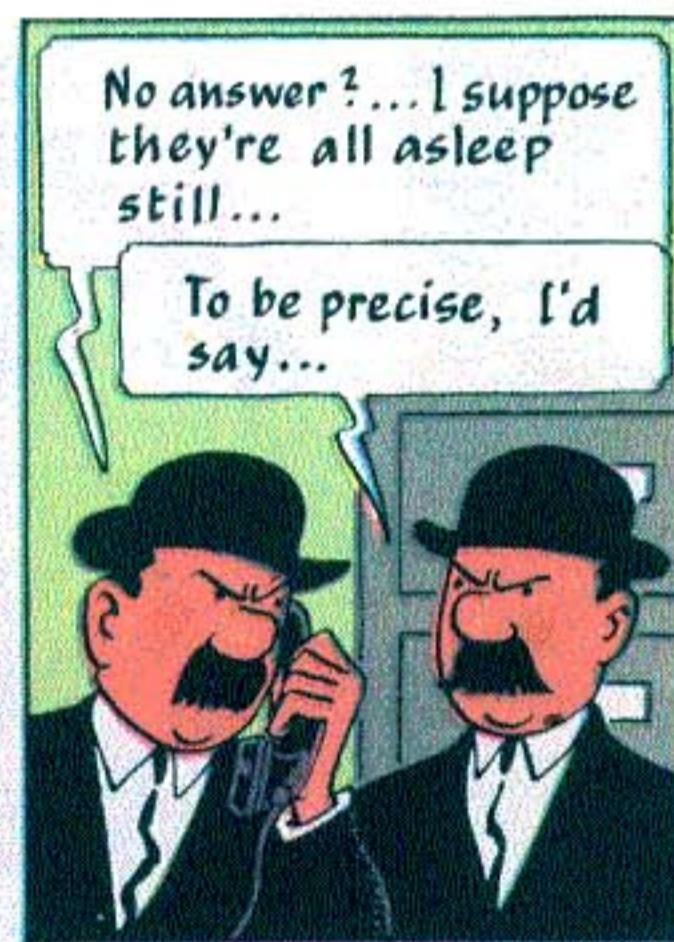
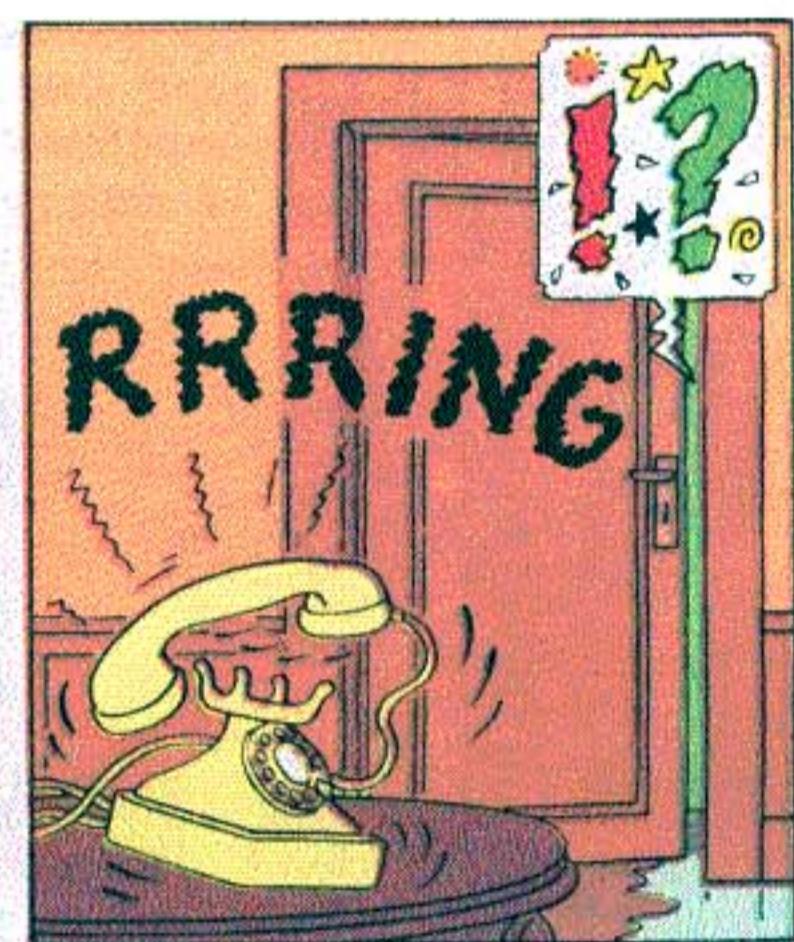
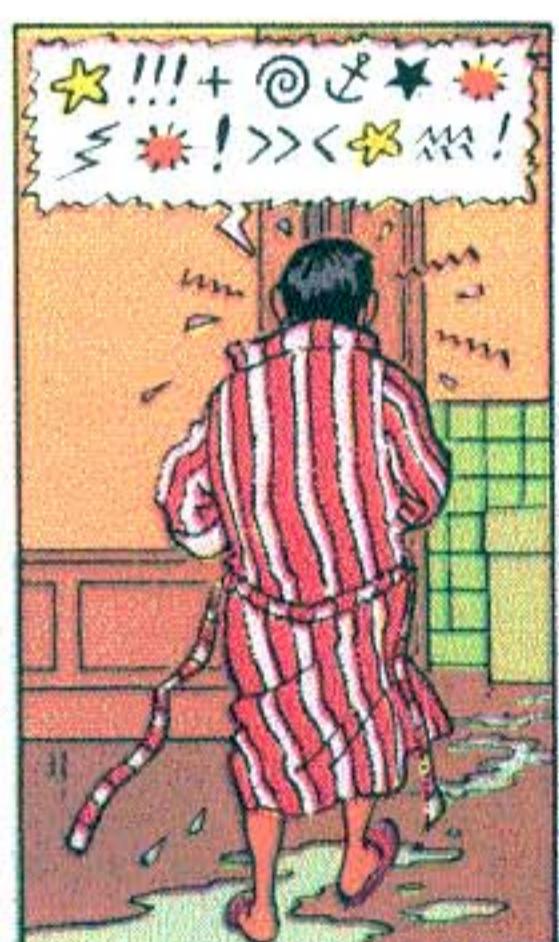
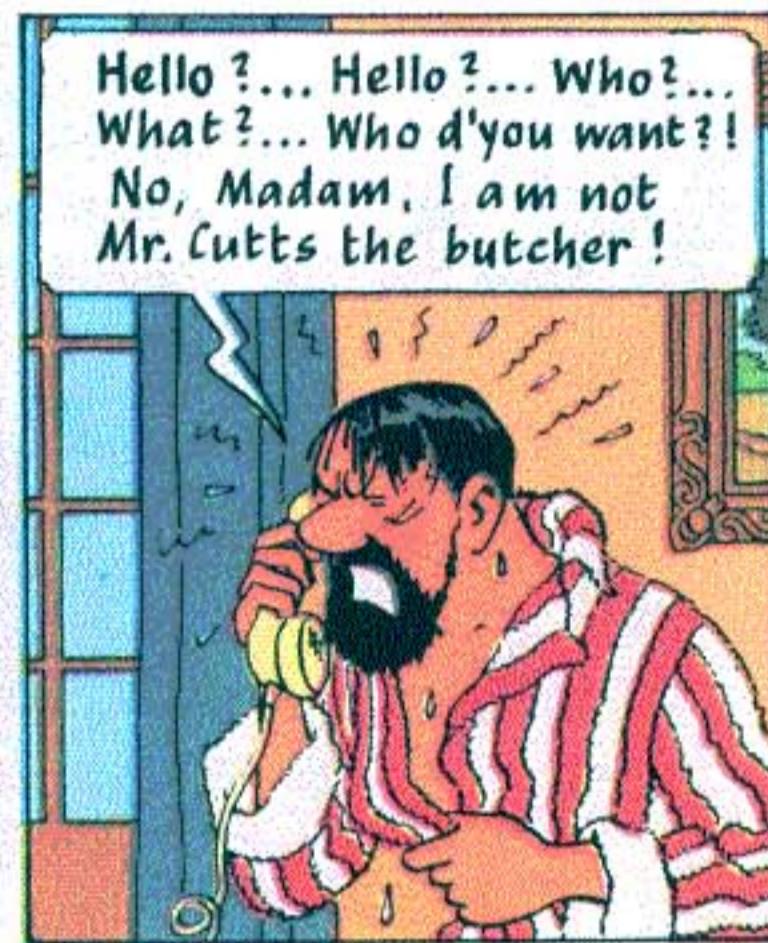
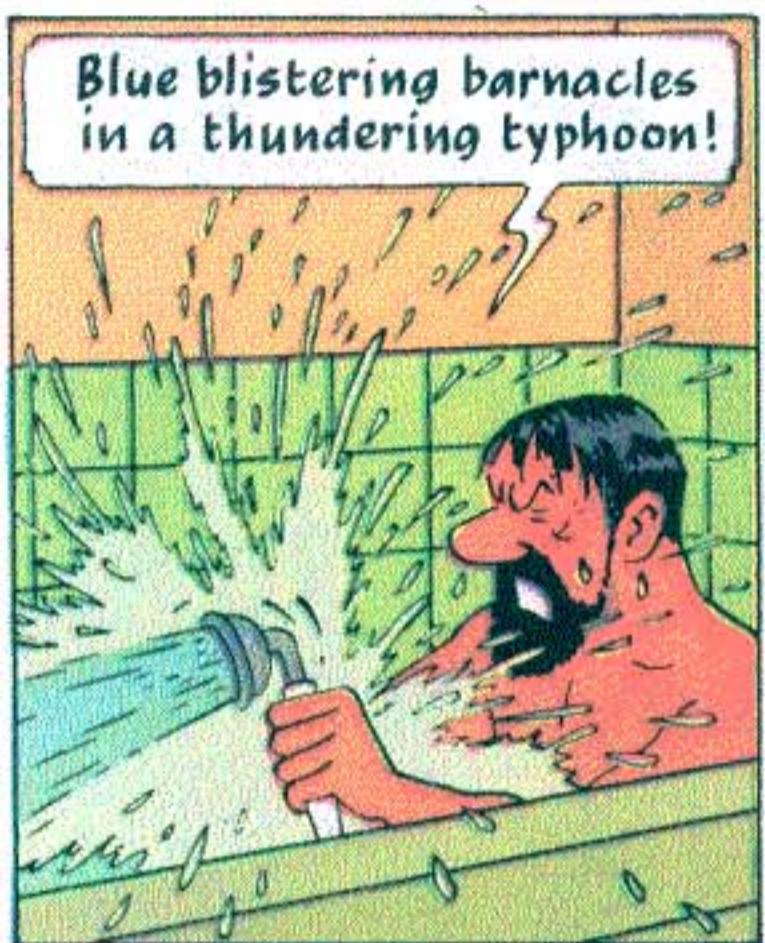
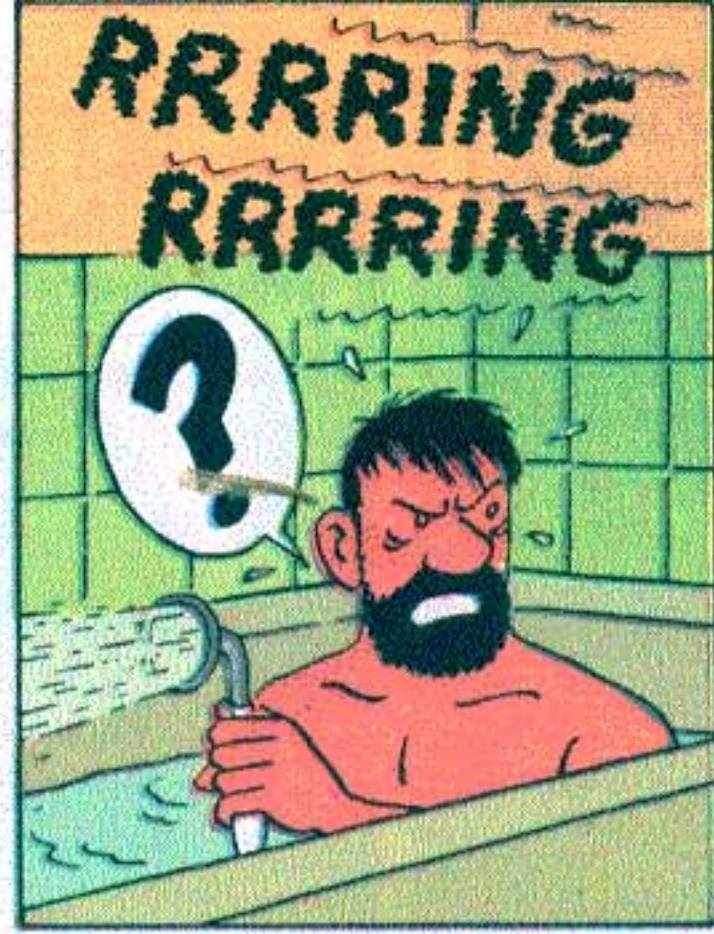


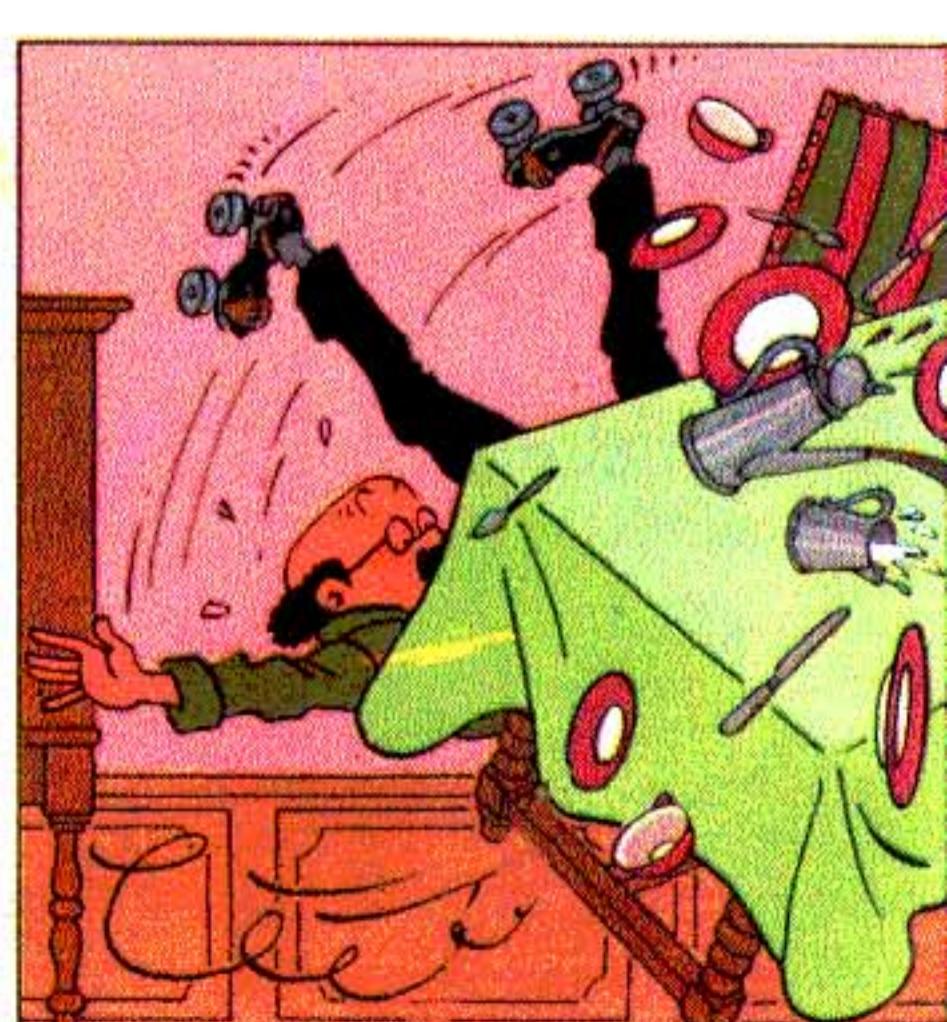
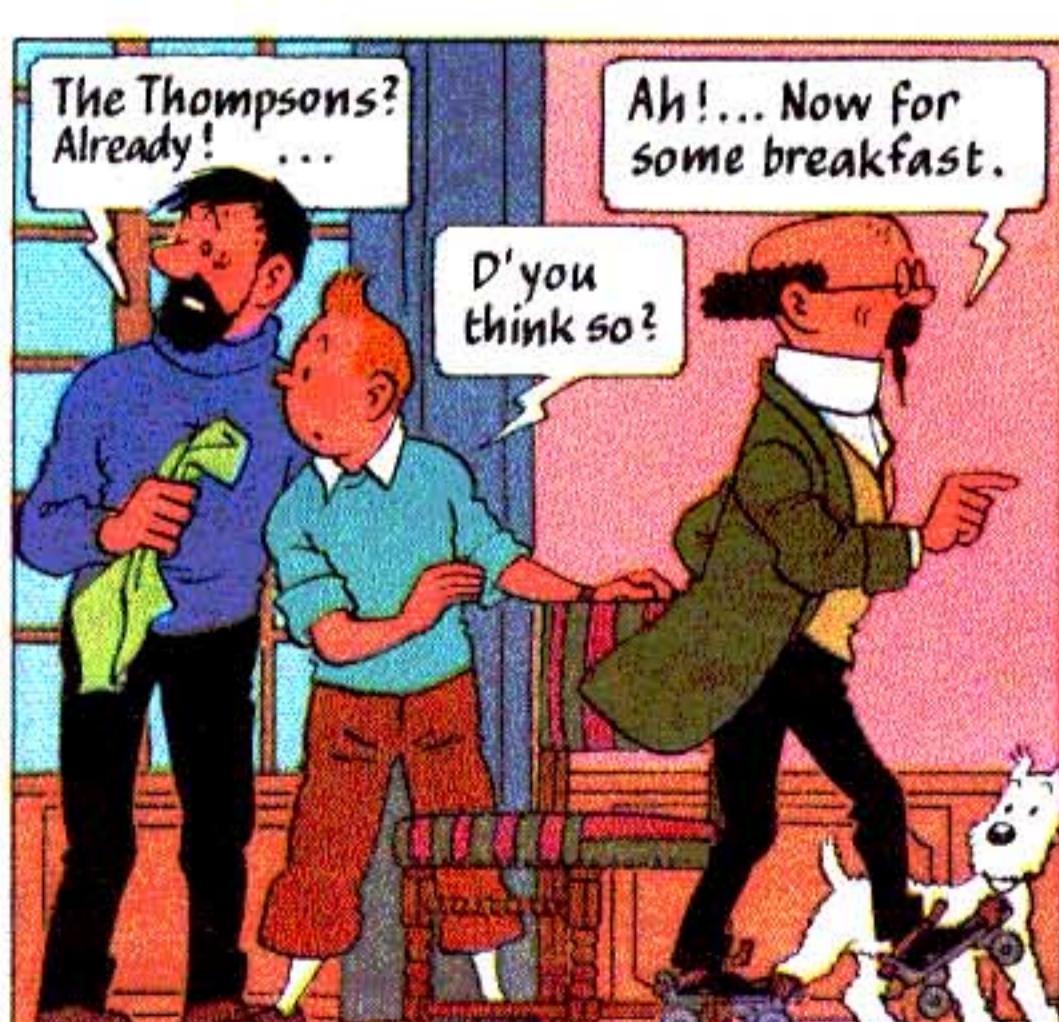
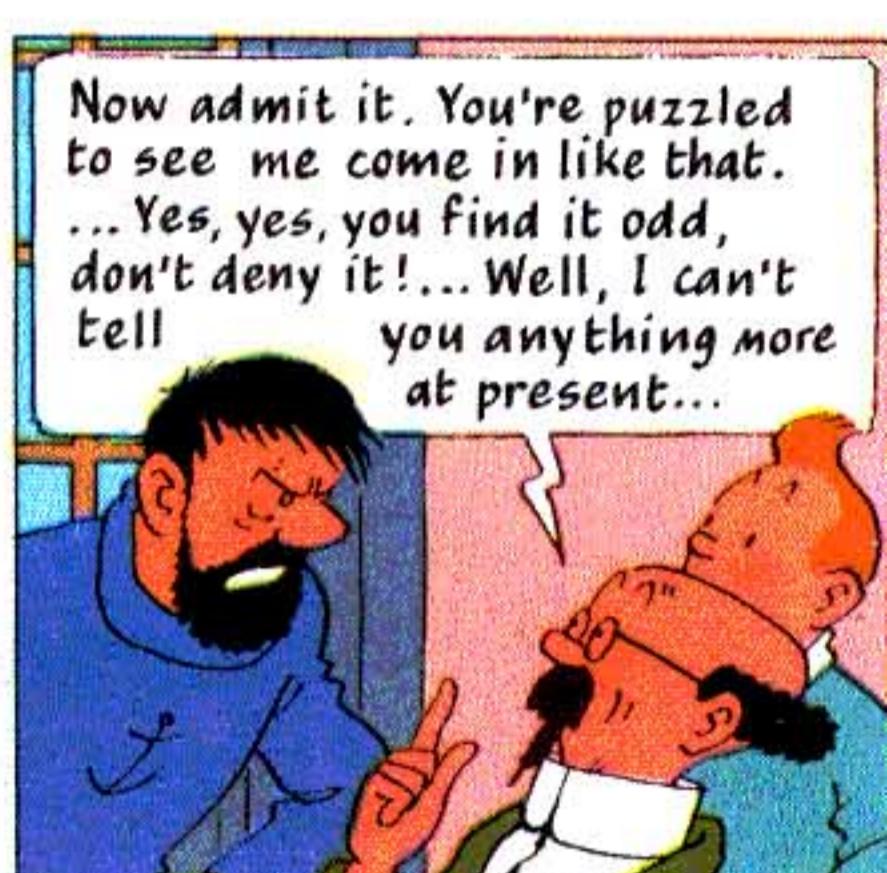
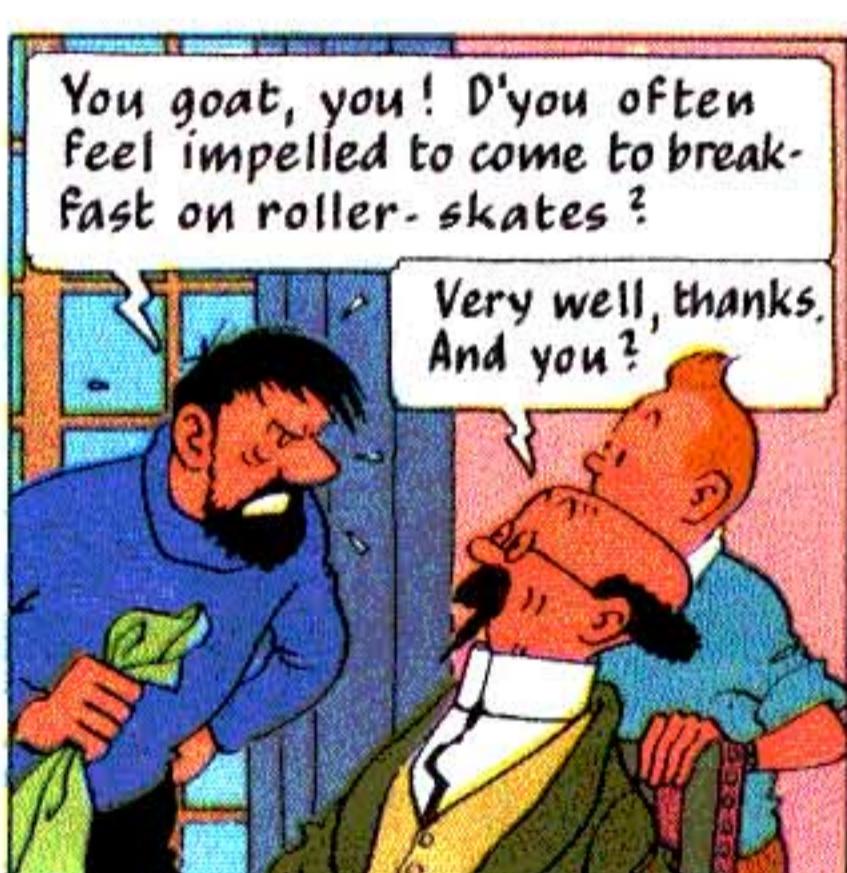
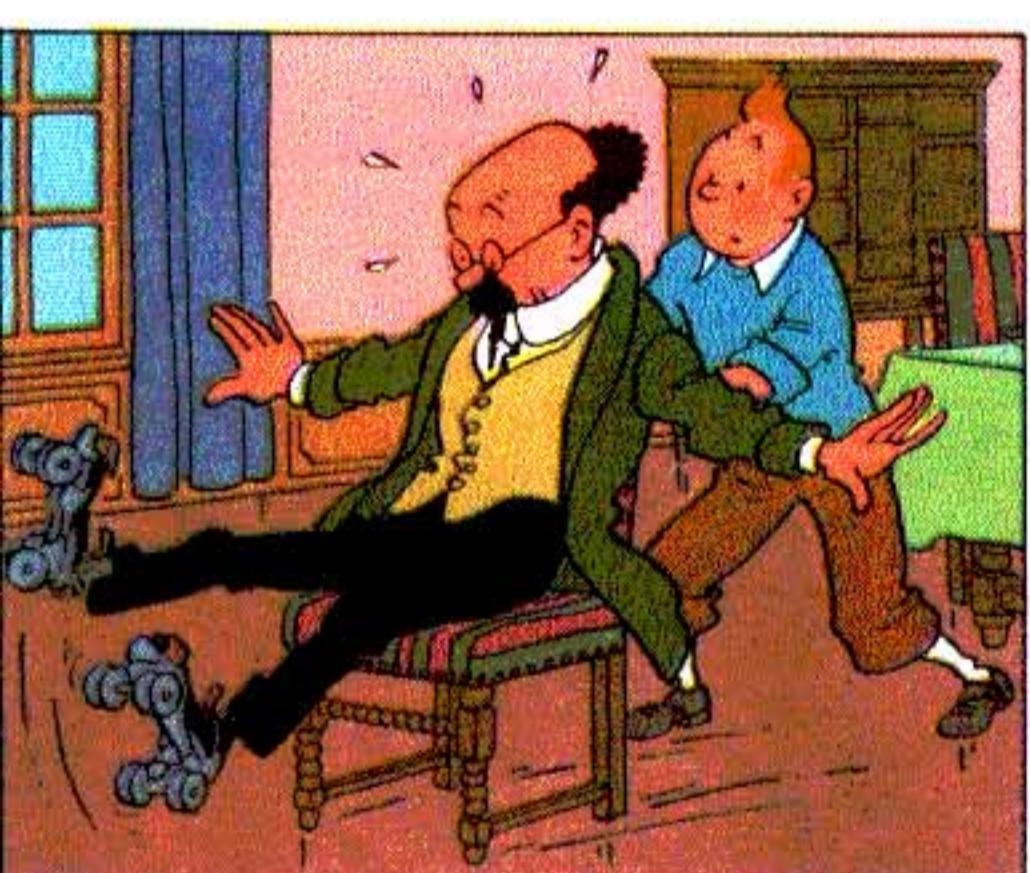
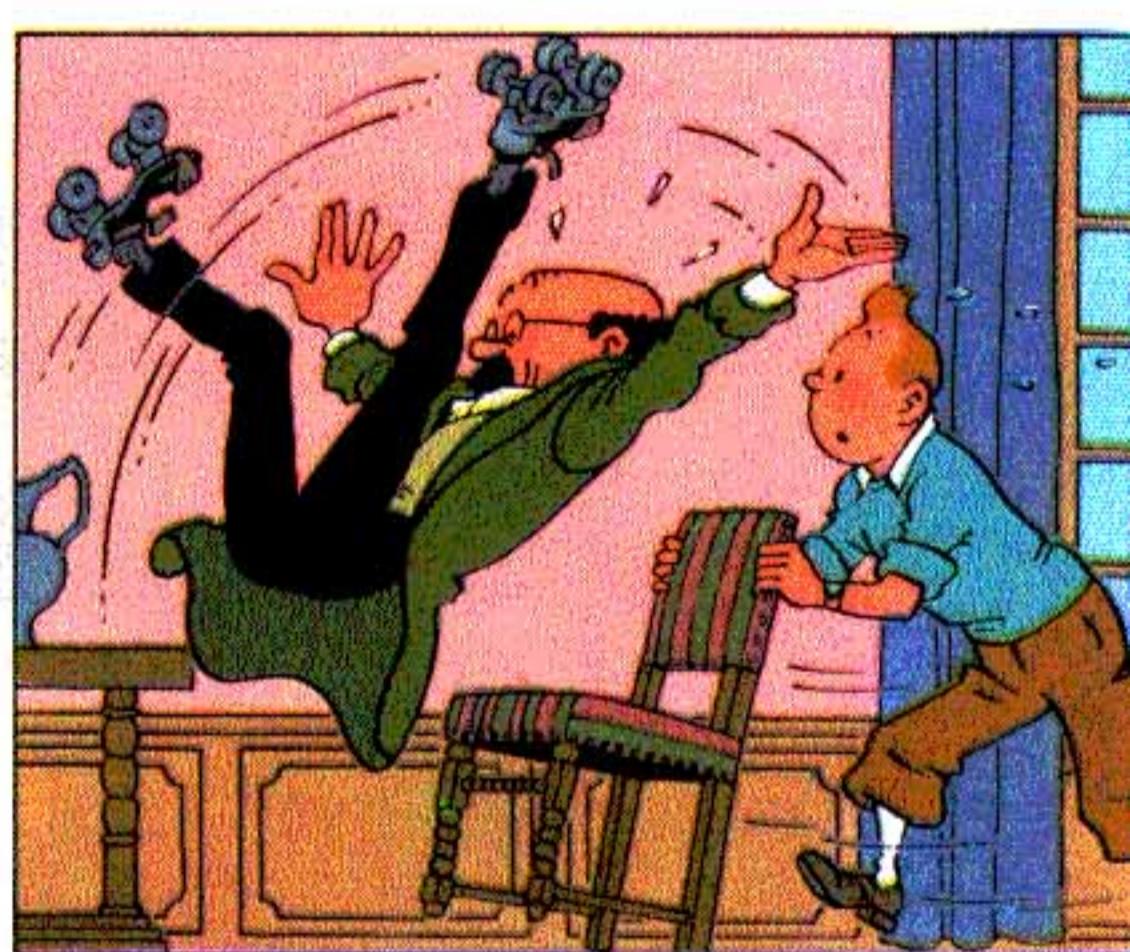
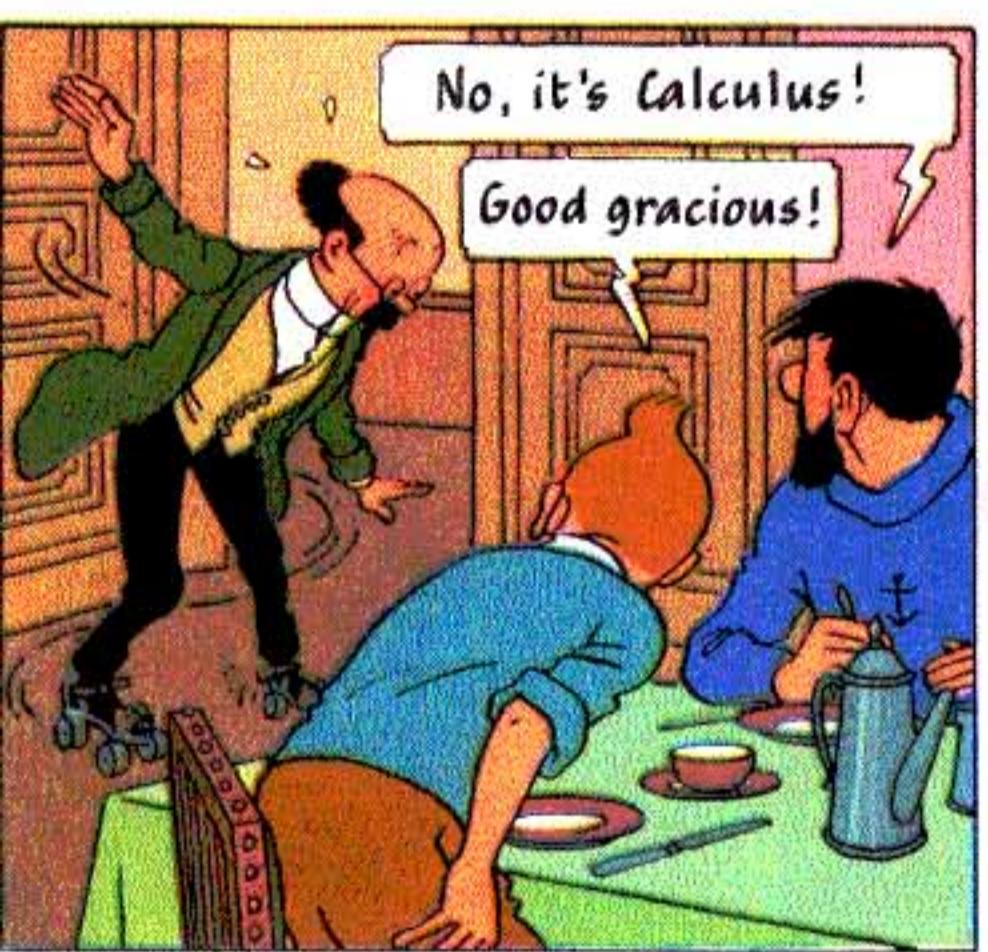
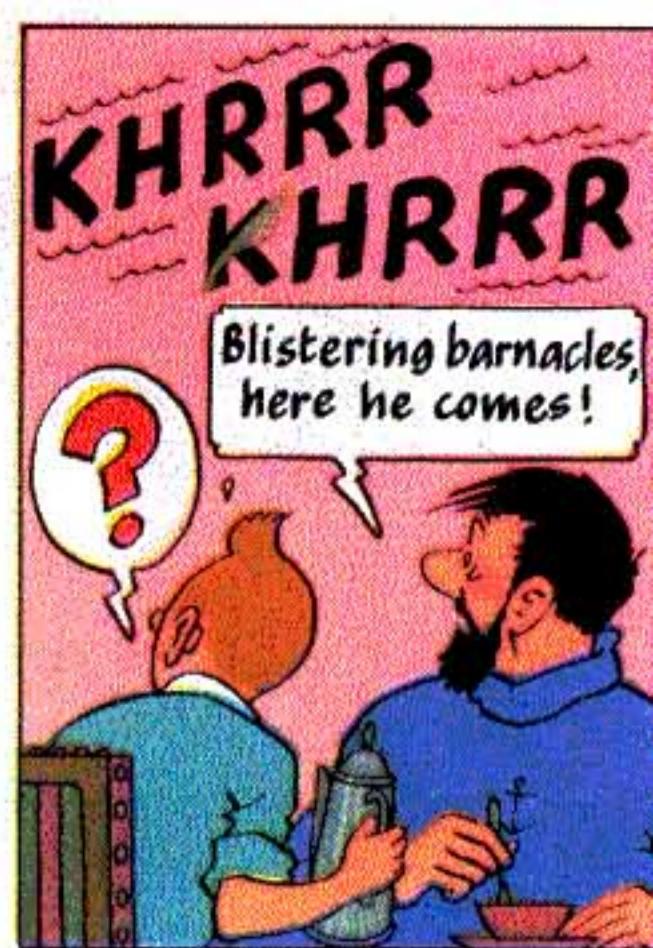
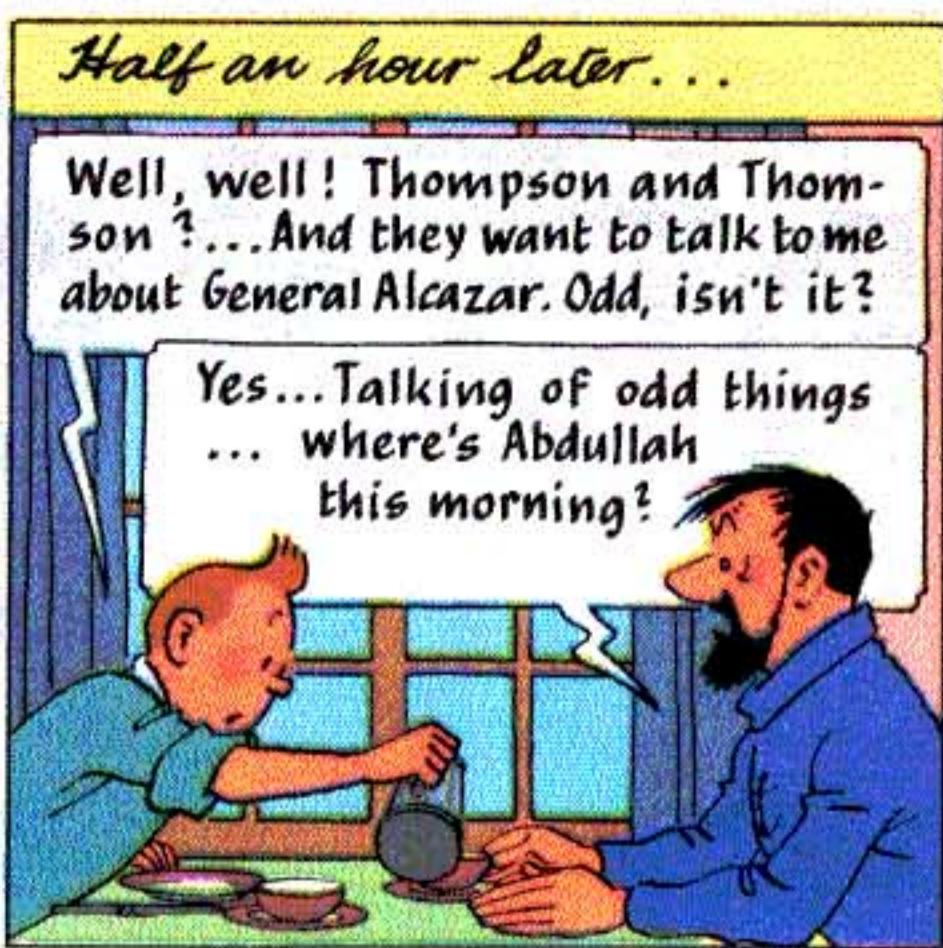
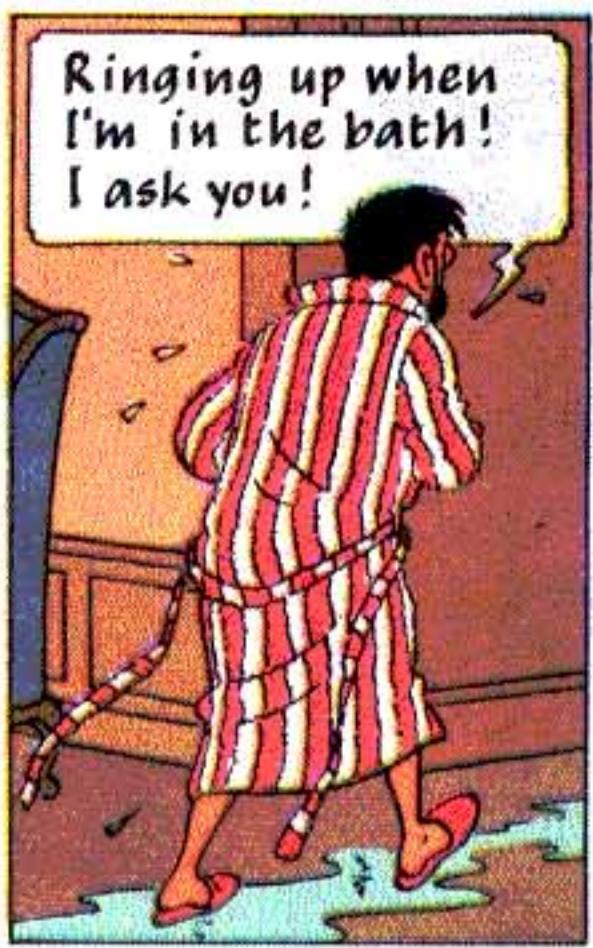
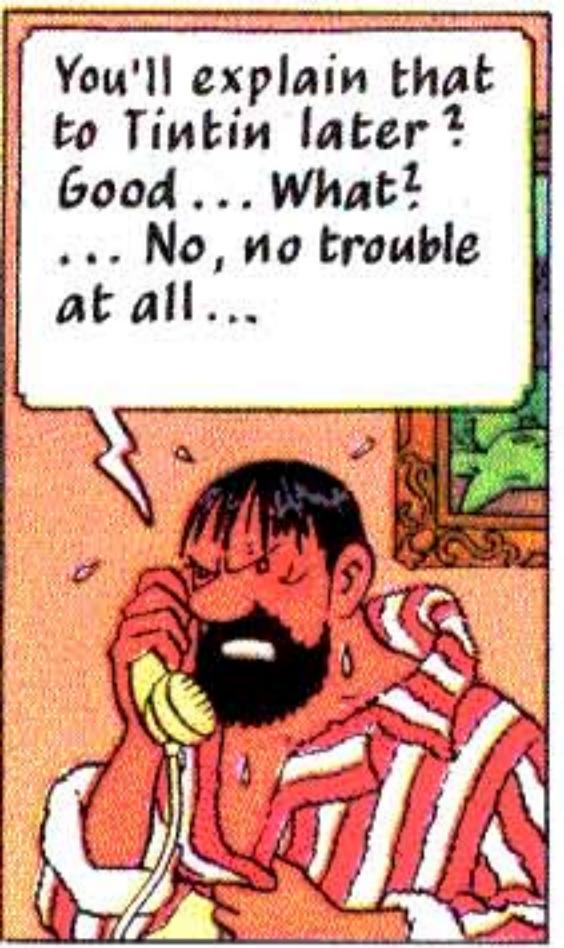
Oh sir!... Sir!... It's terrible,
sir... All those foreign per-
sons have settled themselves...

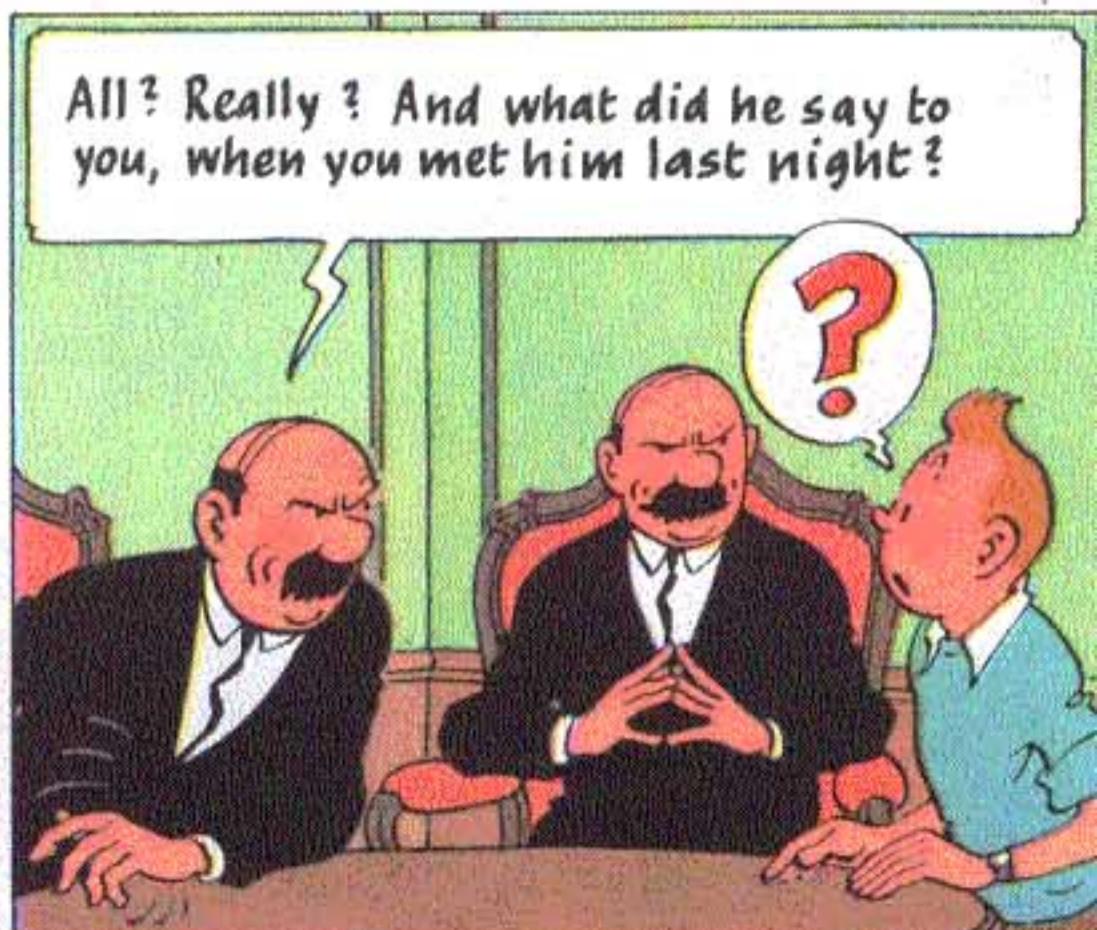
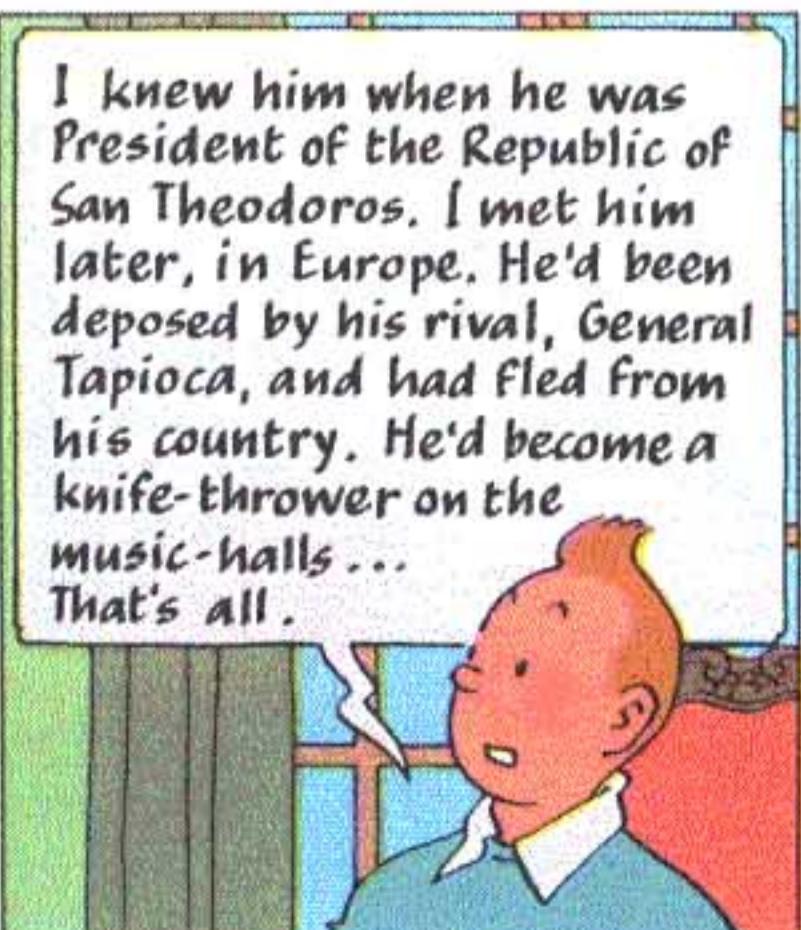
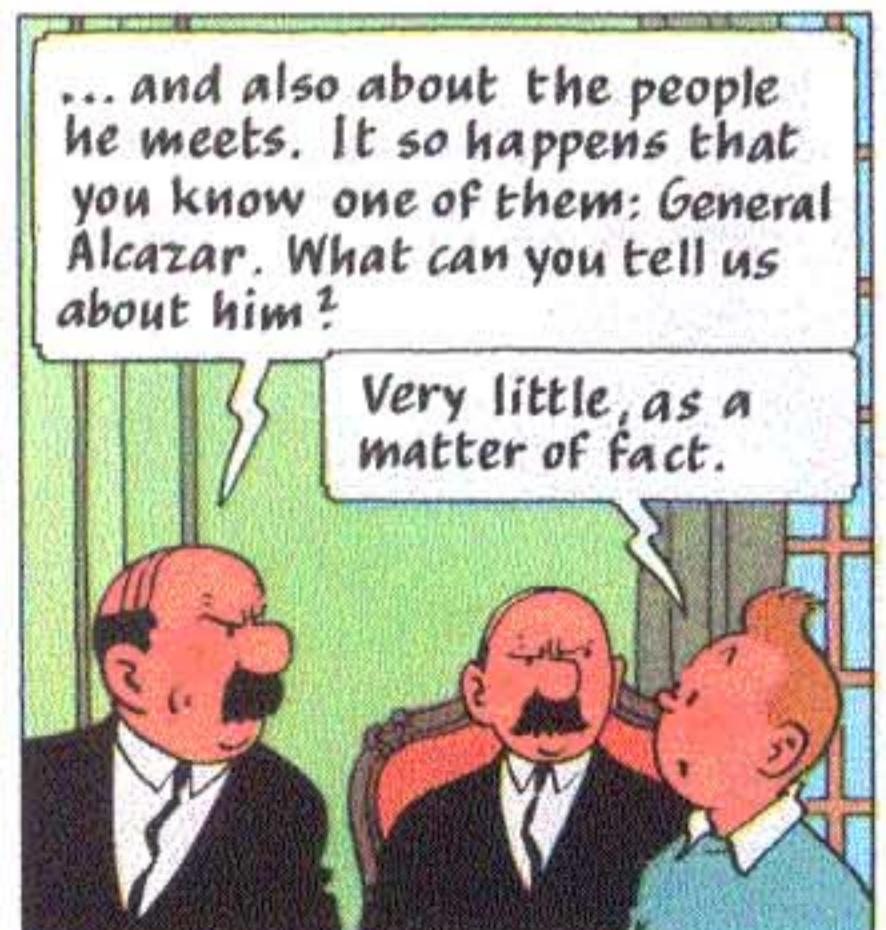
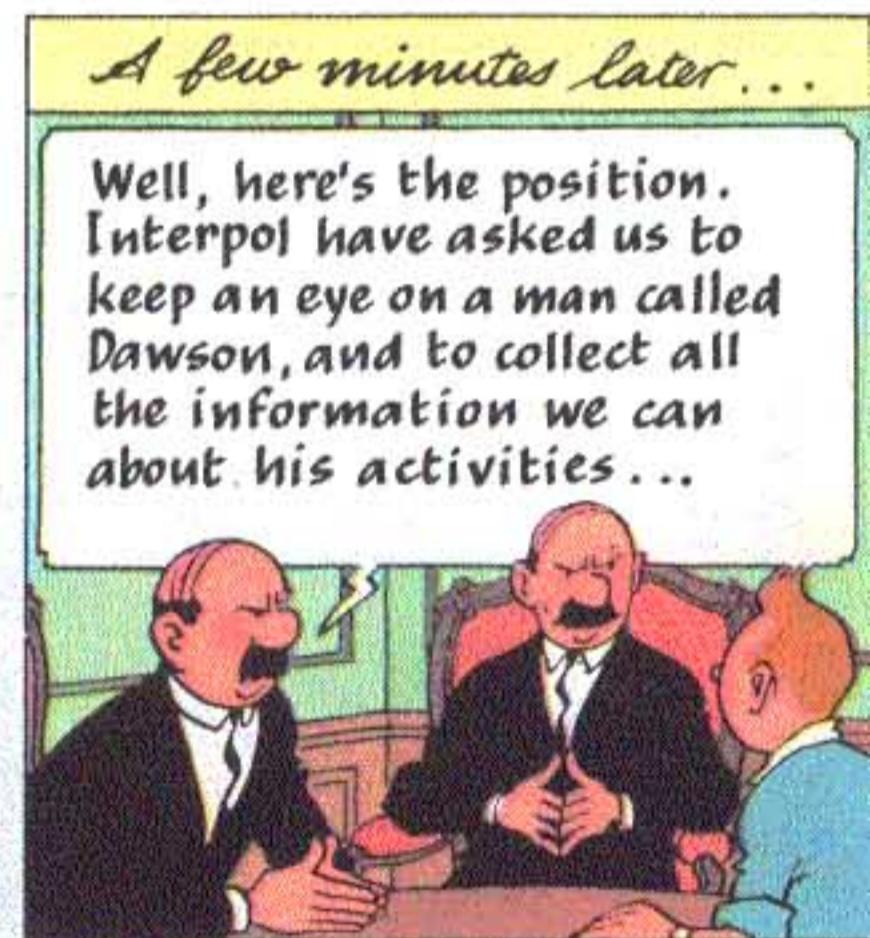
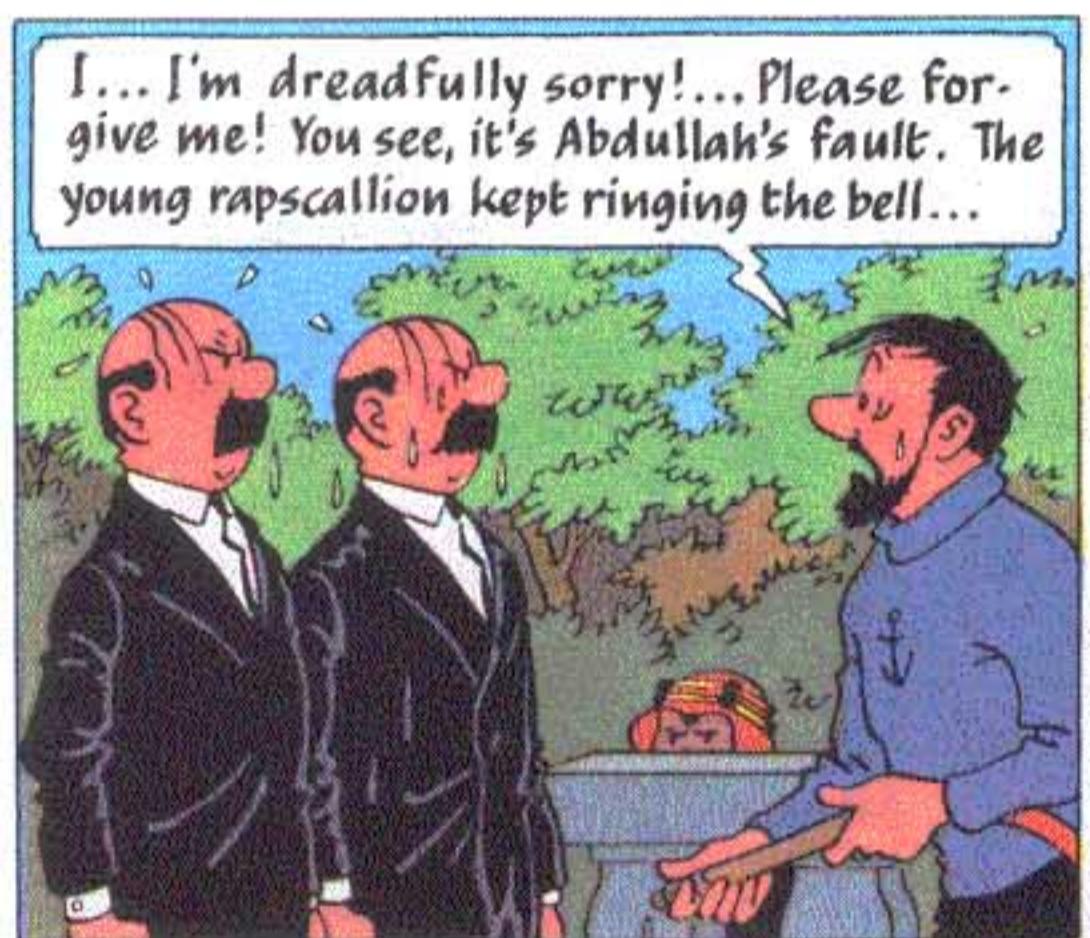
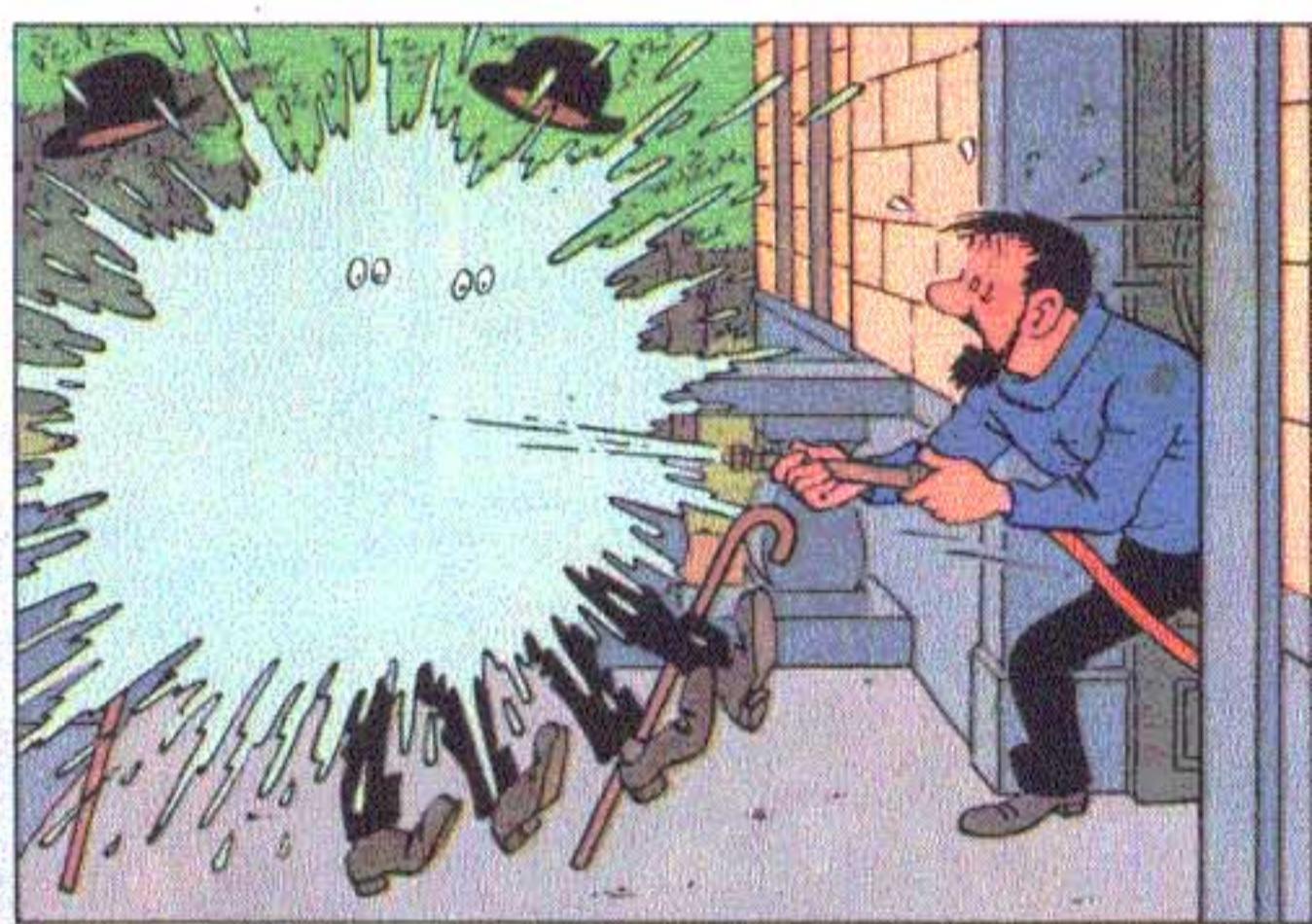
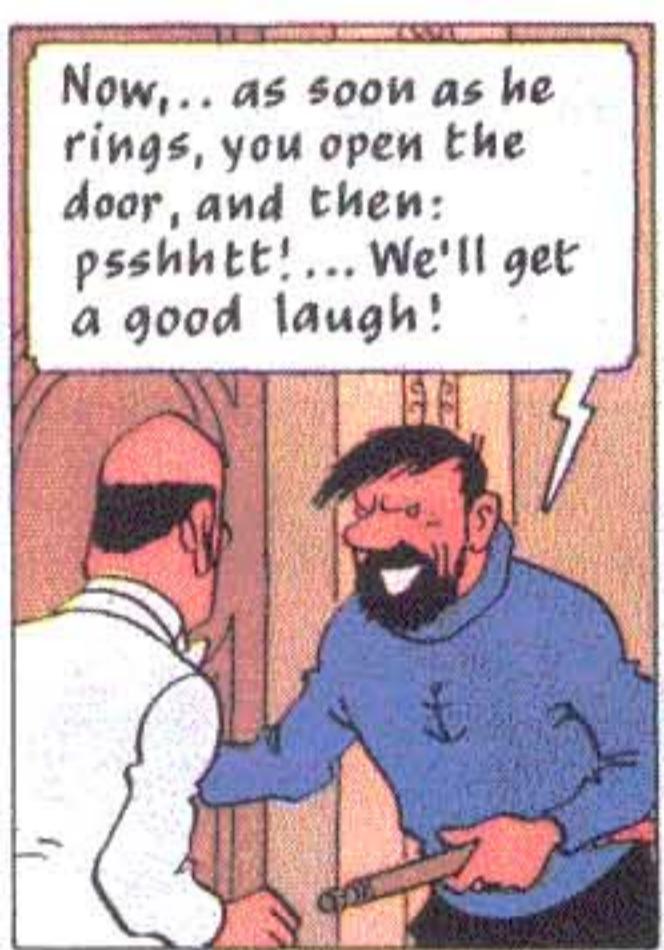
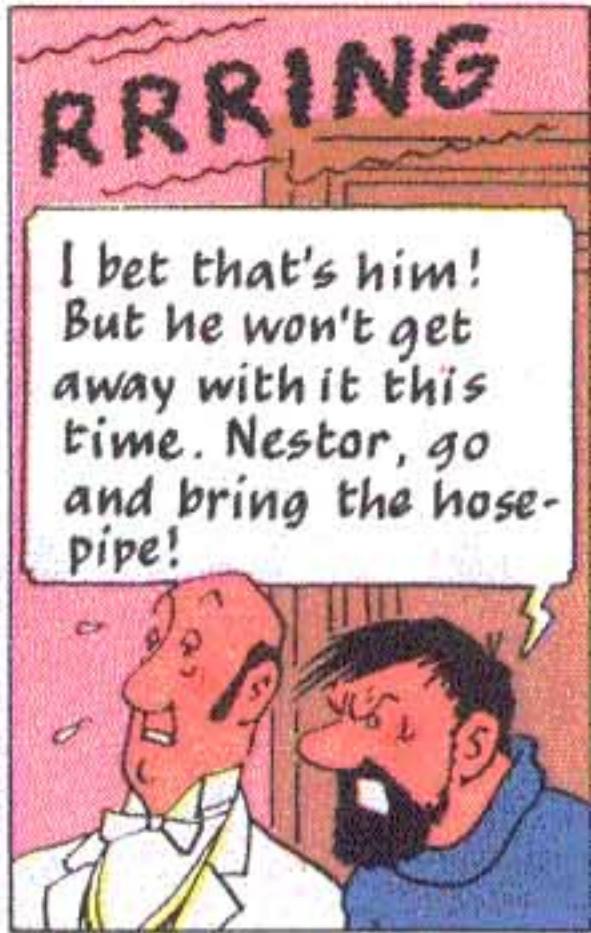
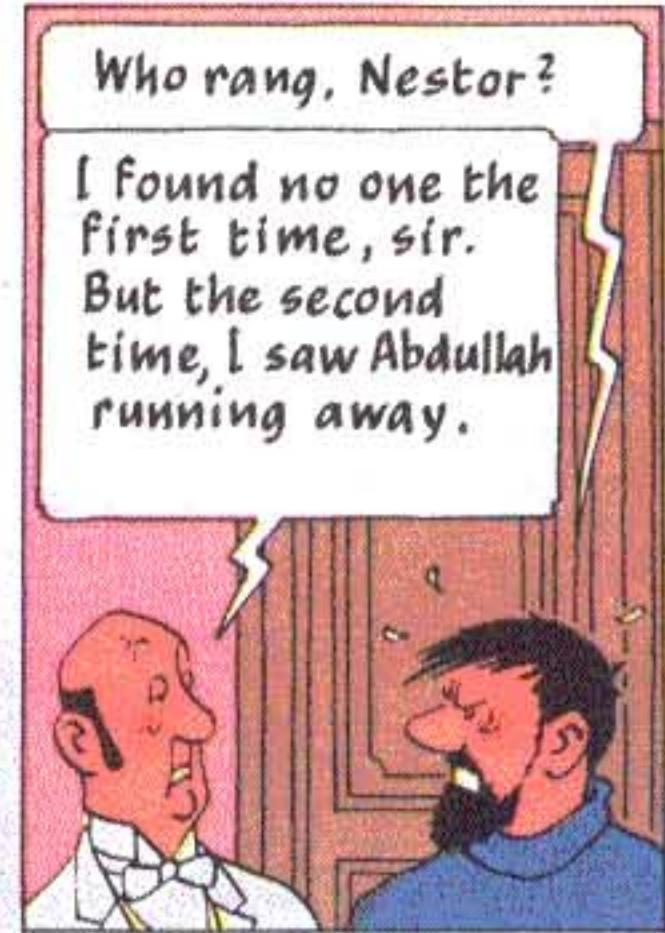
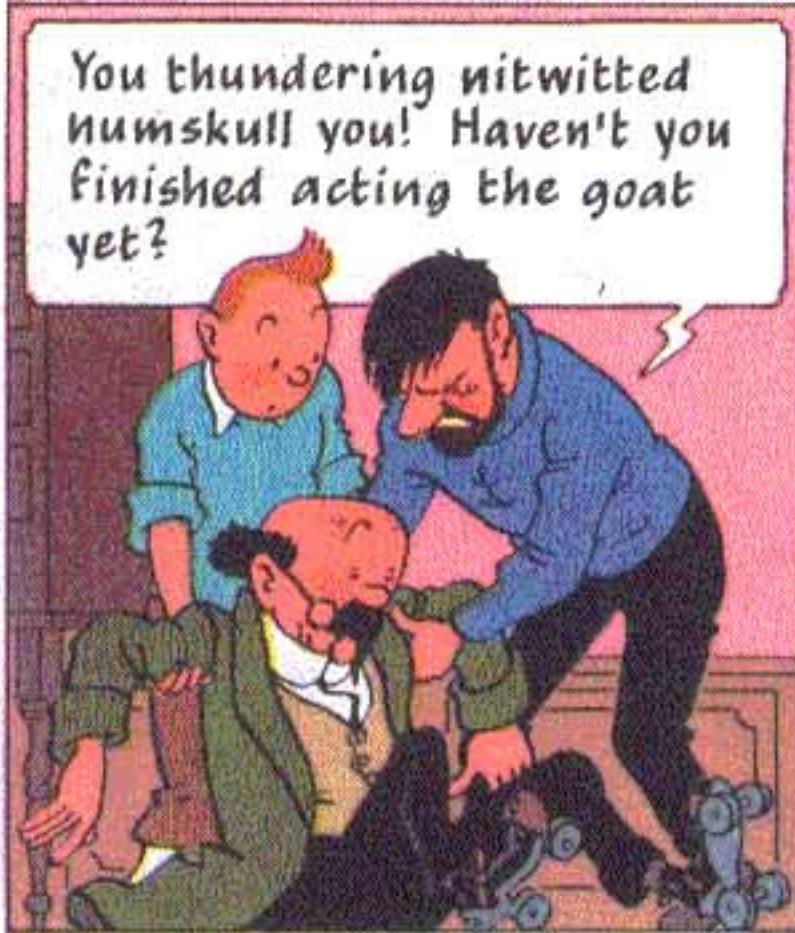
Later, Nestor ...
tell me later.



The next morning...







Aha! That surprised you, eh?
You forget, my friend, in our job
there's nothing we don't know.

To be precise: we know
nothing in our job!



It's true that we met him
last night. I was going to tell
you... He said he was travelling,
he was in a hurry, and he was
staying at the Hotel...er...
the Hotel...

Excelsior; yes,
we know.



Oh? Well, that's the lot... He didn't
say anything else... But what have you
against him? What do you suspect?

Why are we suspect? I mean,
what do we suspect? My dear fel-
low, if you imagine we'll tell
you he's smuggling aircraft,
you're much mistaken. "Mum's
the word", that's our motto.

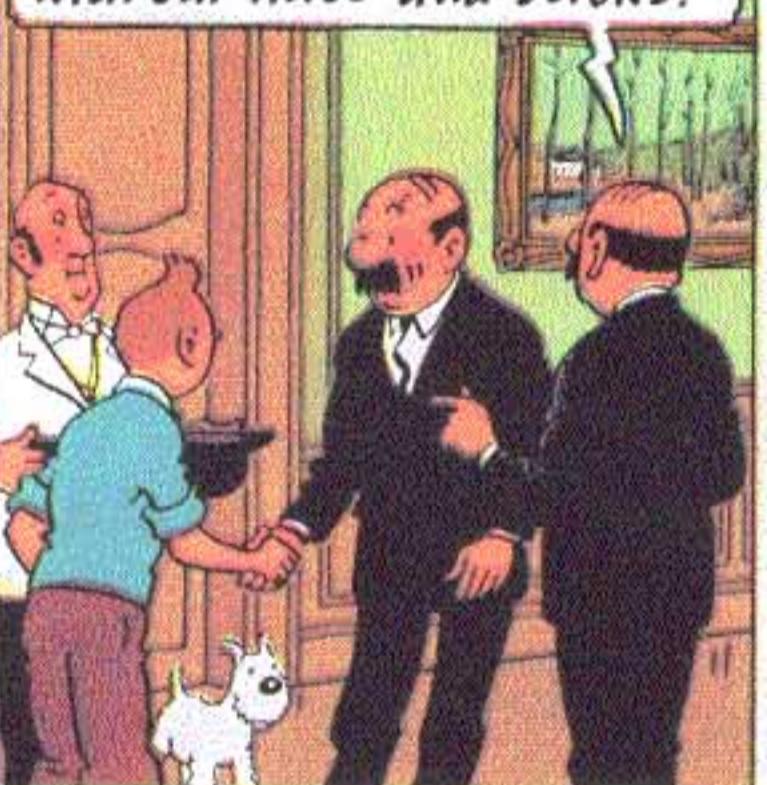


Well said!... To be precise: "Dumb's
the word", that's our motto. The
general may have come to
Europe to buy up old aircraft,
but you won't learn that from
us! Now we must be going.
Goodbye, Tintin.

Goodbye.



Ah! Here comes Nestor
with our hats and sticks.



What a very peculiar thing: my hat
has shrunk.

How strange. With me
it's the opposite; I've
got a swollen head...



Oh, I see. We've got muddled up. You
have my hat and I have yours.

That's it: our mats are
in a huddle. In short,
we're contrarywise...



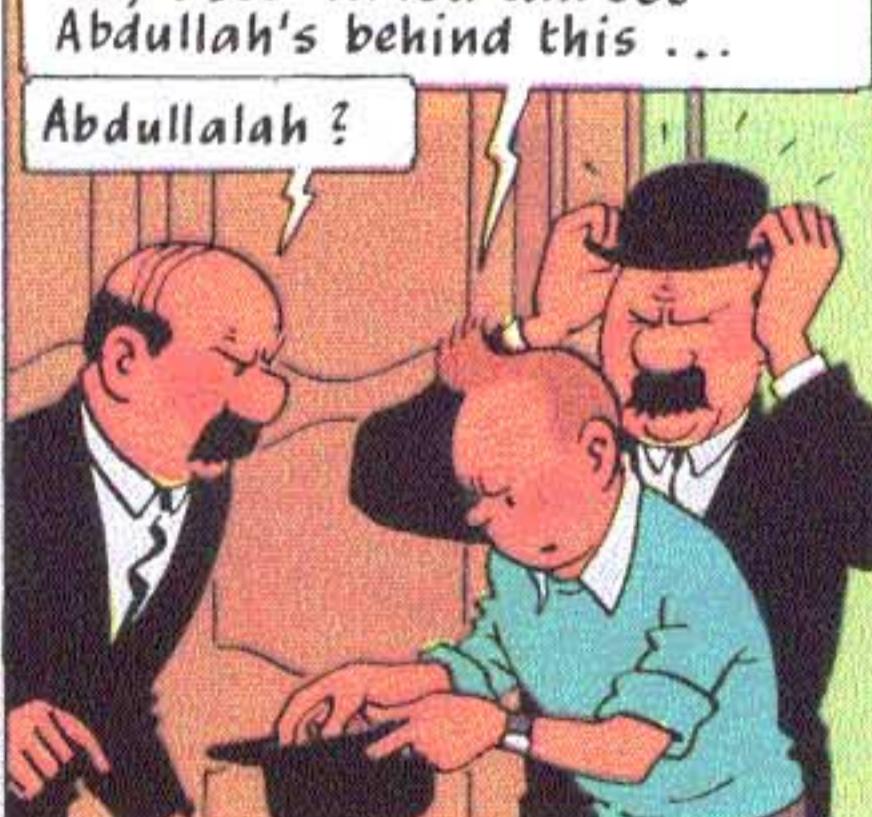
But it still isn't
right!

Nor is mine!



May I see?... You can bet
Abdullah's behind this ...

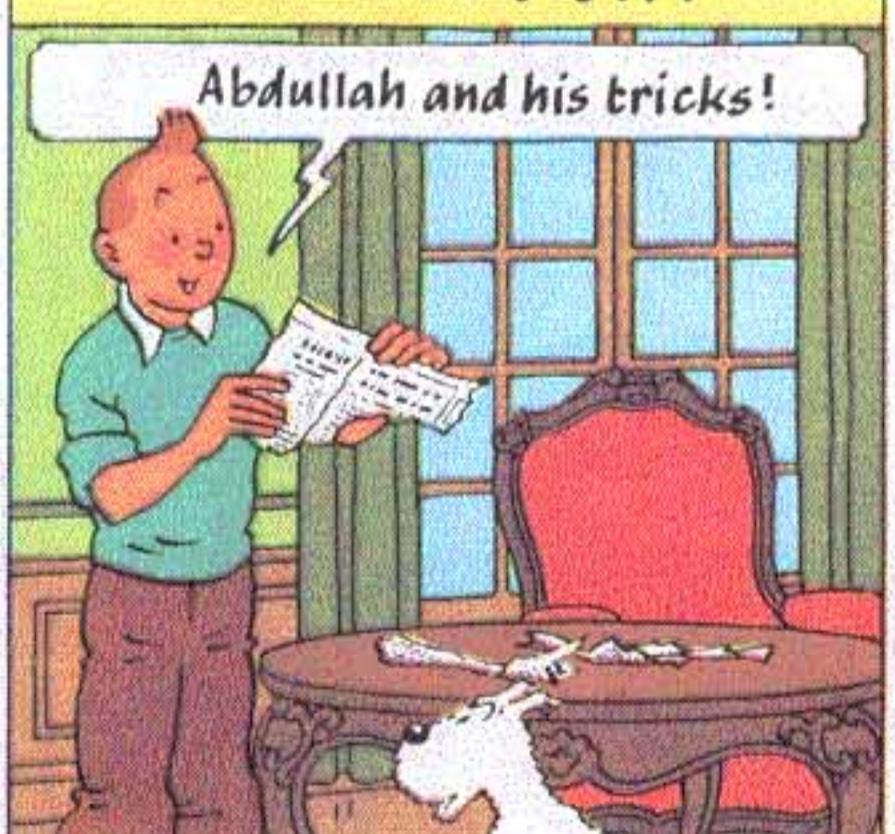
Abdullah?



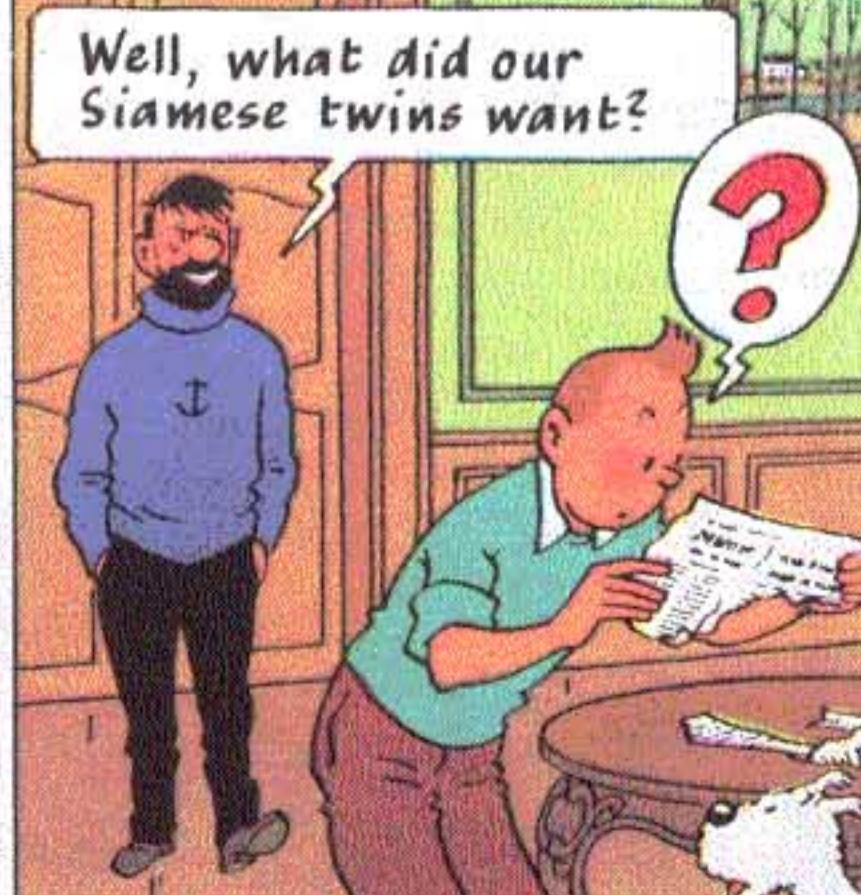
There!... I thought as much. It's an
old joke: newspapers folded up
and slipped into the band.



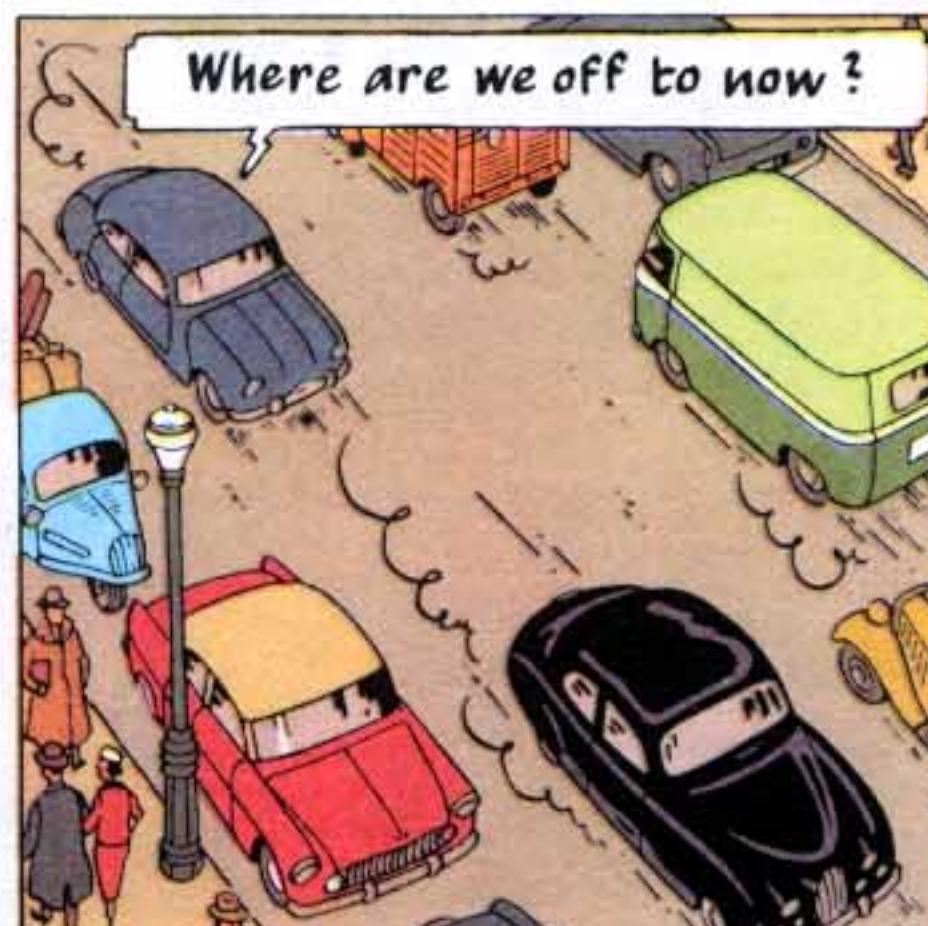
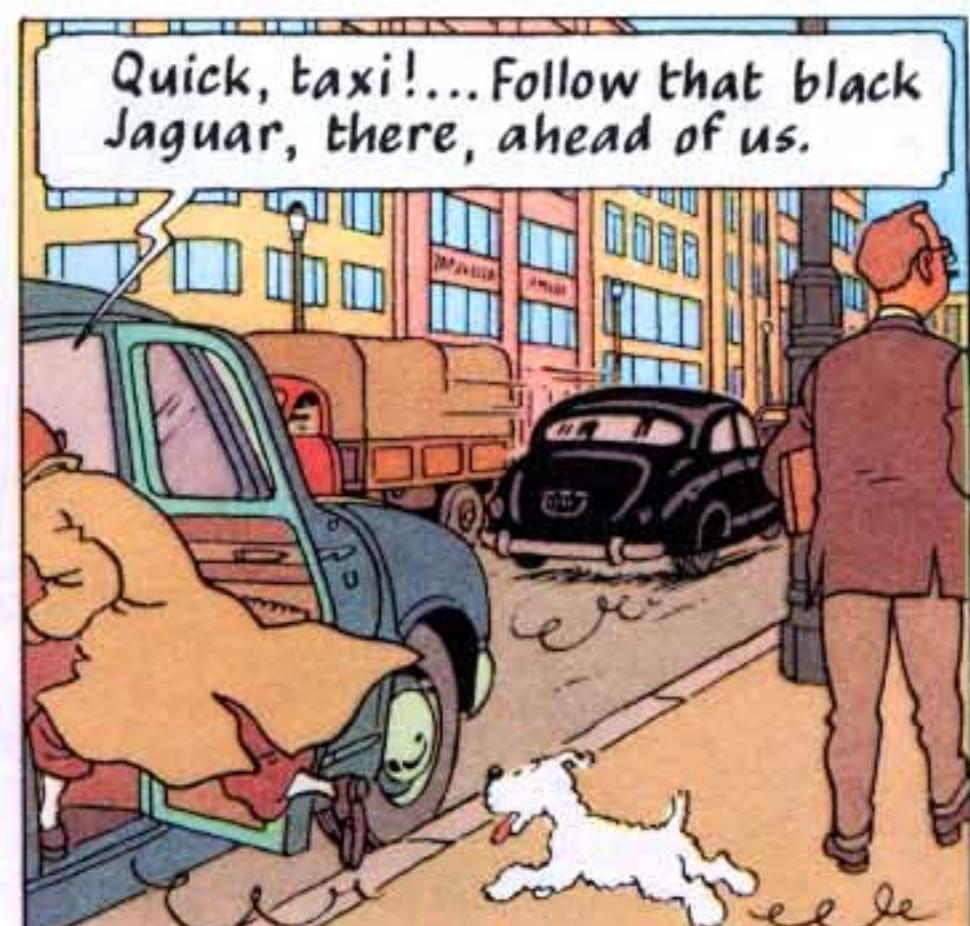
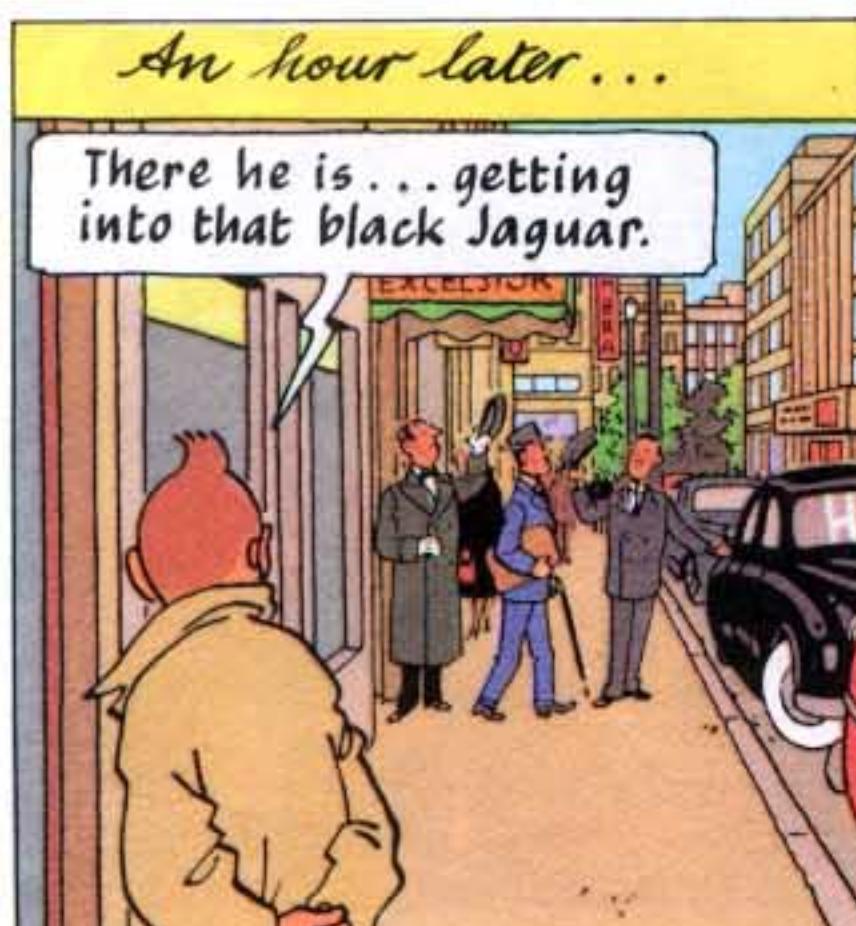
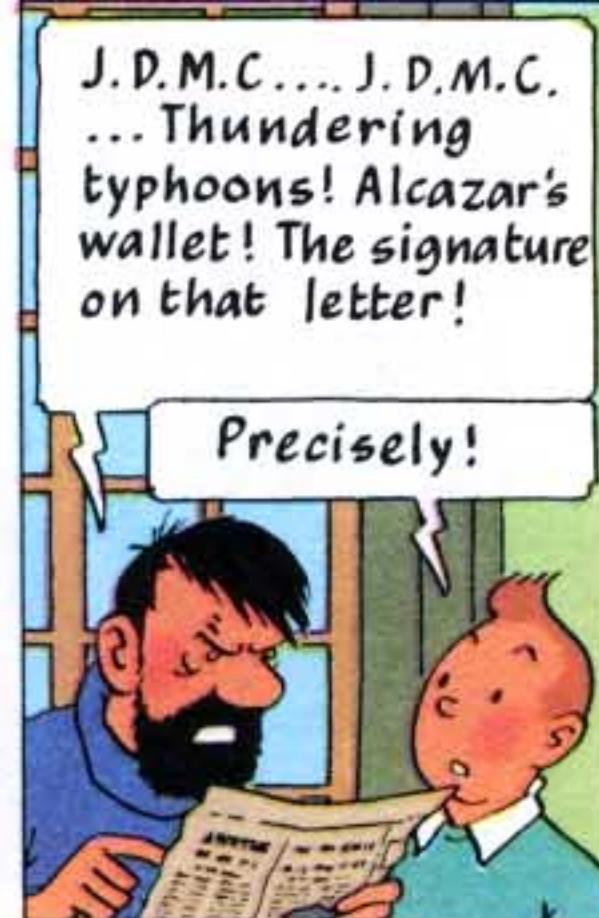
A little later on...



Well, what did our
Siamese twins want?

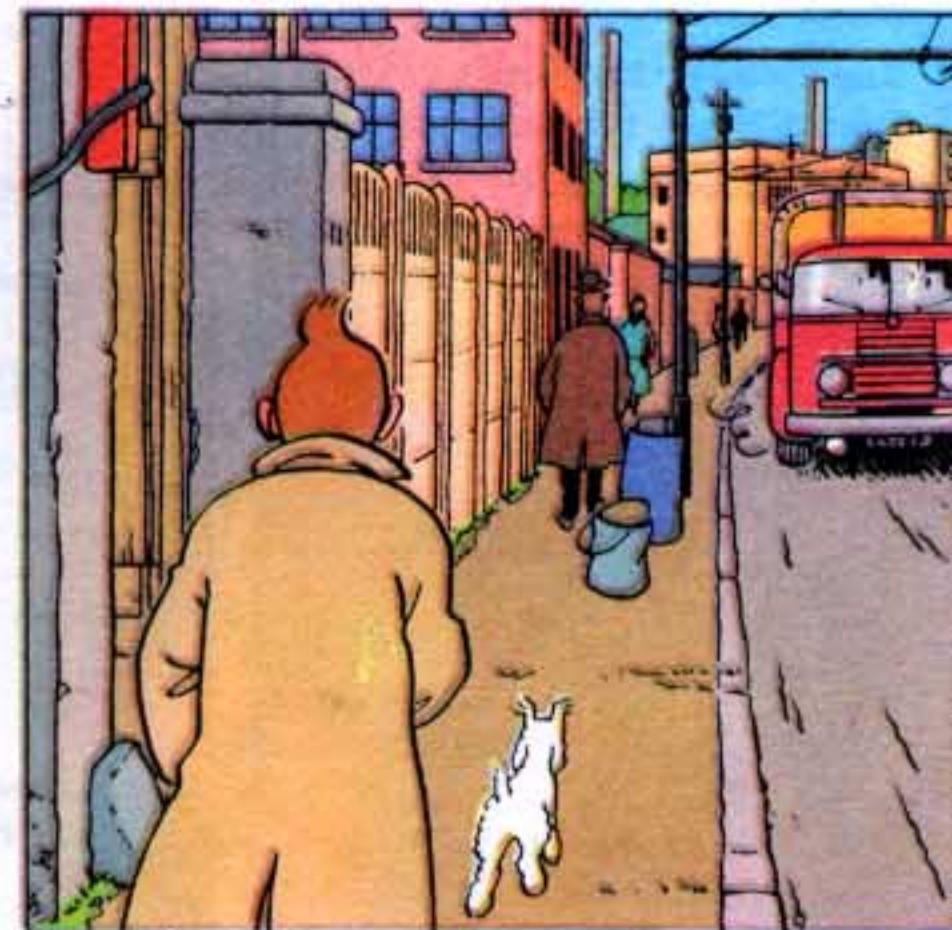
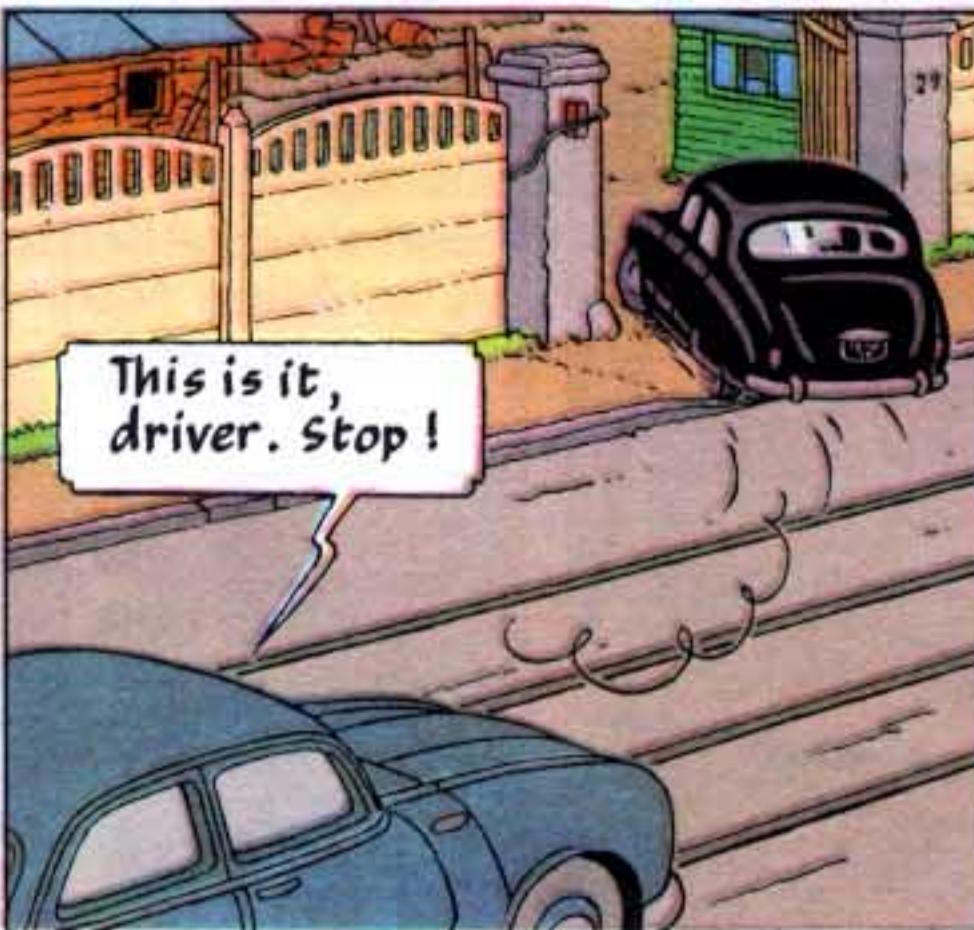


Just read this advertisement I've found in an old newspaper!



Fifteen minutes later...

We're on the outskirts of town already... Ah, he's slowing down. He's going to turn off.



Oh! A watchman!

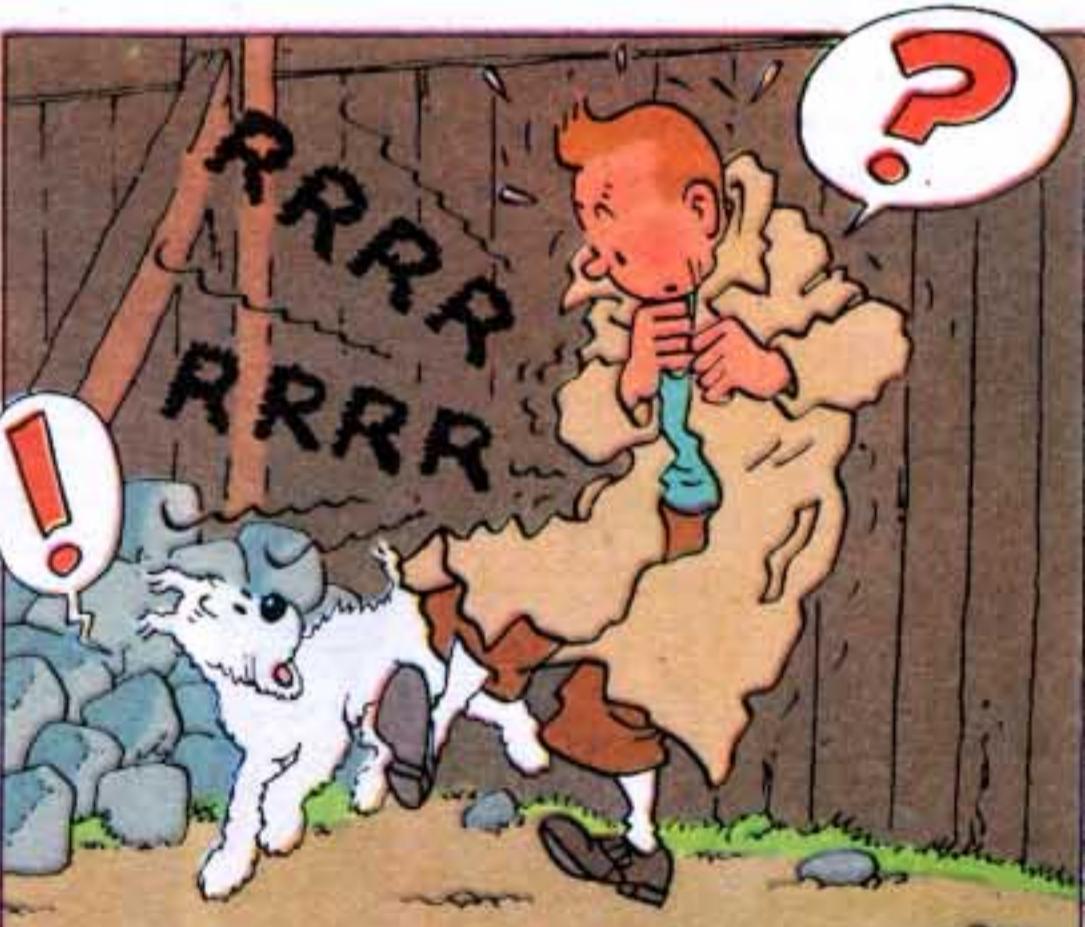


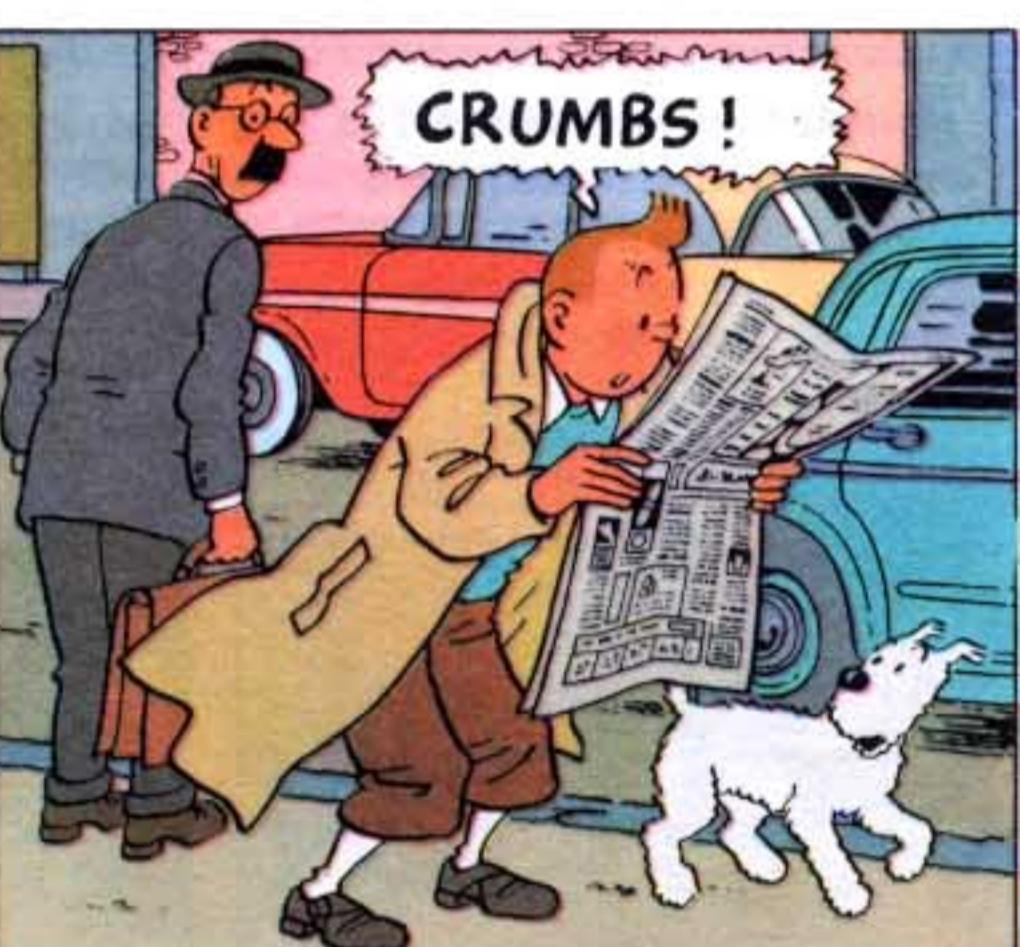
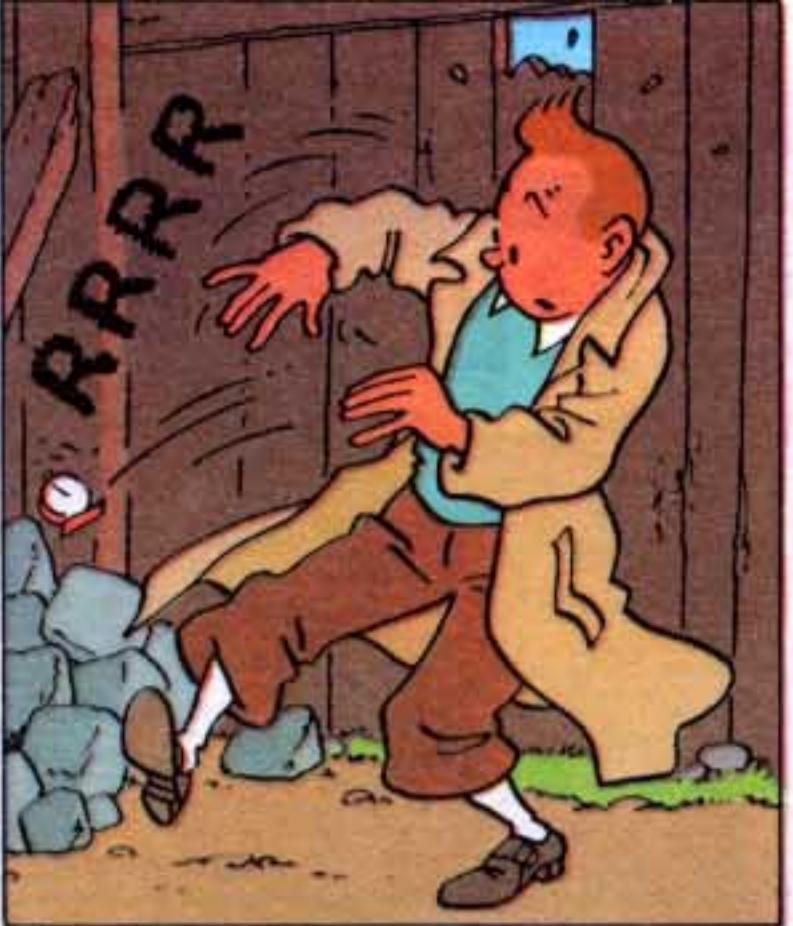
Aircraft! So we were right!

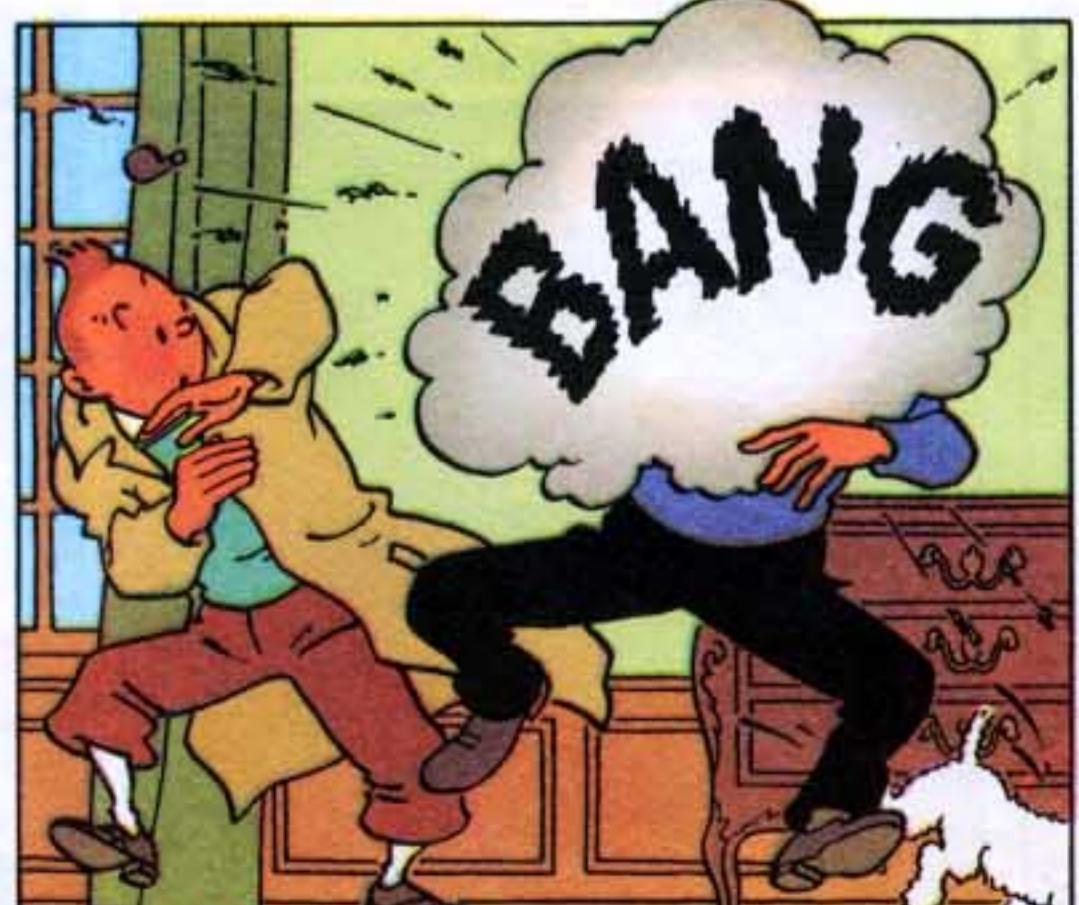
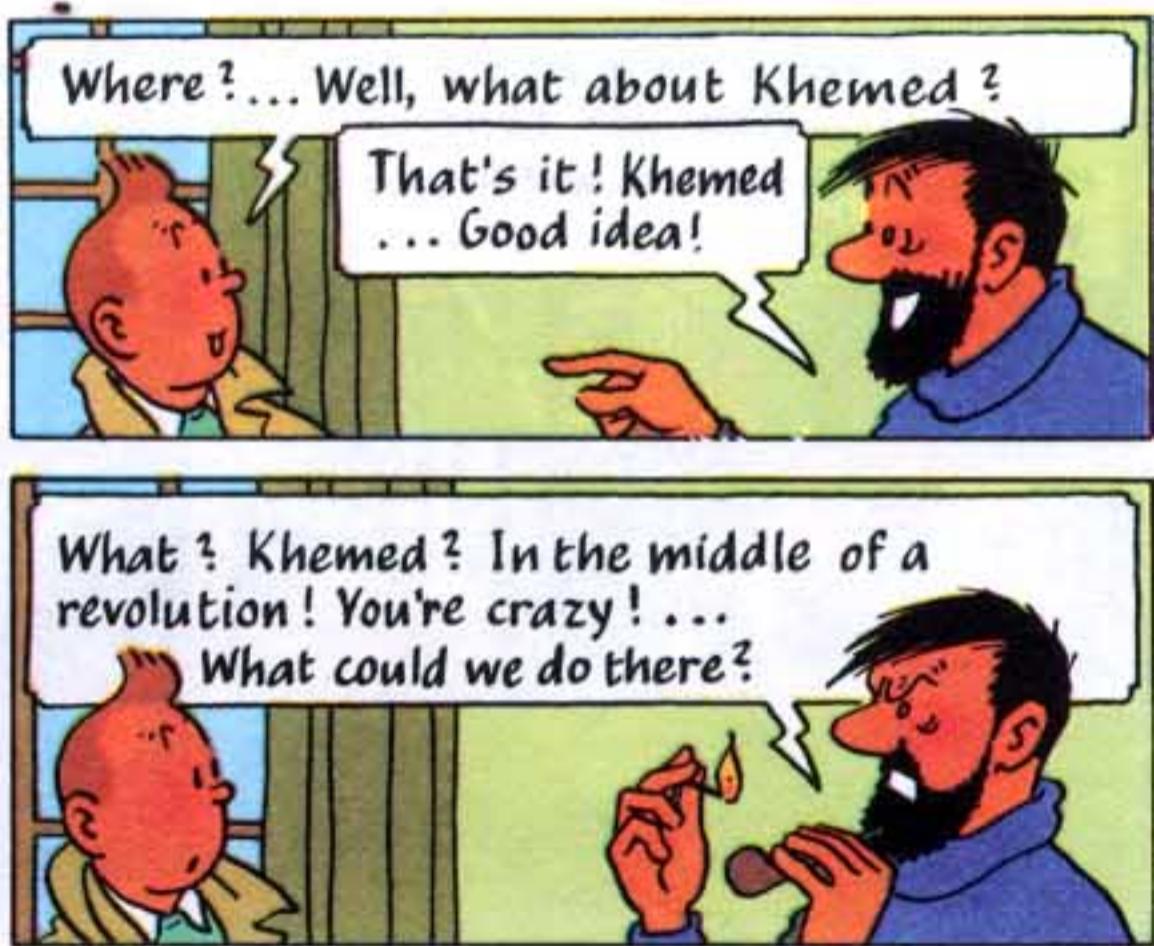


It's in the bag! Twelve Mosquitoes there, too. To help him chuck out his rival, General Tapioca... Suits us. Let them fight. So long as we can unload our junk on them, why worry?

You've said it!... Well, I'll see to the packing of those DC3 spares for Arabair. Now that they've got the green light over there, they're going to need them. It looks to me...



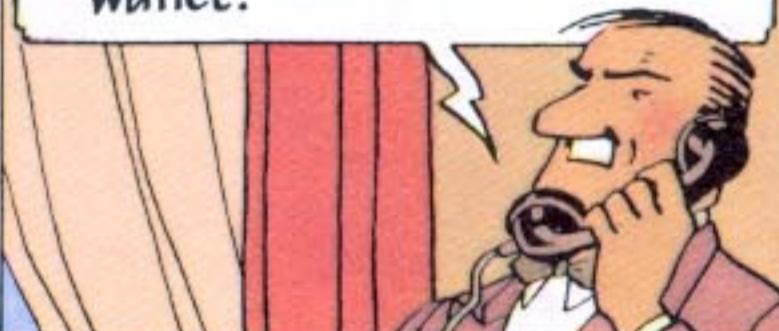




A youngster with a white dog? That reminds me of something... but what?



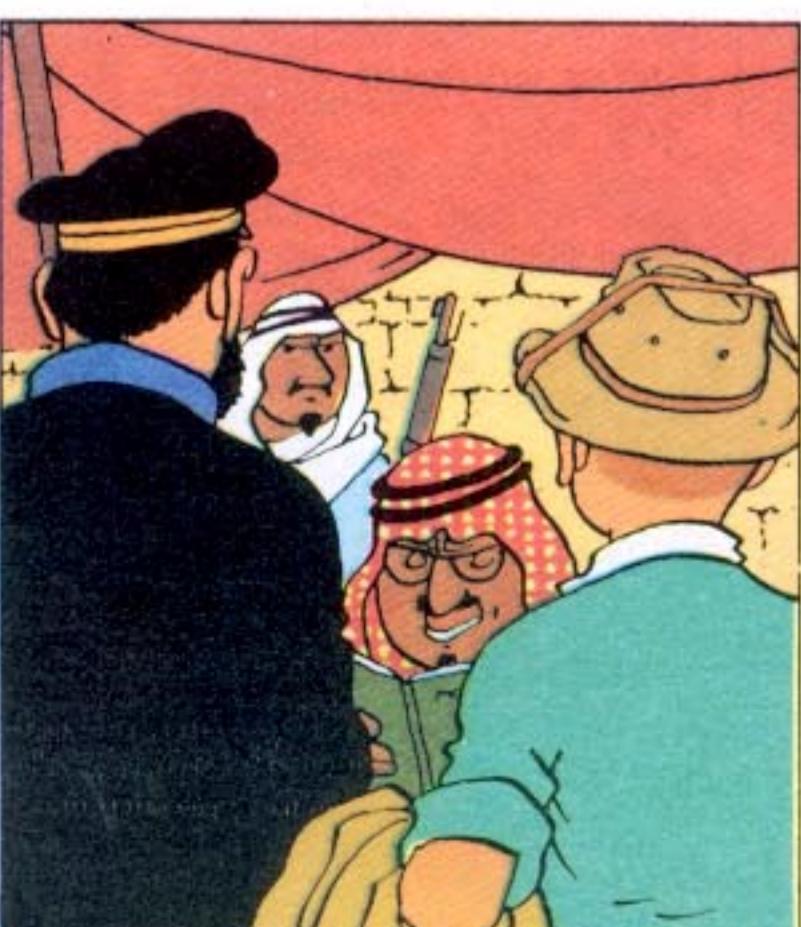
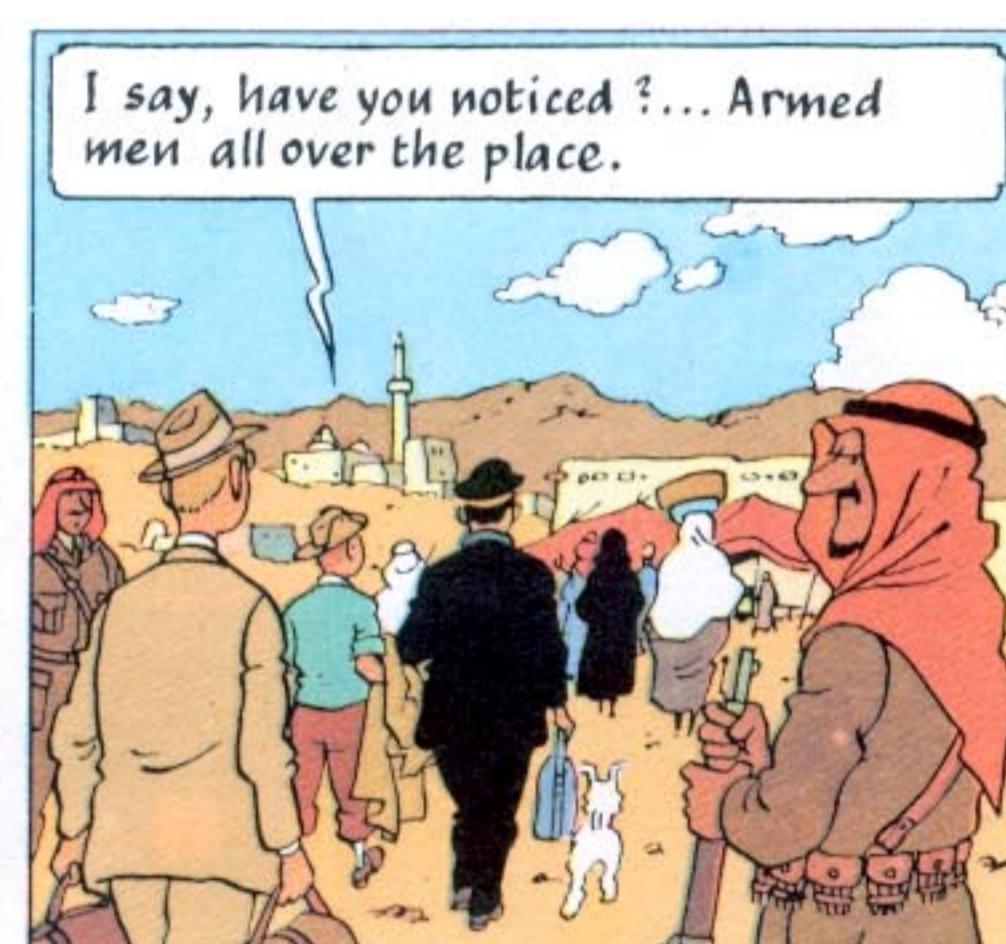
Yes, they bring him back. This Captain Haddock, who I meet yesterday with one of my friends... Tintin... Qué?... Si, Tintin. You know him?... Qué? The telephone call you receive last night?... Yes, it was him. He find your number in my wallet.

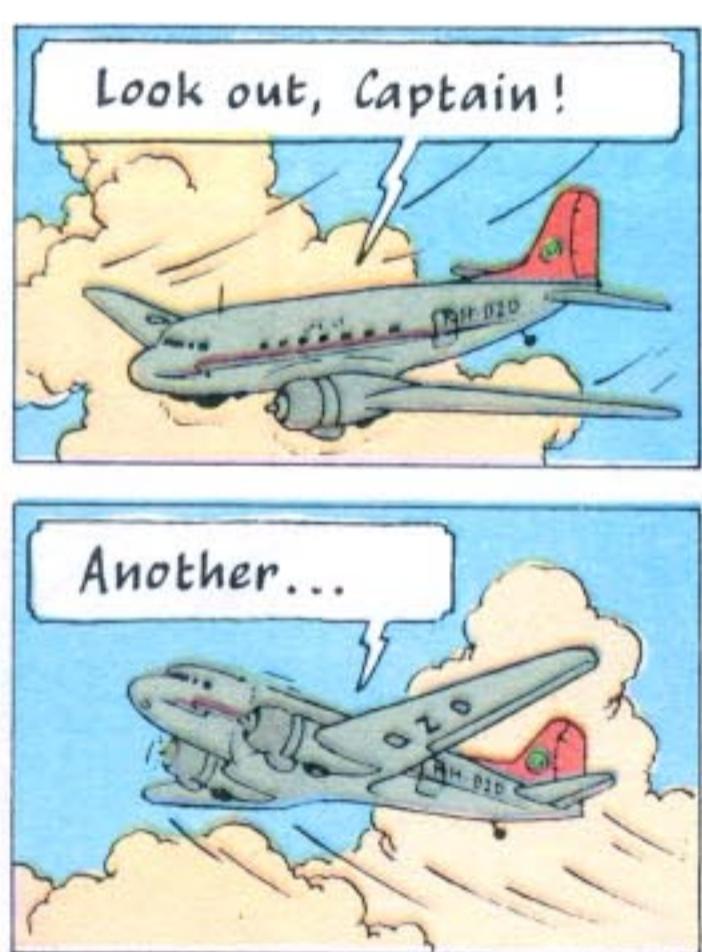
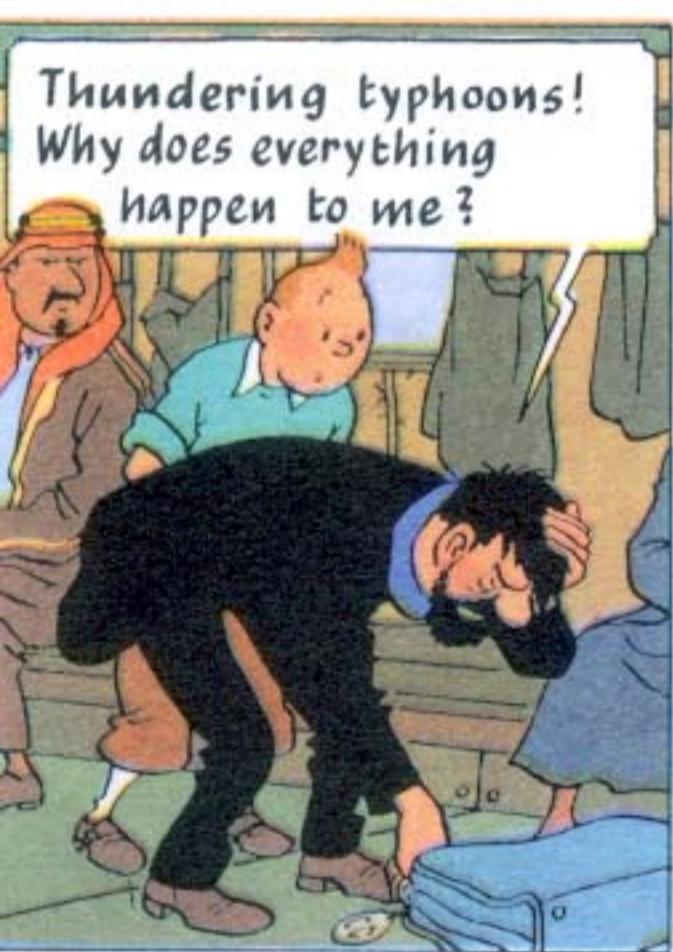
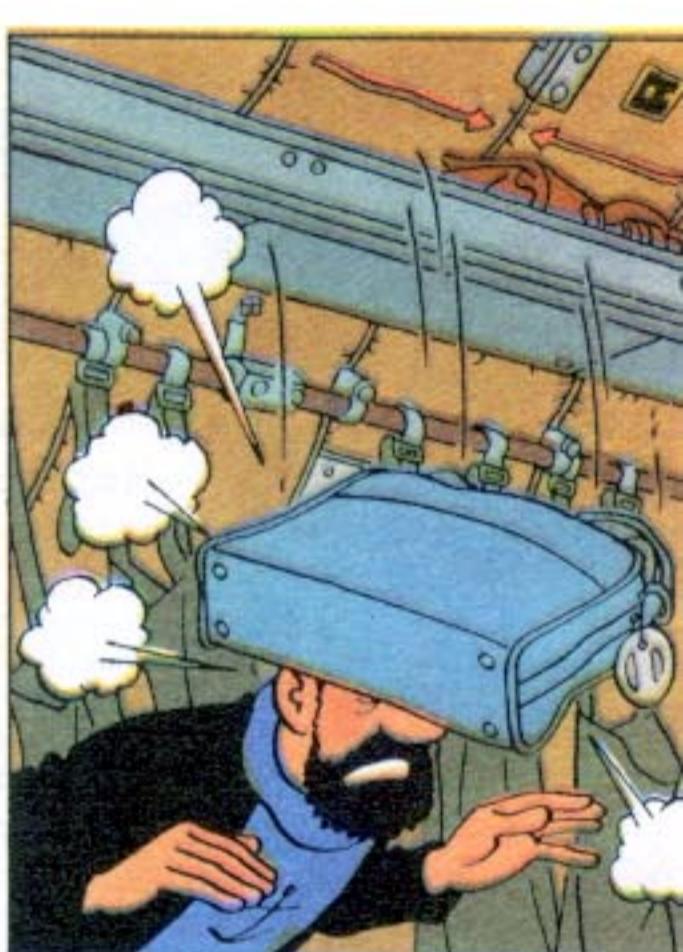
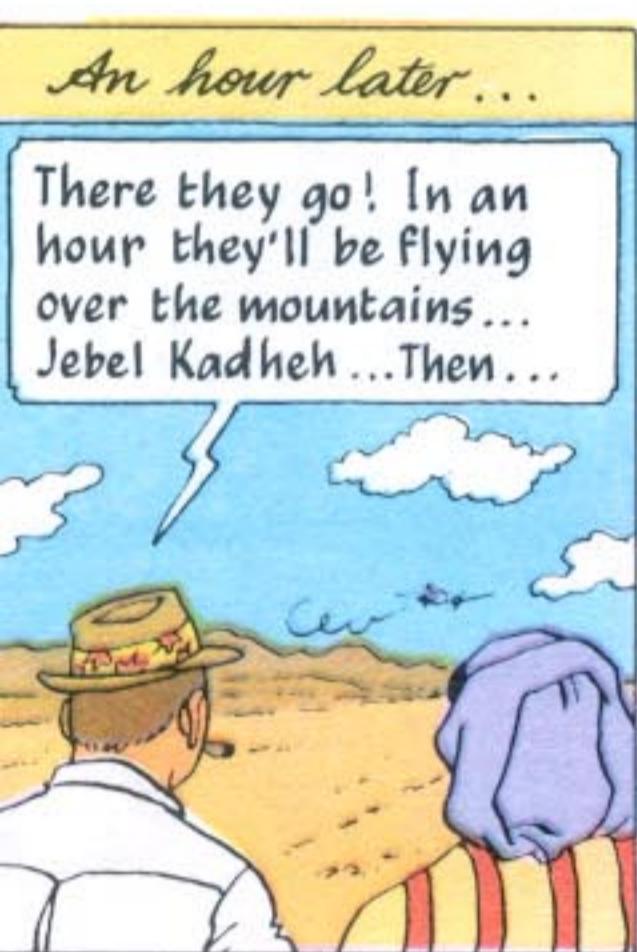


Tintin!... So he's the one sticking his nose into my business!... I'll soon take care of him.



The airport at Wadesdah, capital of Khemed, three days later...





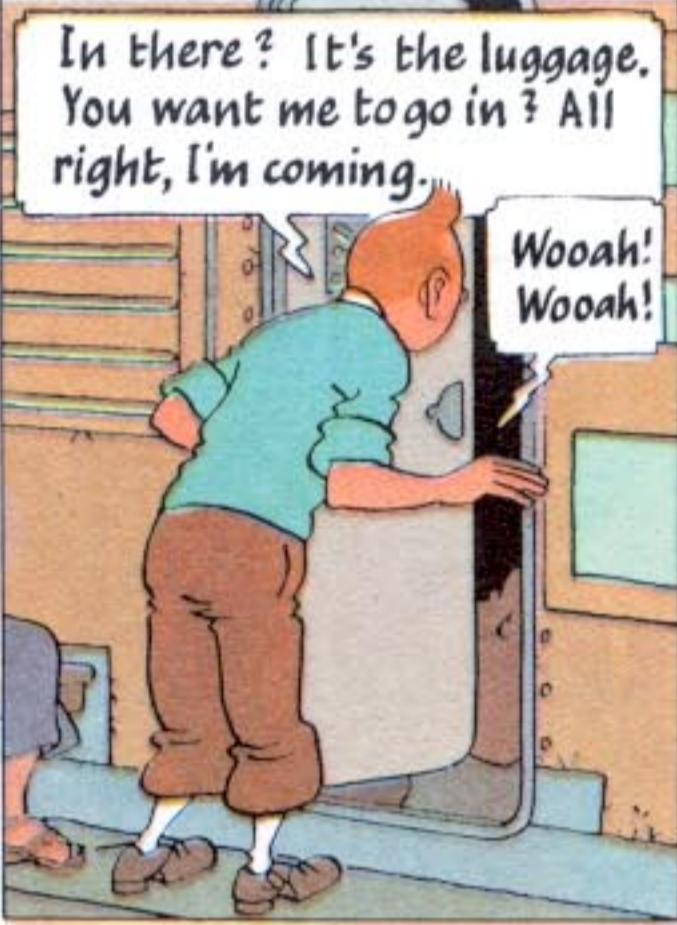
Golly! I can smell trouble. There's something sinister going on here. I must warn Tintin at once.

I'm wondering WHO warned the authorities at Wadesdah of our arrival, and WHO persuaded them to deport us?

Hello, Snowy, what's the matter?

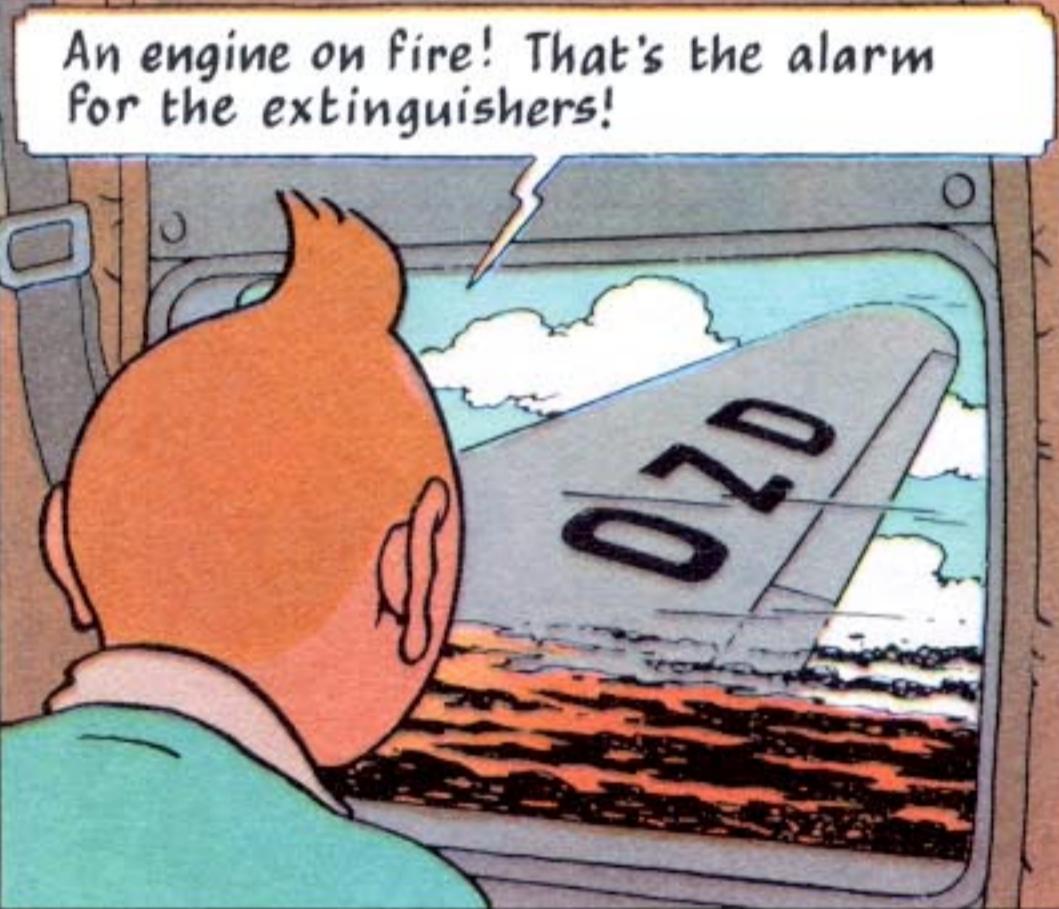
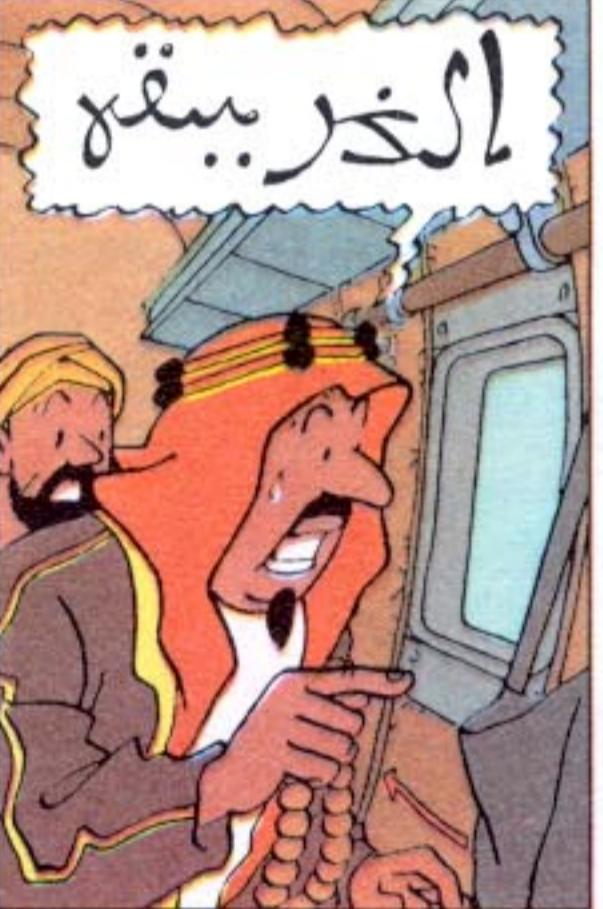


Here, will you stop that! You know, he... yes, he wants to show me something. All right, I'll follow you ...

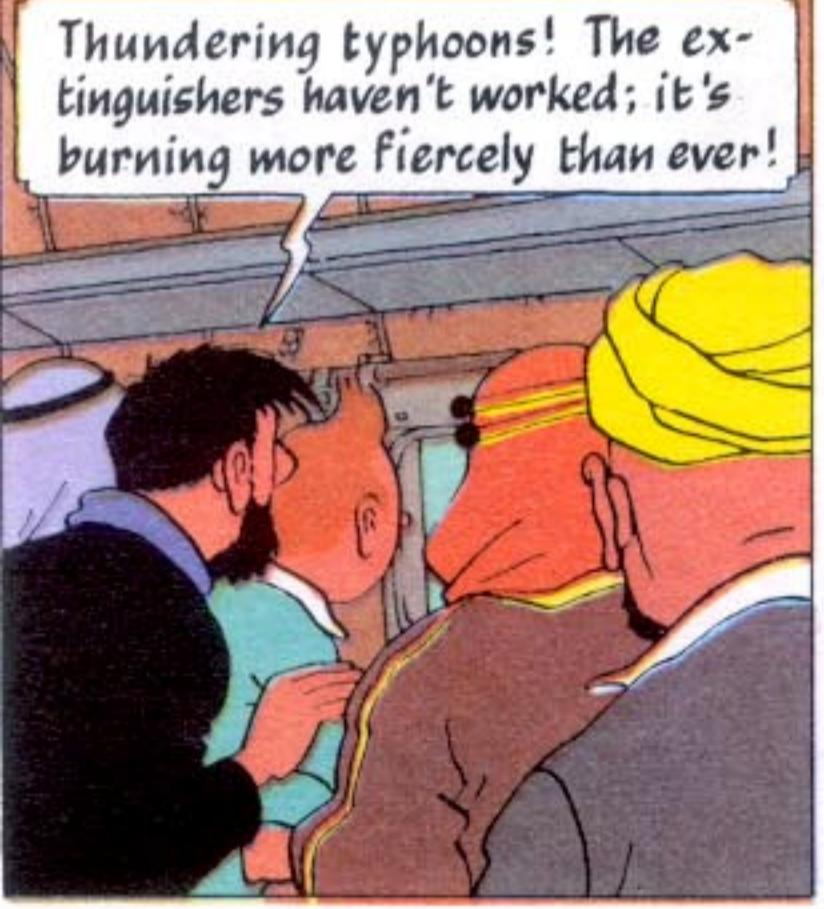


PH-E-E-E-T

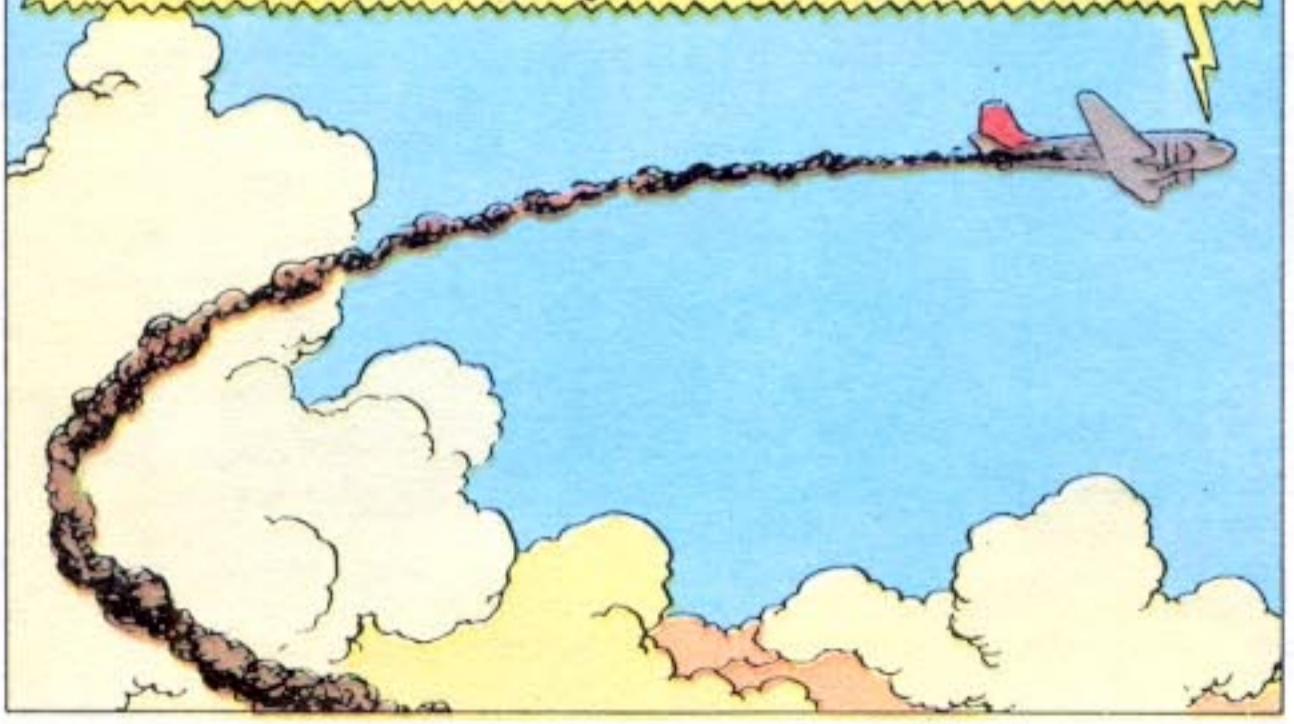
What's that siren for?



Thundering typhoons! The extinguishers haven't worked; it's burning more fiercely than ever!

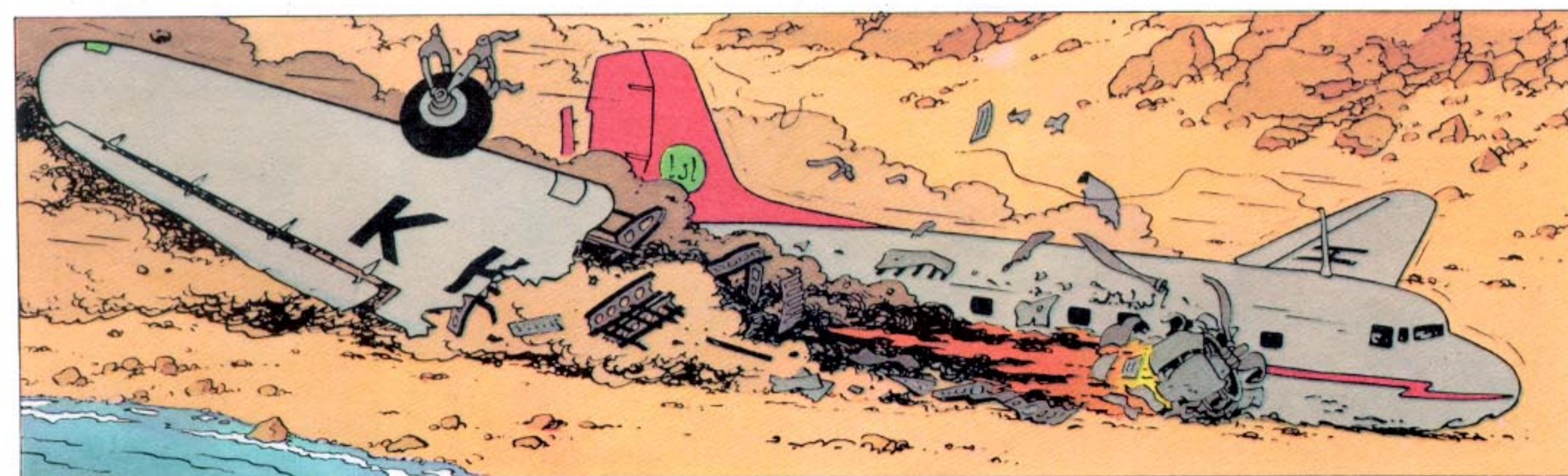
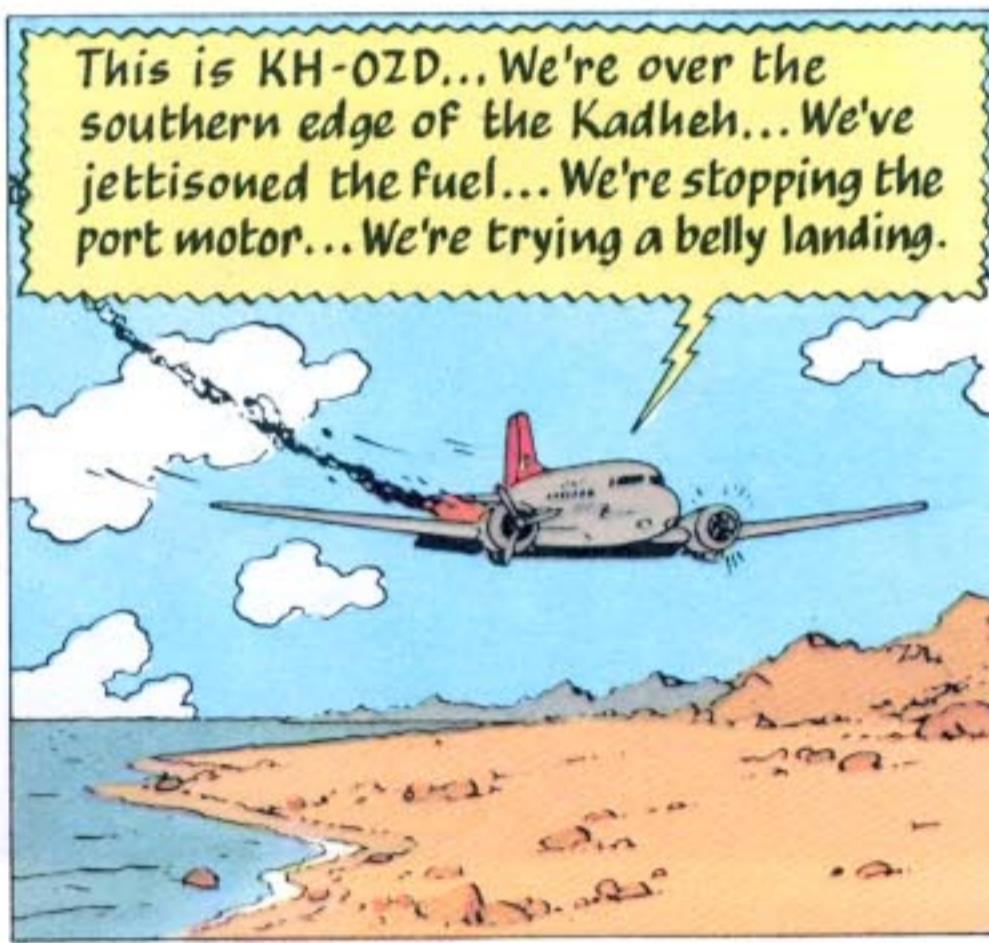
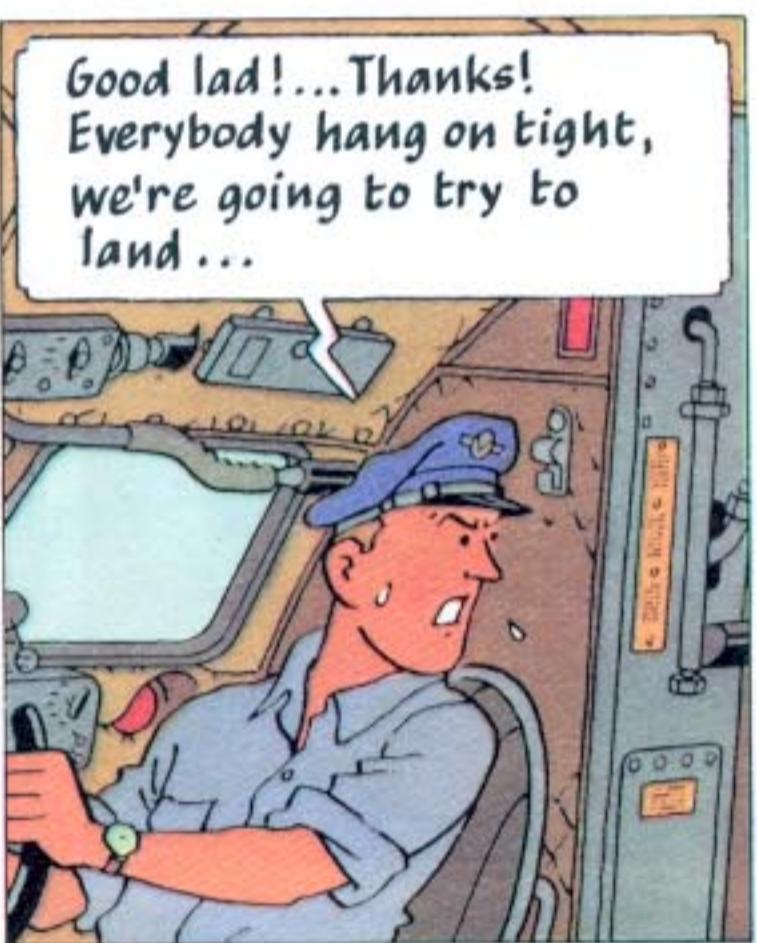
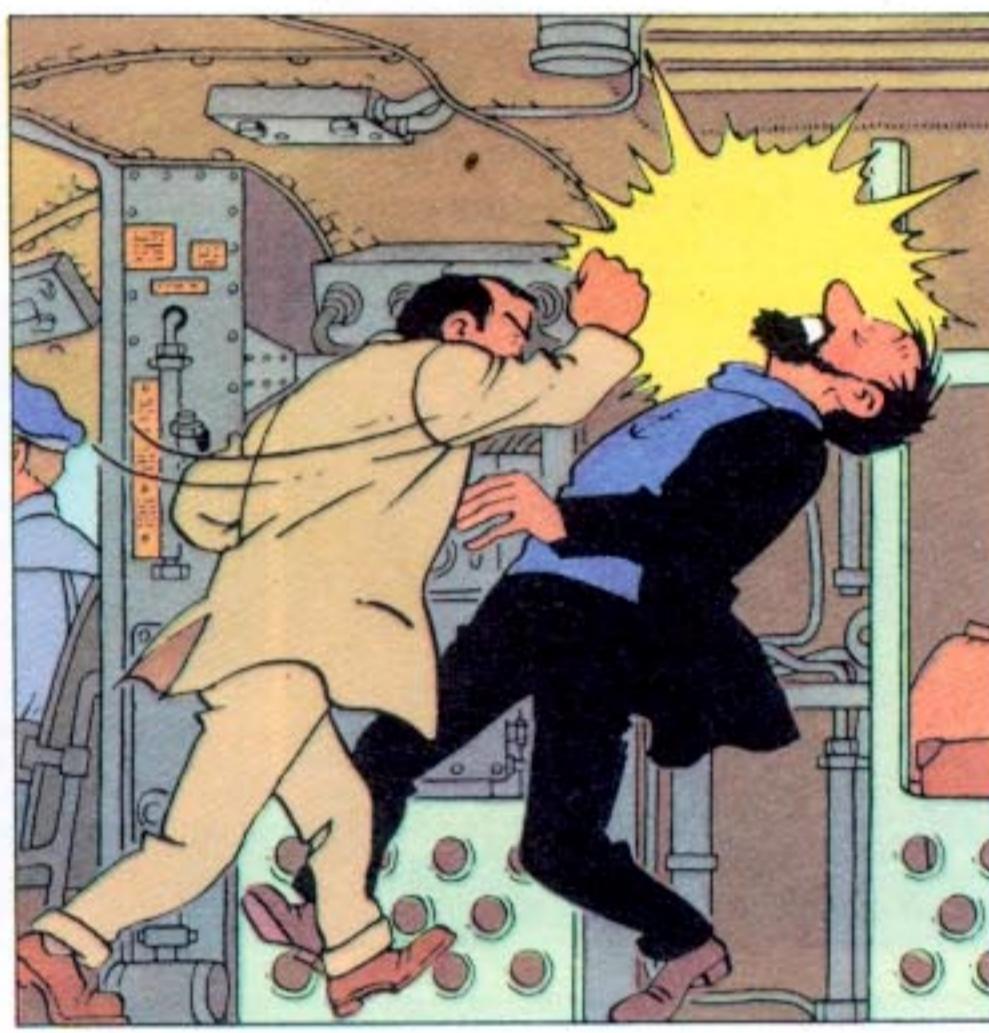
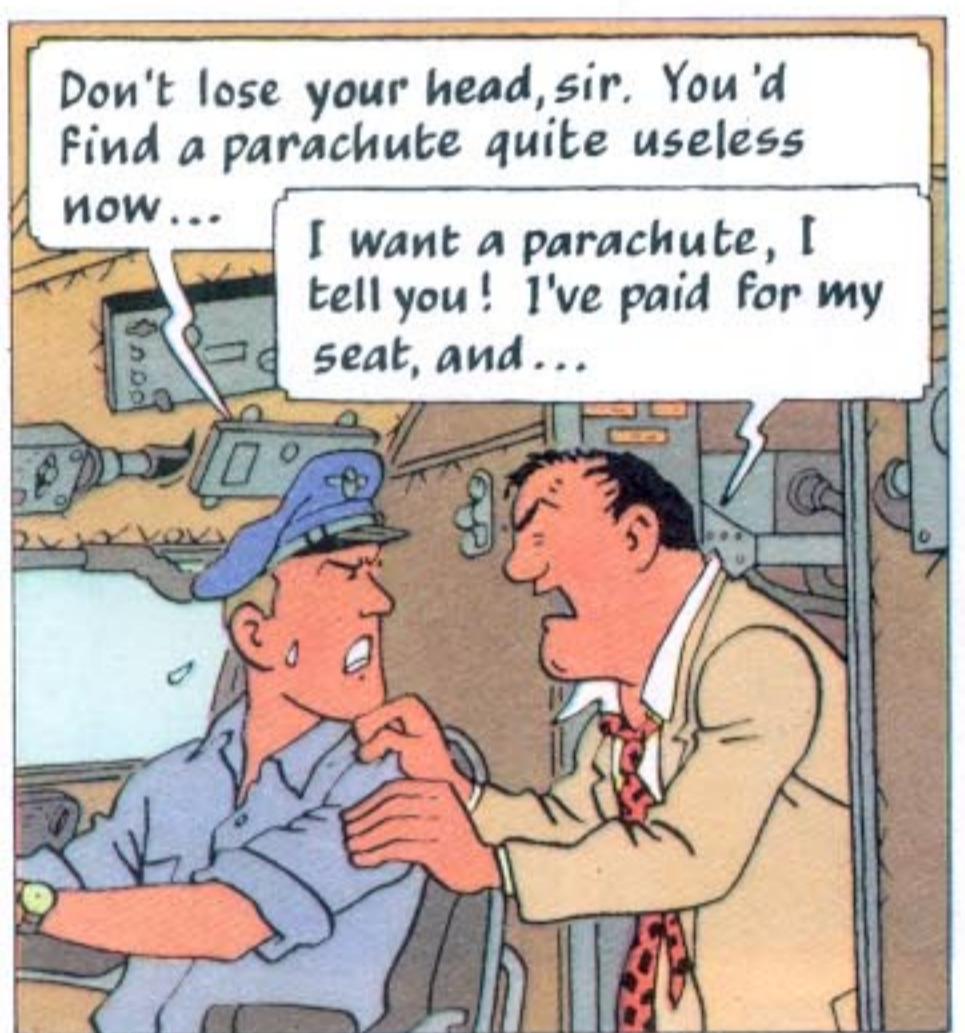
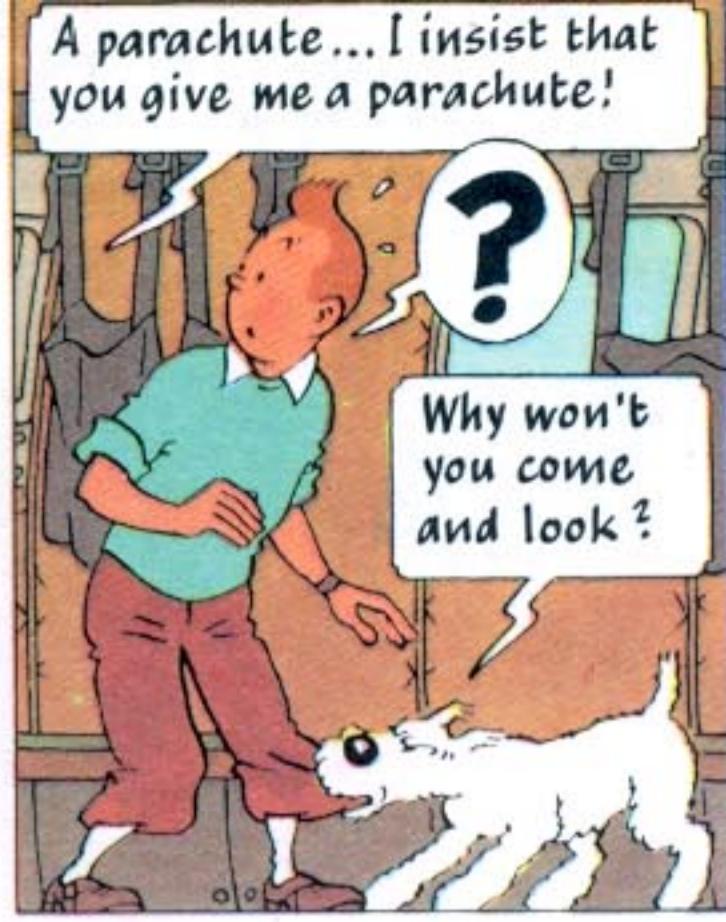
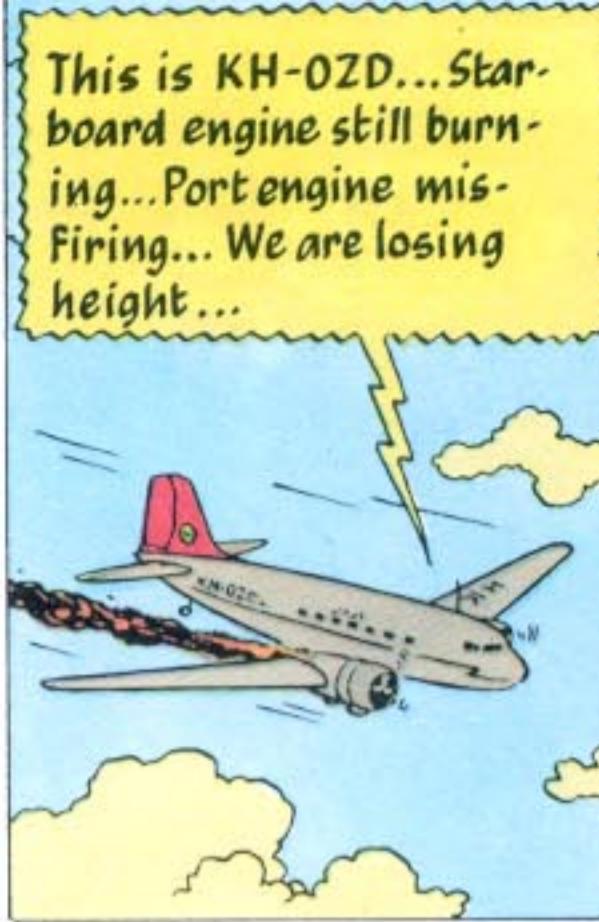


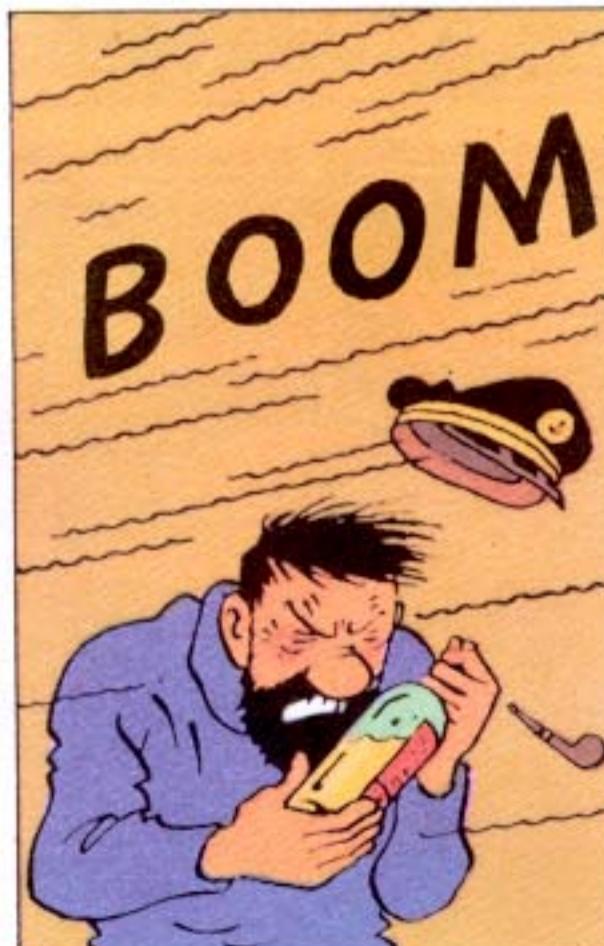
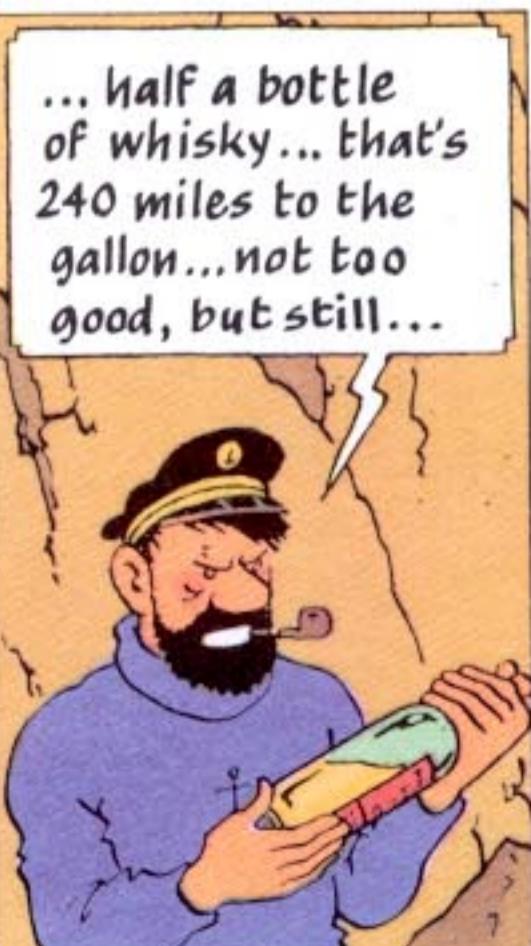
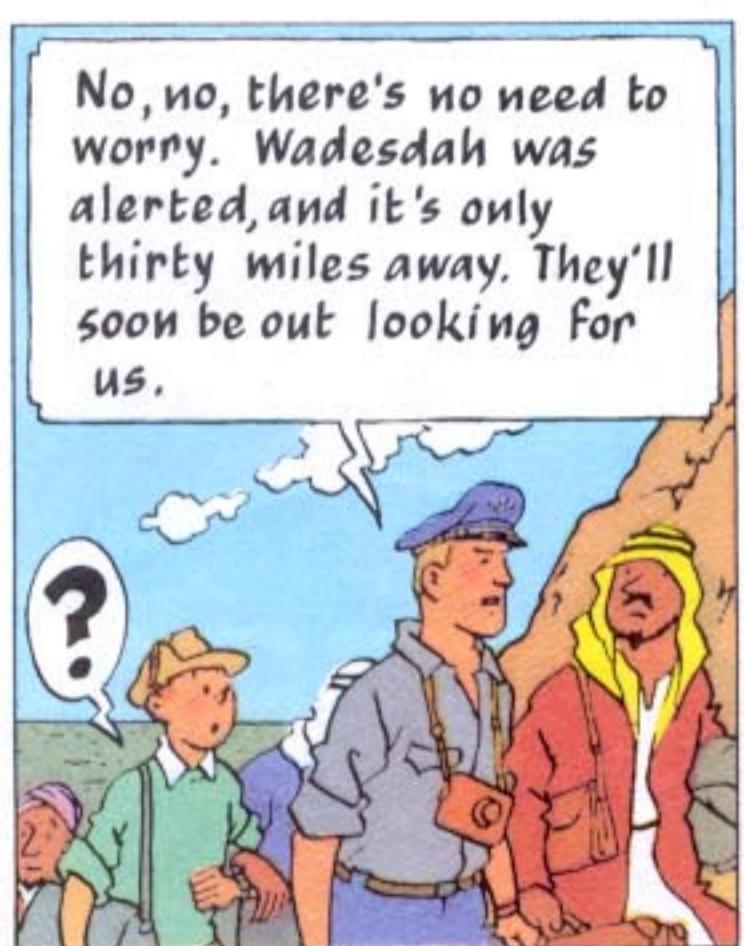
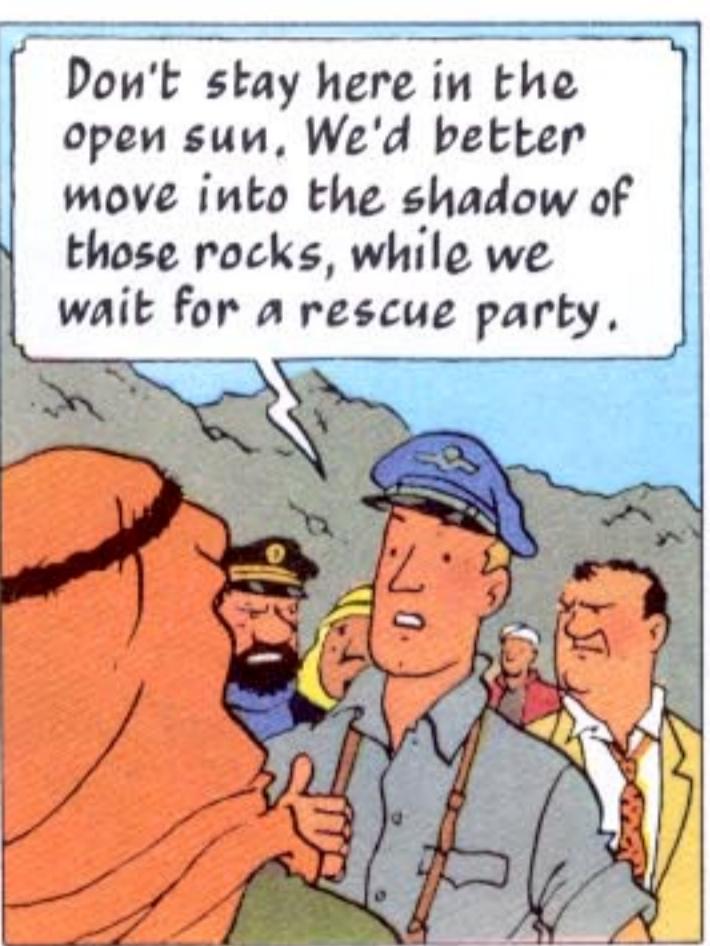
Wadesdah Tower... Wadesdah Tower... This is KH-OZD... Starboard motor on fire... Extinguishers unserviceable. We're turning back... We'll try to reach Wadesdah.

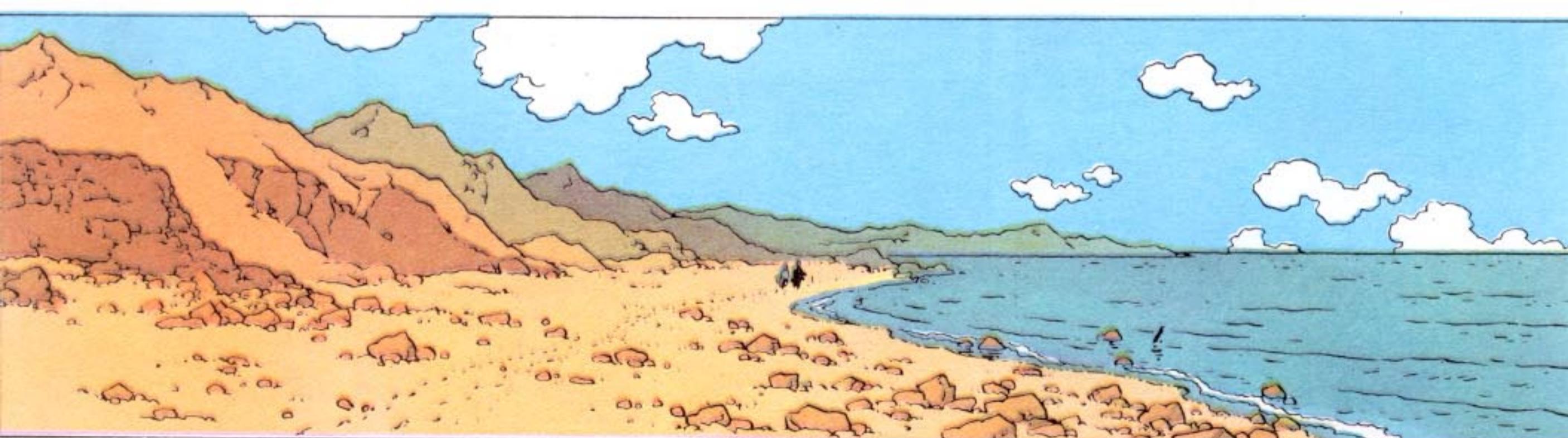
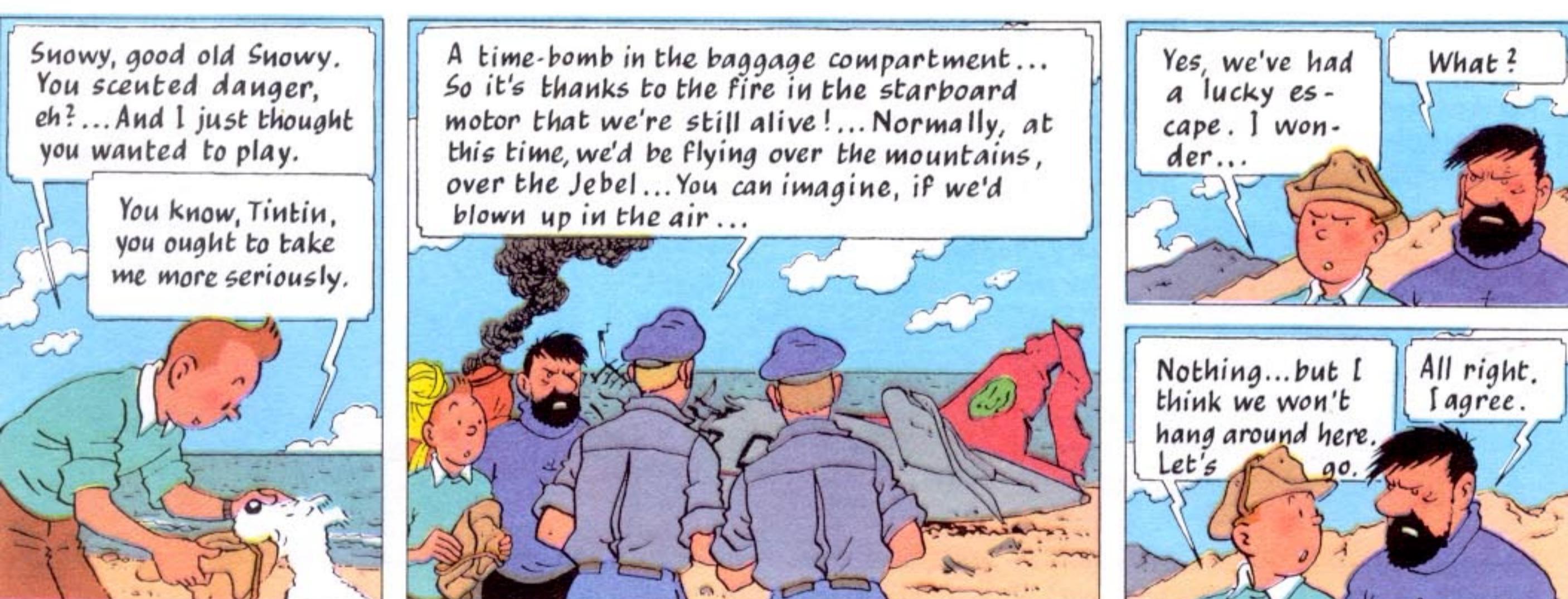
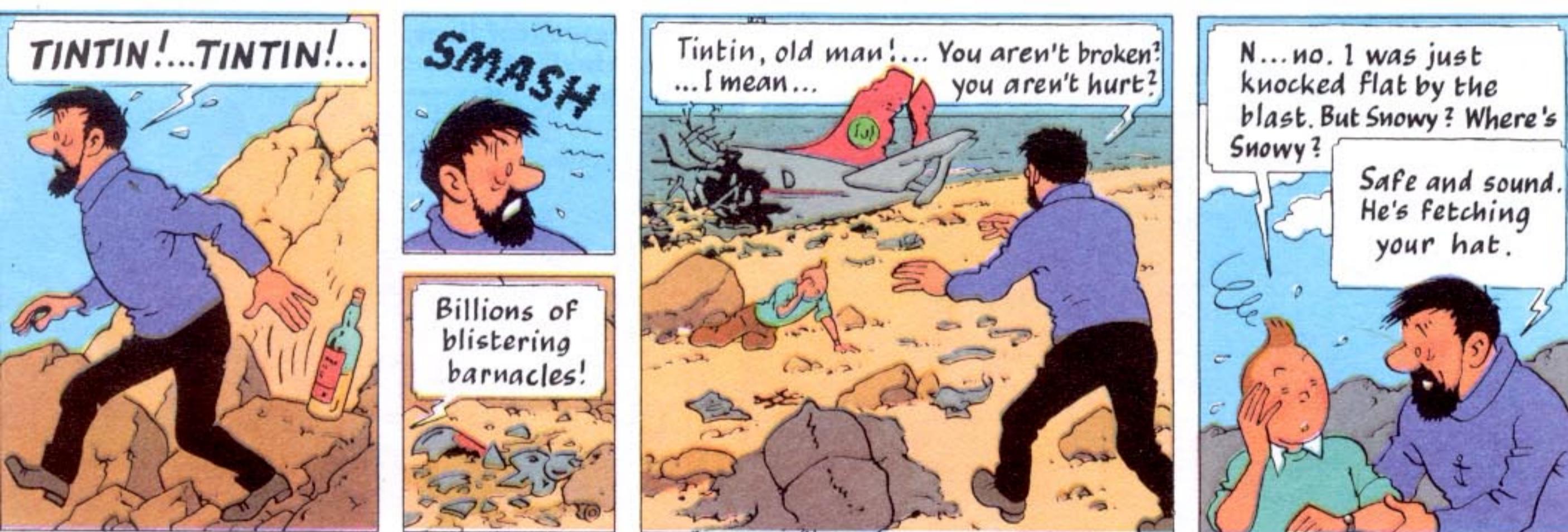
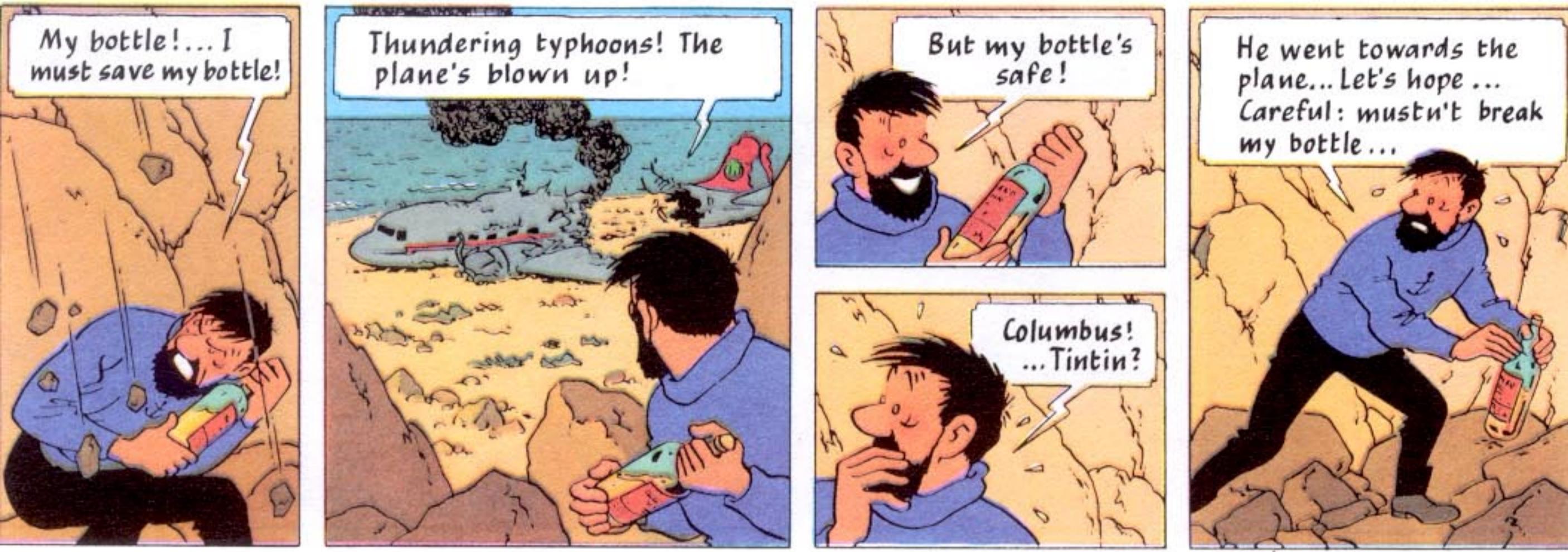


It's no good! It's too heavy. I shall just have to...





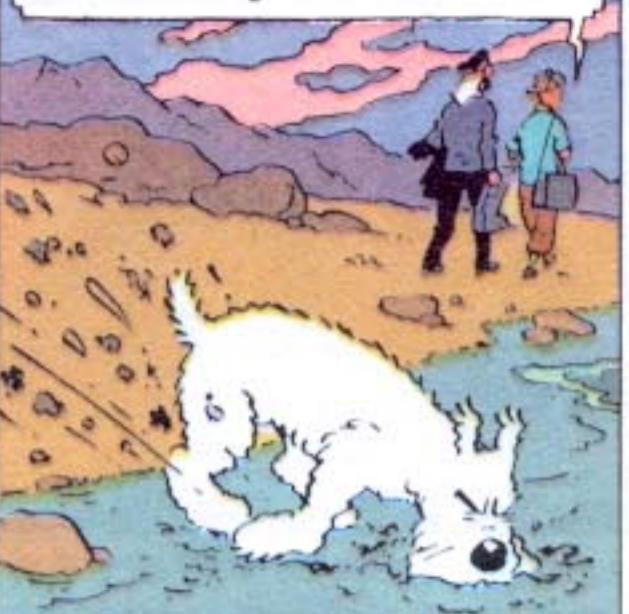




When we get to Wadesdah, we'll seek shelter with our old friend Senhor Oliveira de Figueira.



We mustn't run into the rescue party on the way... As soon as our disappearance is reported, they'll start searching for us.

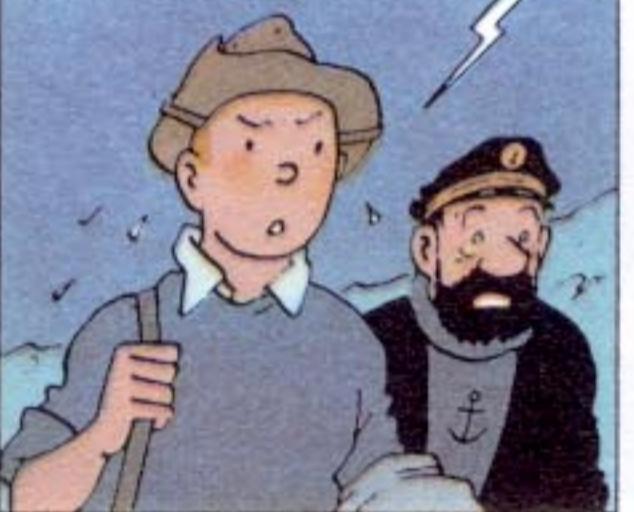


Night has fallen...

I've had enough of this little jaunt!... If we go on much longer I'll be on my knees! If only I could lie down!



Lie down? We simply must reach Wadesdah before dawn, Captain. Lying down is out of the question.



Quick, lie down!

Make up your mind... shall I lie down, or not?



A patrol! I'm sure they're out looking for us.



I heard a noise... a sort of rumbling...

It's just an aeroplane... Listen.



For heaven's sake stop snoring!

Me, snoring? I didn't hear anything.



Come on, Captain, get up. We're moving on.

I'll have my breakfast in bed, Nestor... ZZZ... ZZZ...



It isn't Nestor, Captain, it's Tintin!... Get up, hurry!



What on earth can I do? Let's hope they don't come back...

ZZZ... ZZZ... ZZZ...

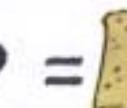


I always keep a small flask of rum for emergencies. Now's the time to use it ...

This confounded cork won't come out...

Ah!...That's it!

POP

POP =  = Gears = WHISKY



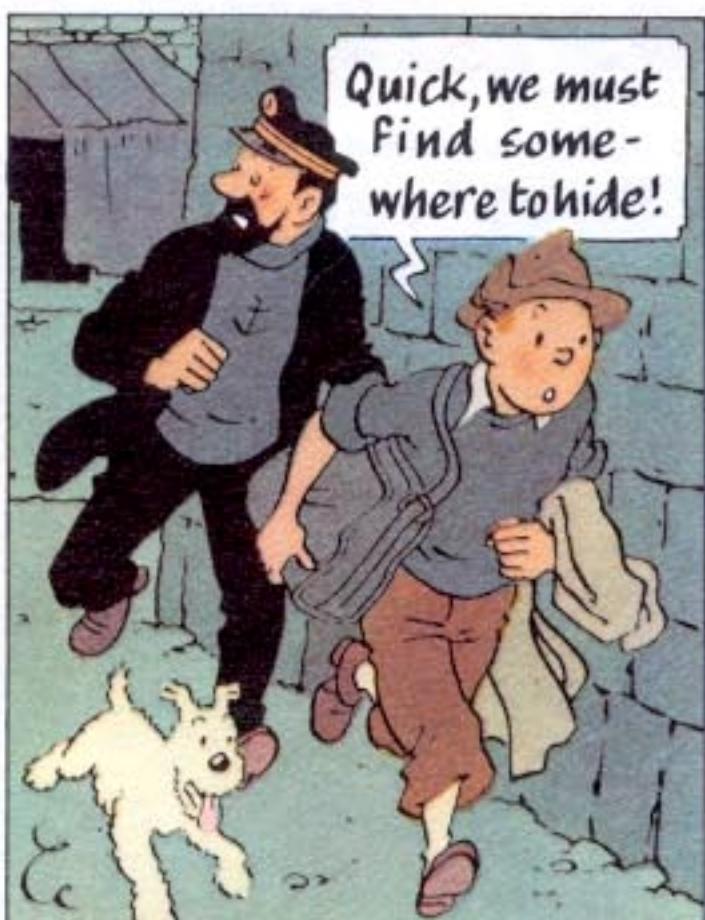
Aah! Now then, where are those sprouts?... I mean scouts...? I'd l-l-like a word or two w-w-with them!

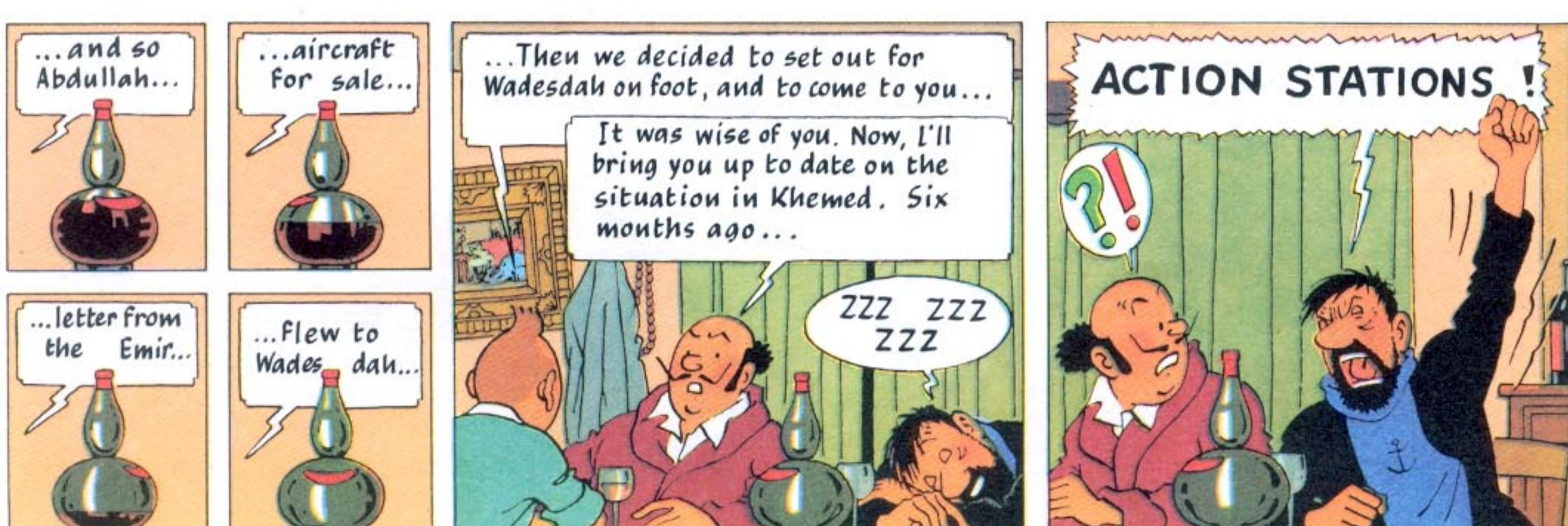
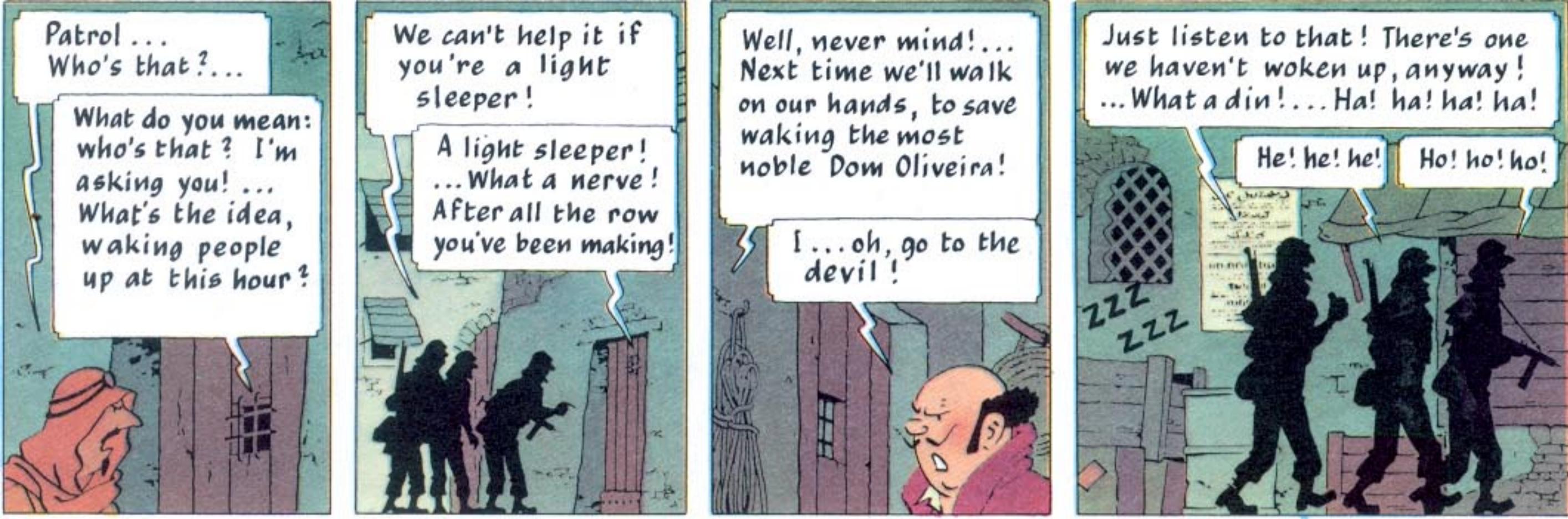
Sh! Be quiet! We must get on.

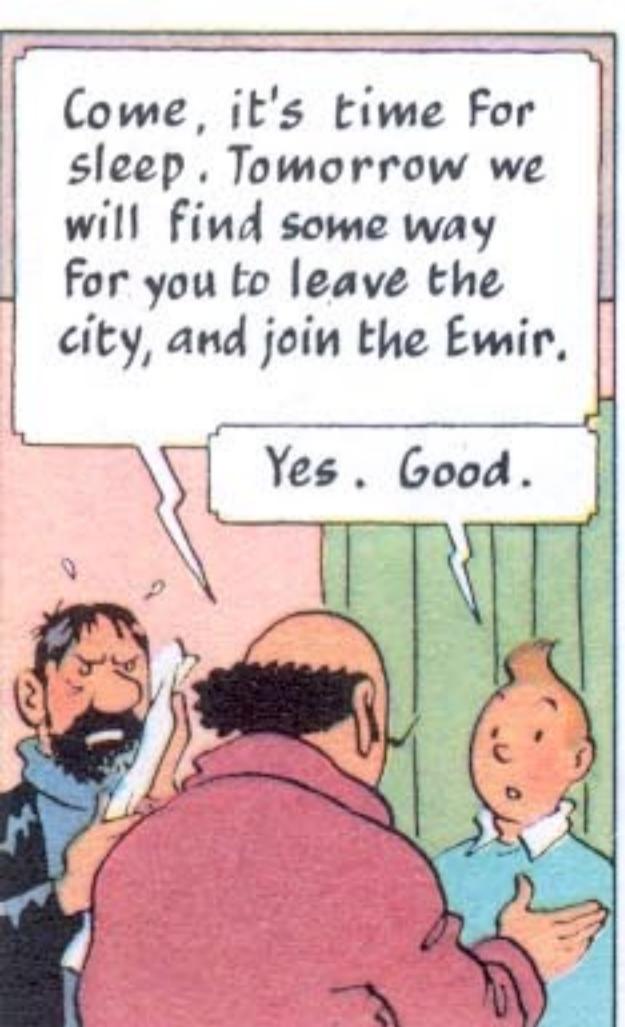
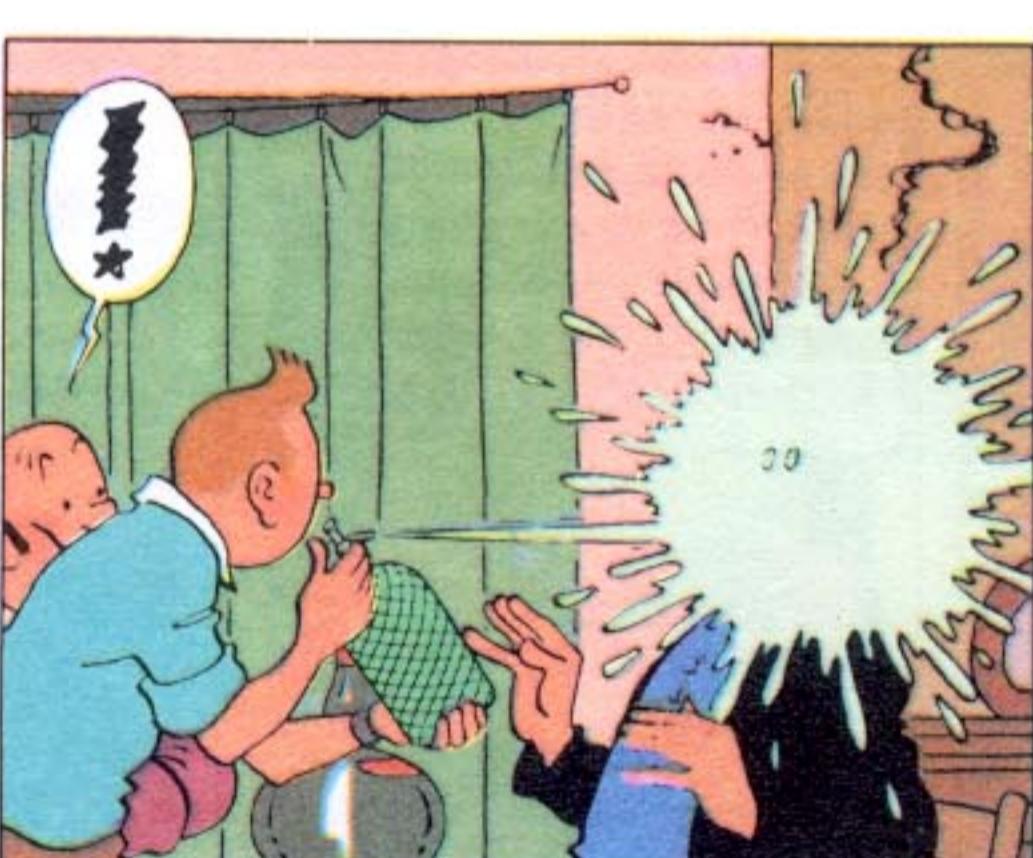
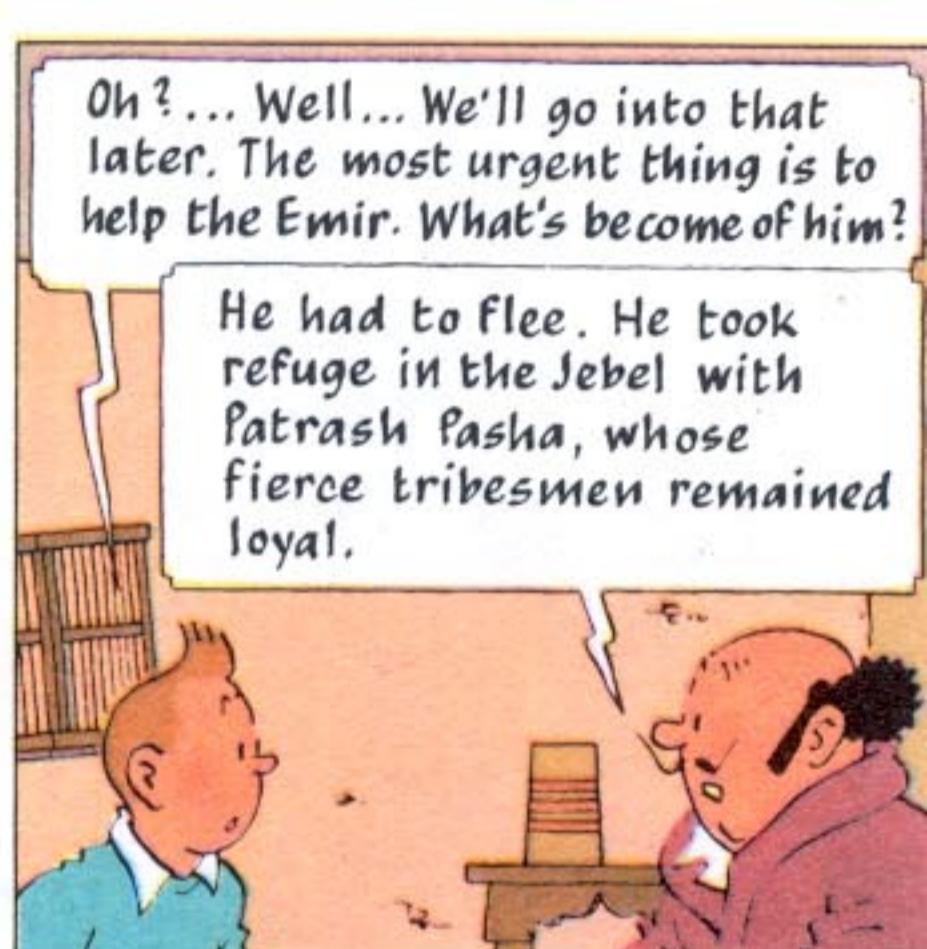
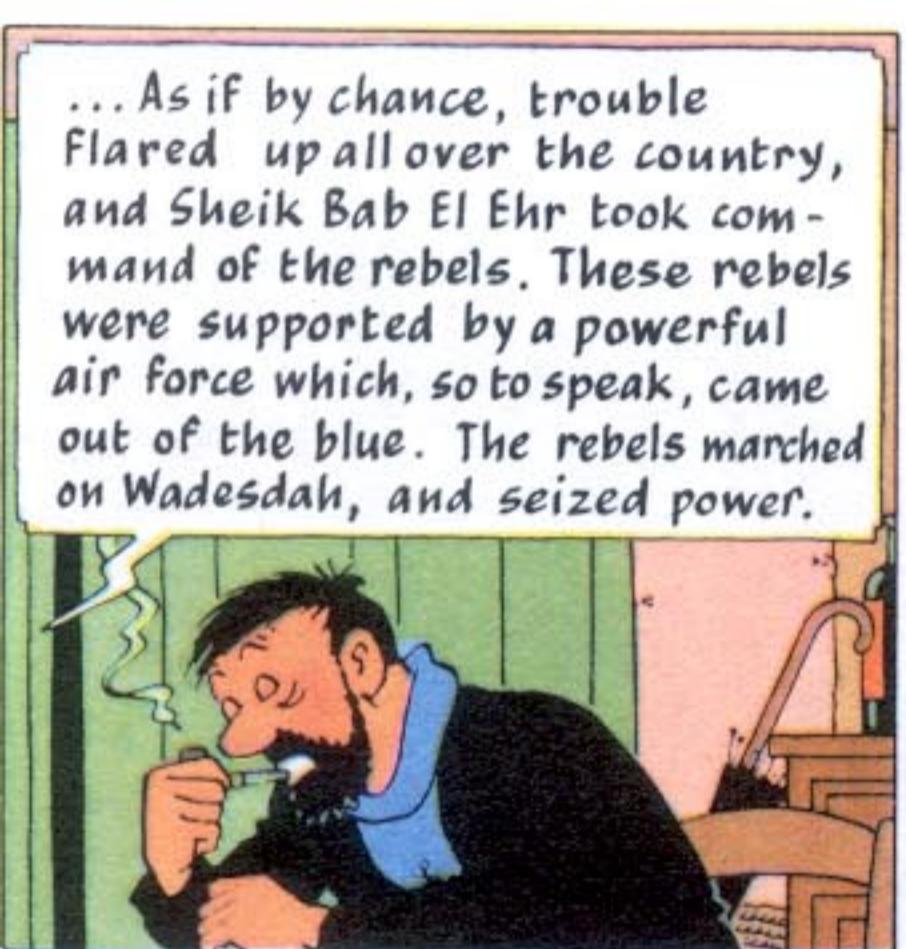
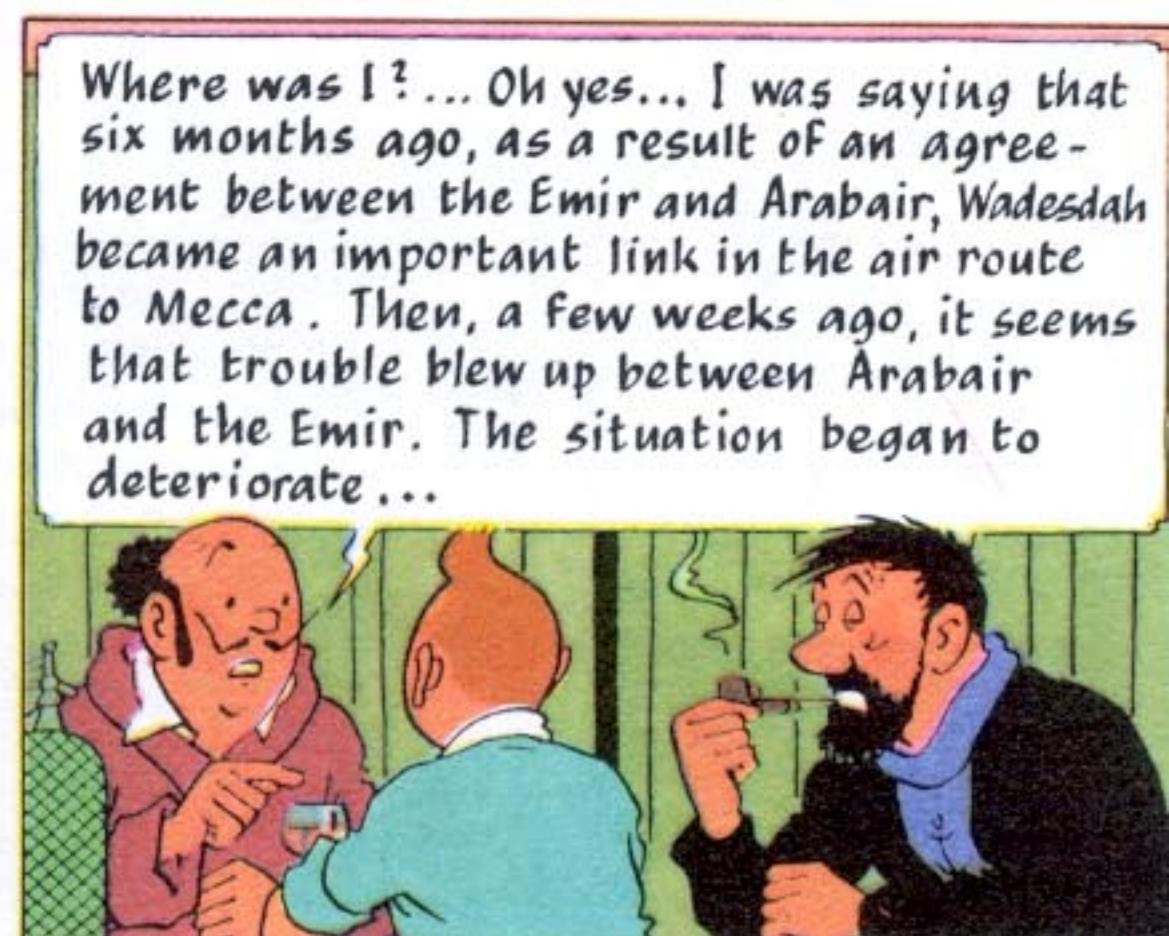


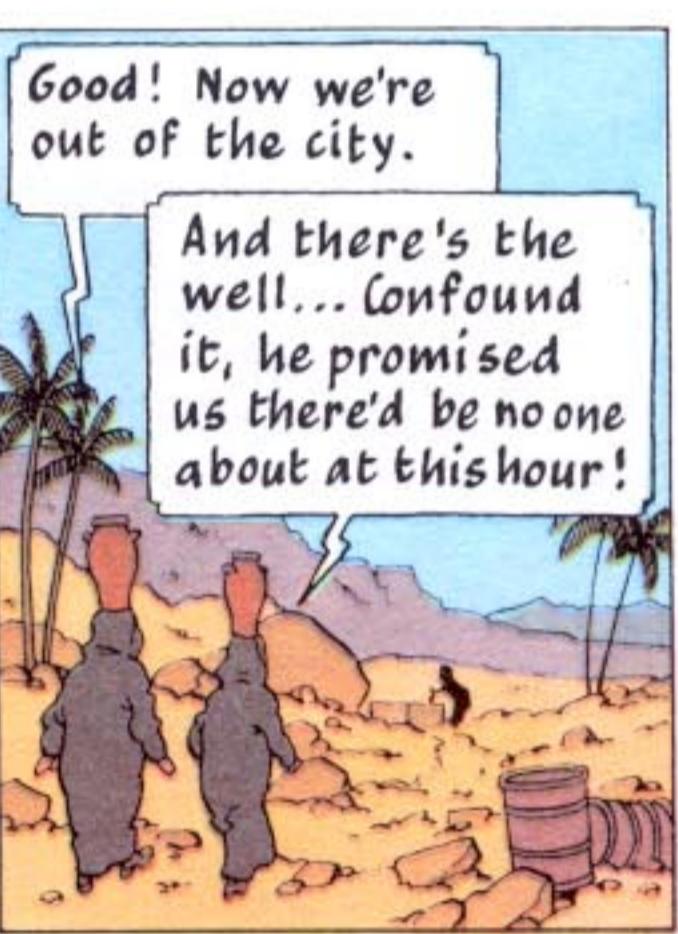
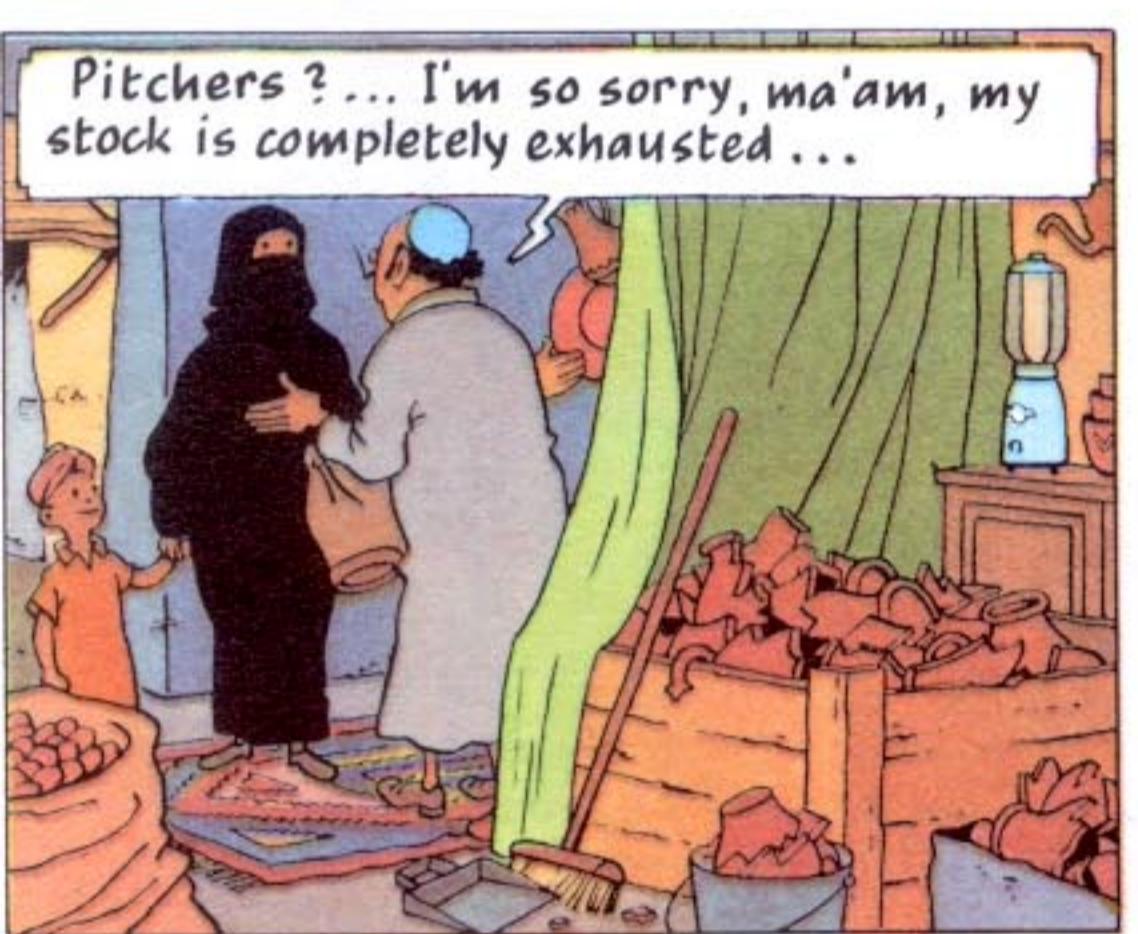
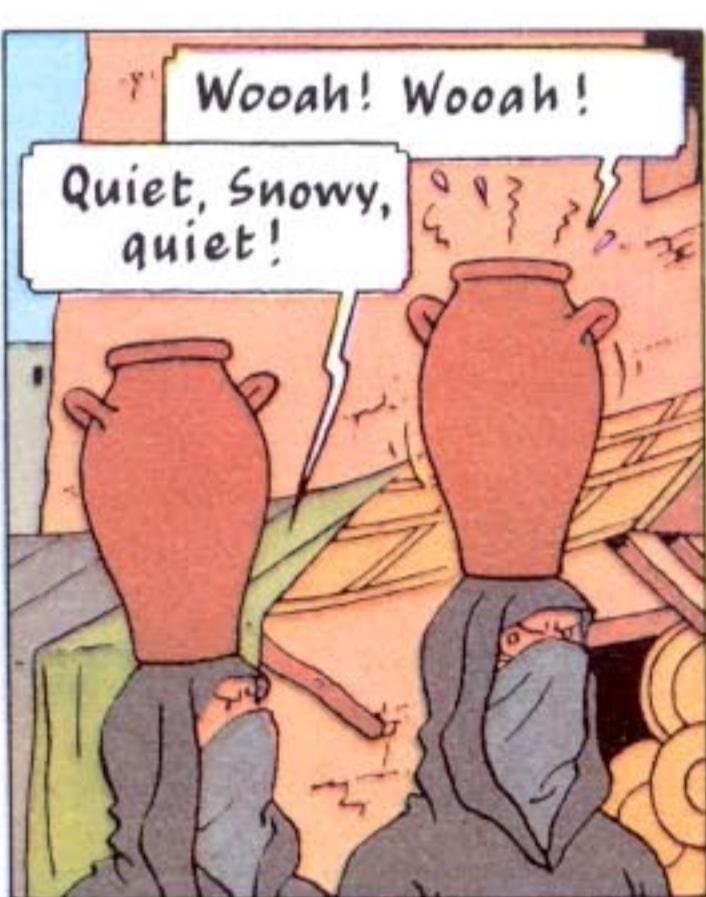
early next day ...

Wadesdah at last! Now we must be careful... The main gates will be watched; but I know a small gateway, and that'll be unguarded.









Why can't you talk English like everyone else, you fancy-dress Fatima?! What do you want, anyway?

WOOAH!

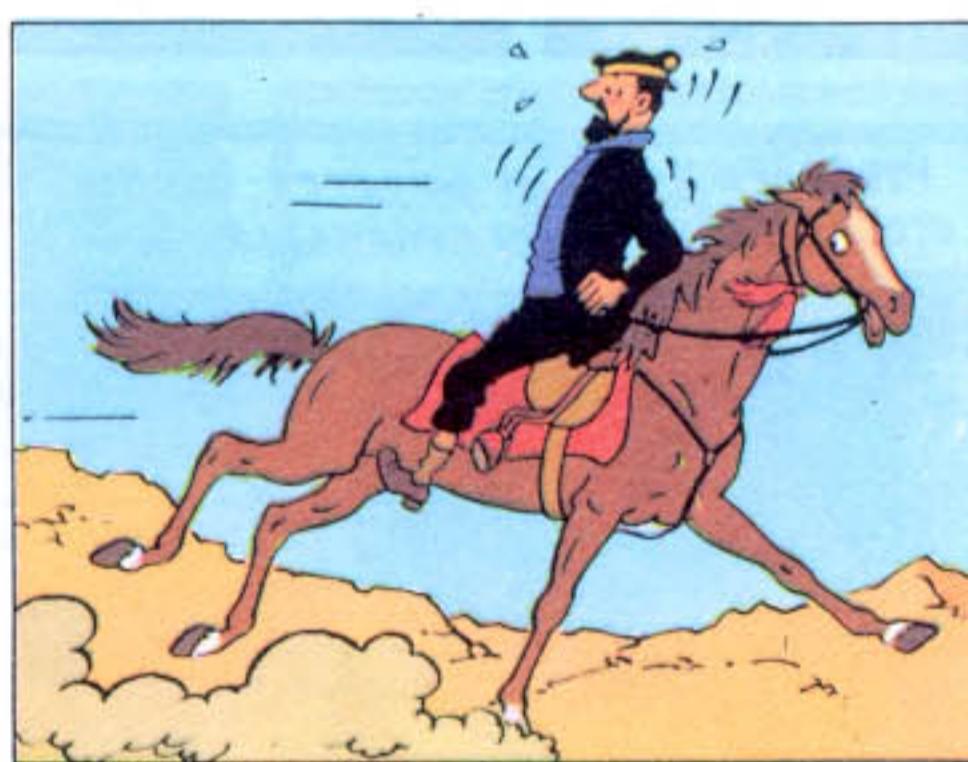
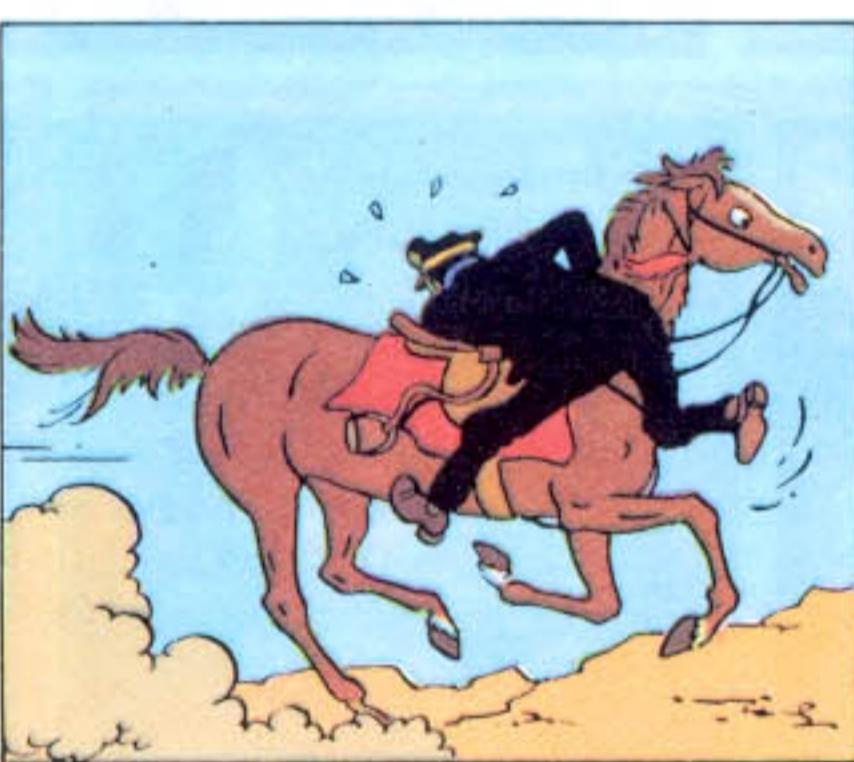
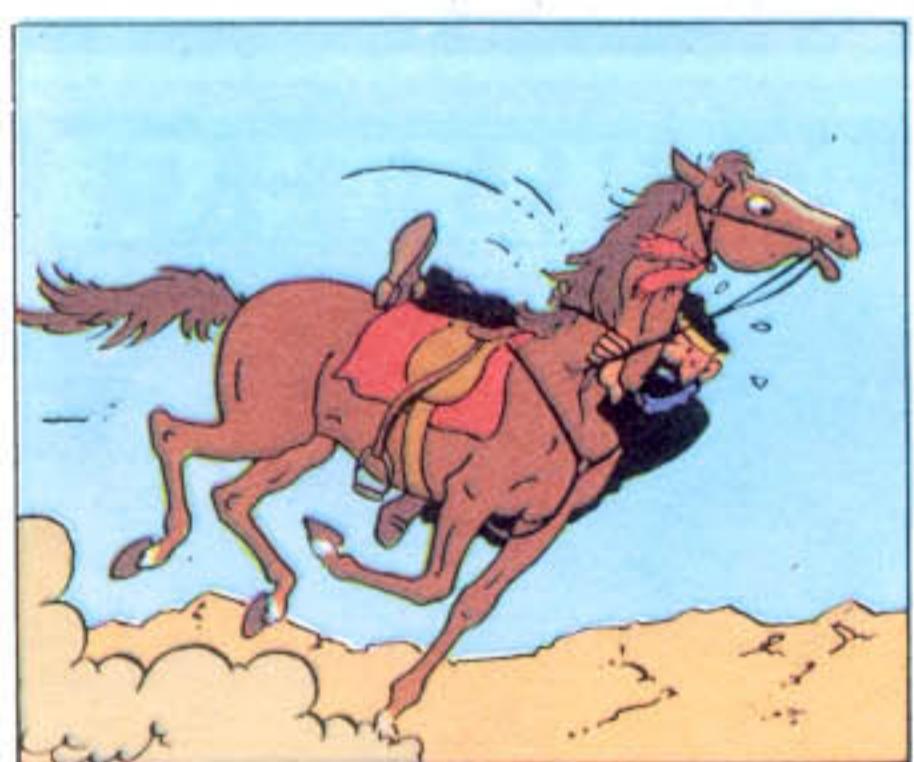
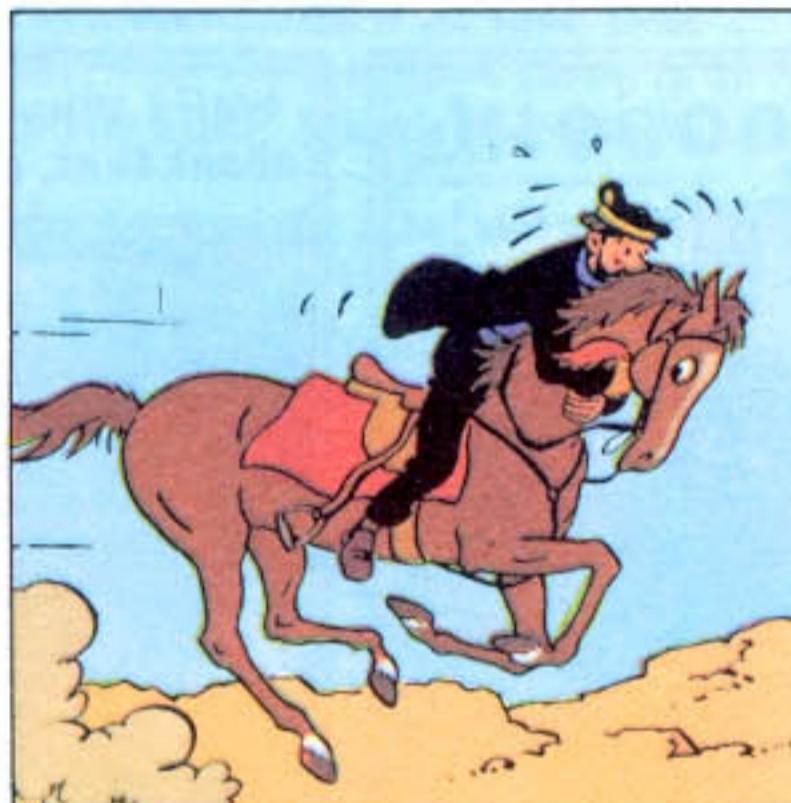
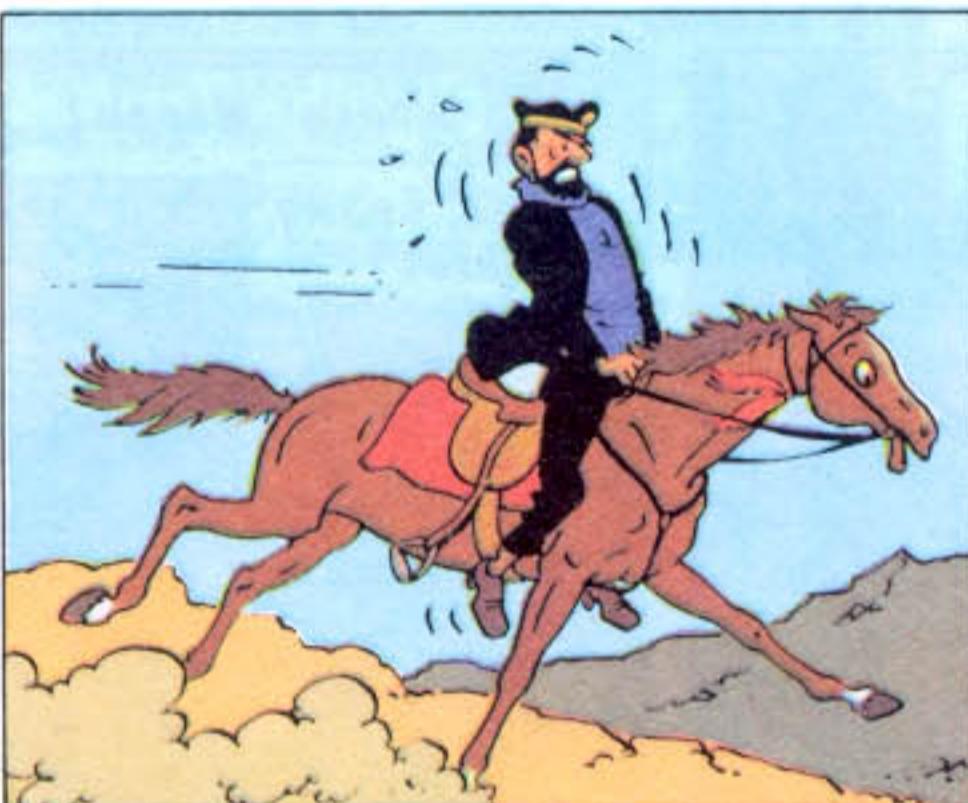
Billions of blue blistering barnacles! That old witch will raise the alarm!...

...And our guide isn't here!... Oliveira was quite definite that he'd wait near the well, with the horses... Now what is it, Snowy?

There he is! Fine! Back in the saddle again...

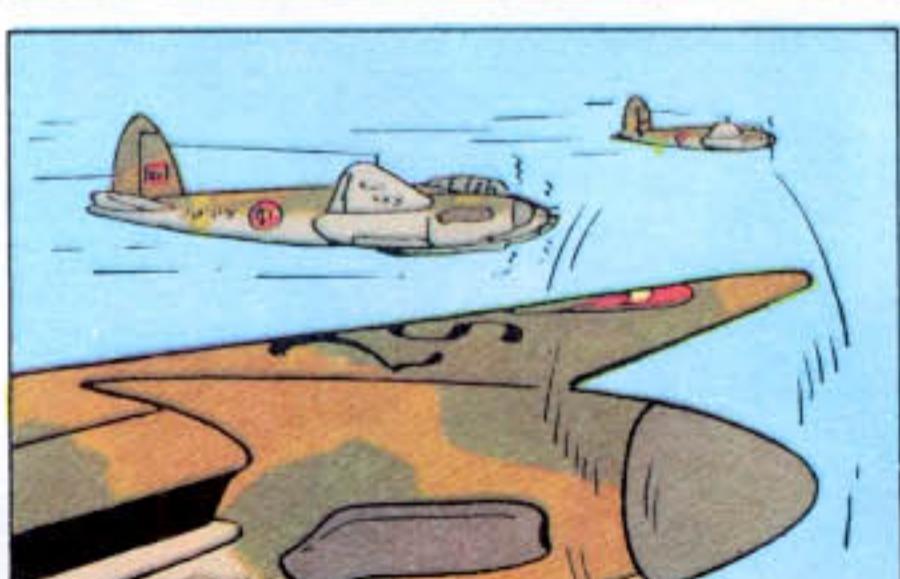
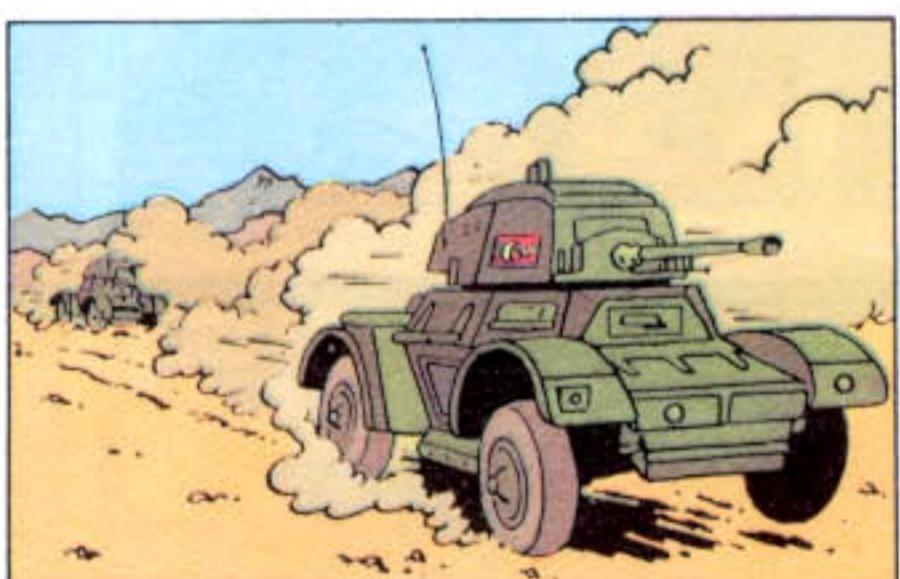
And a few minutes later...

My stirrups, blistering barnacles! ... My stirrups! ...



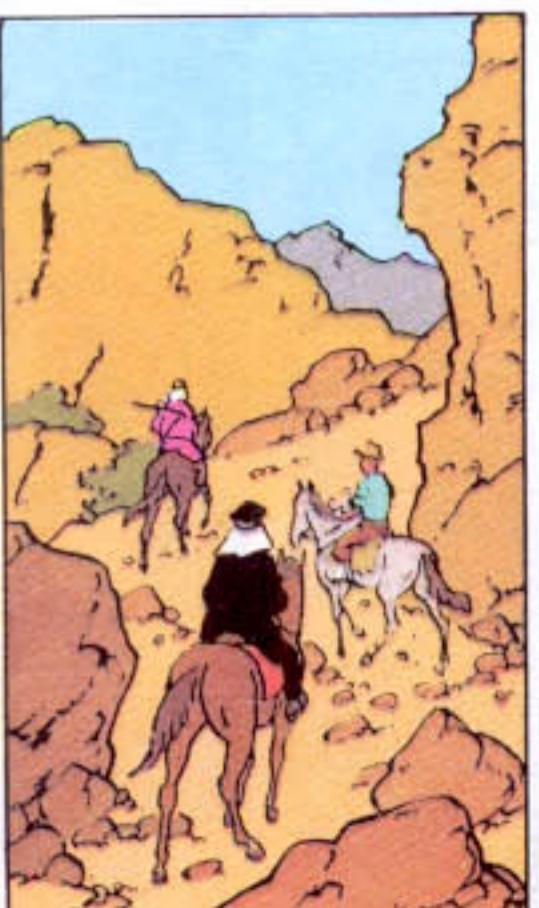
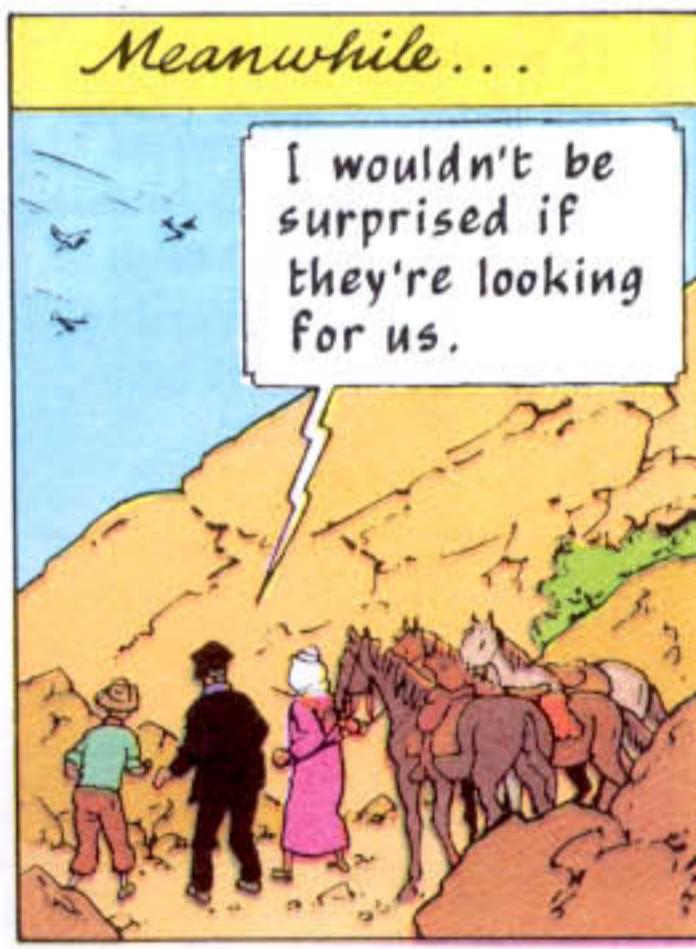
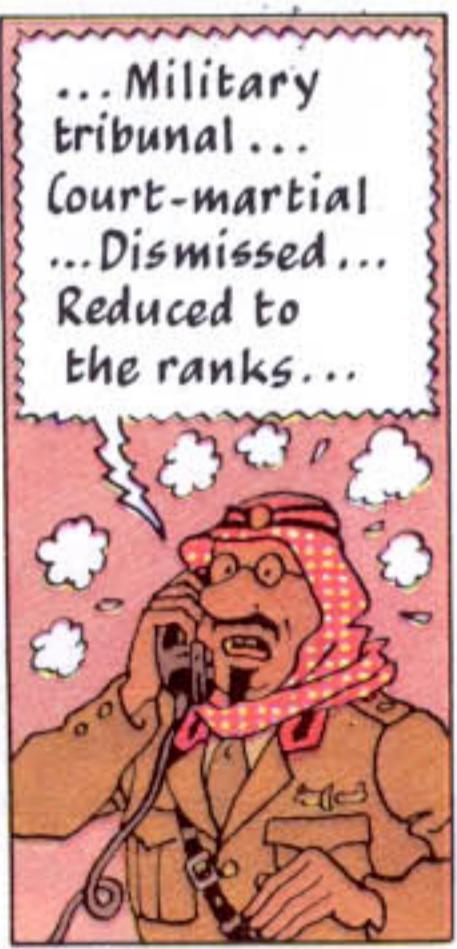
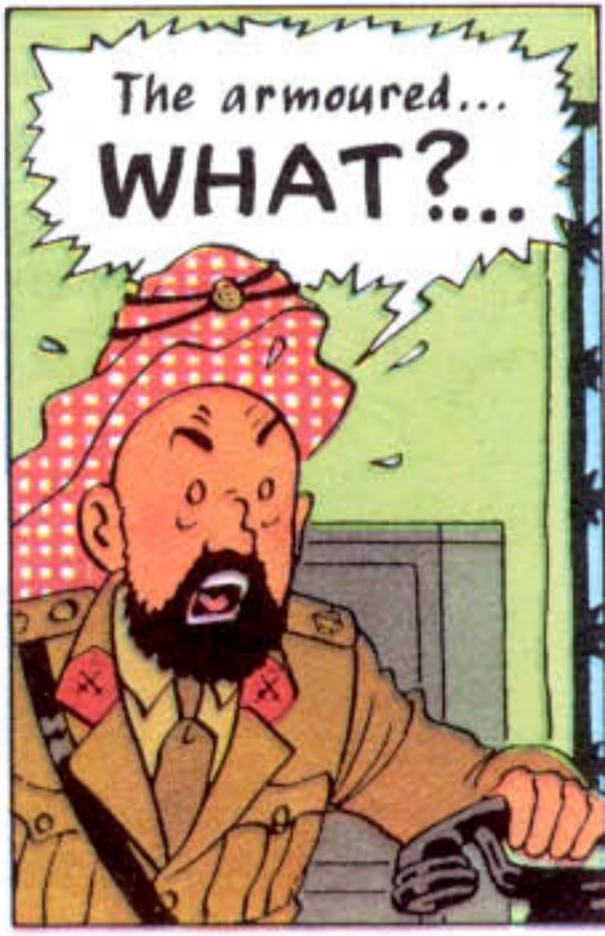
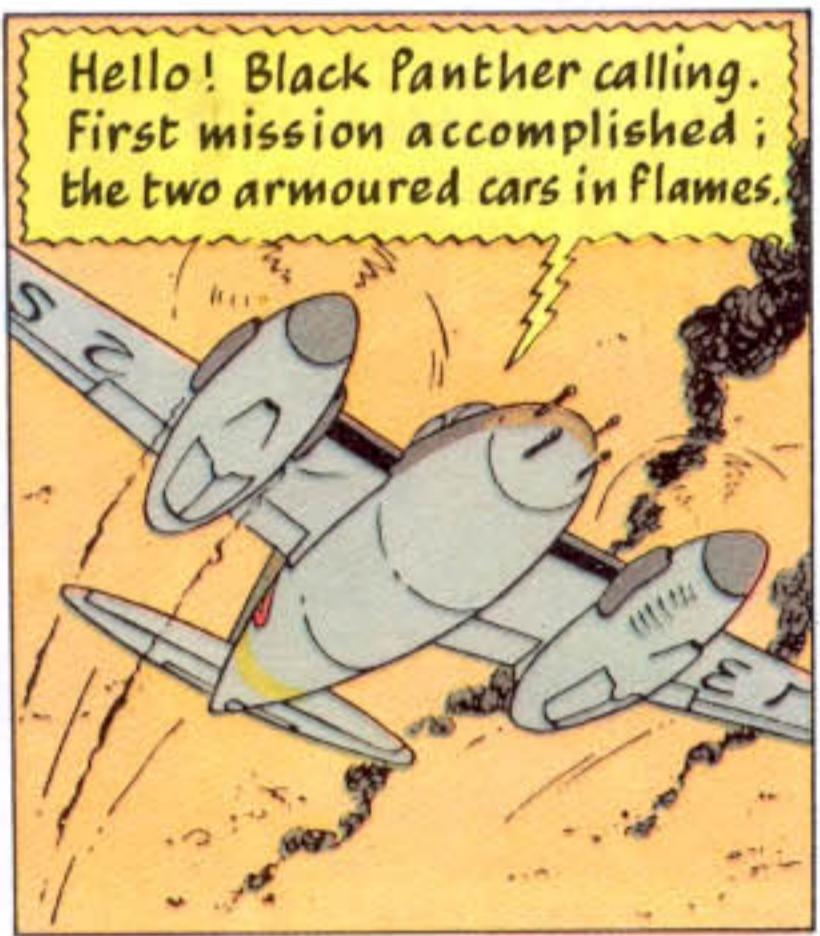
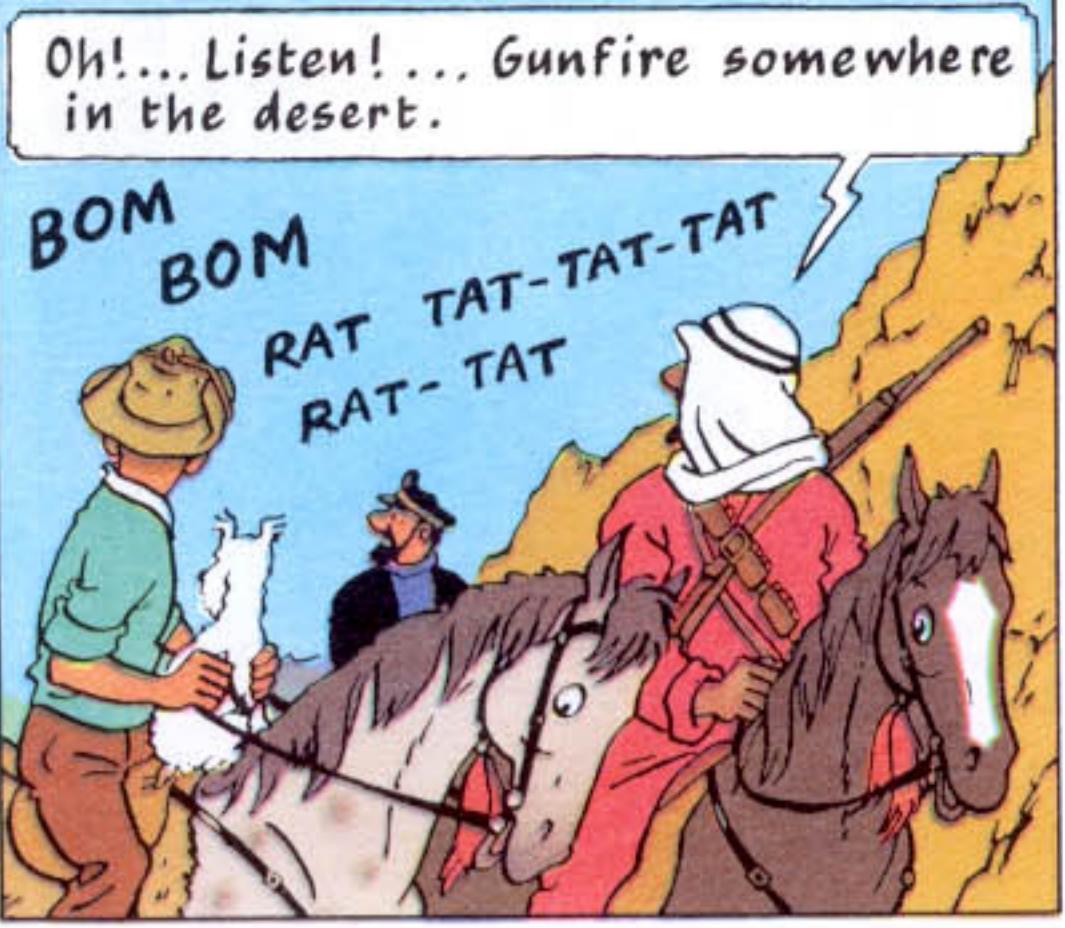
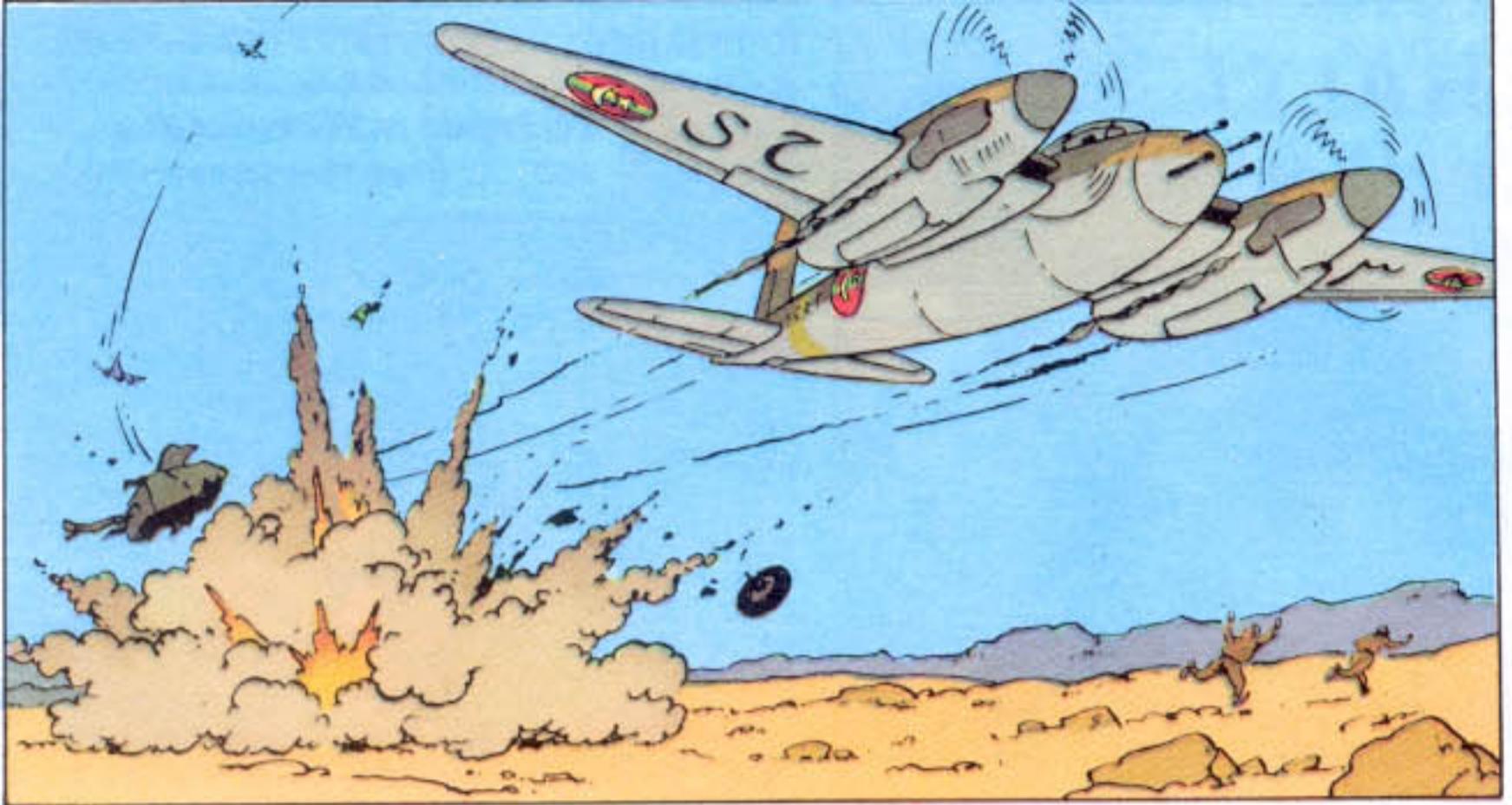
Meanwhile ...

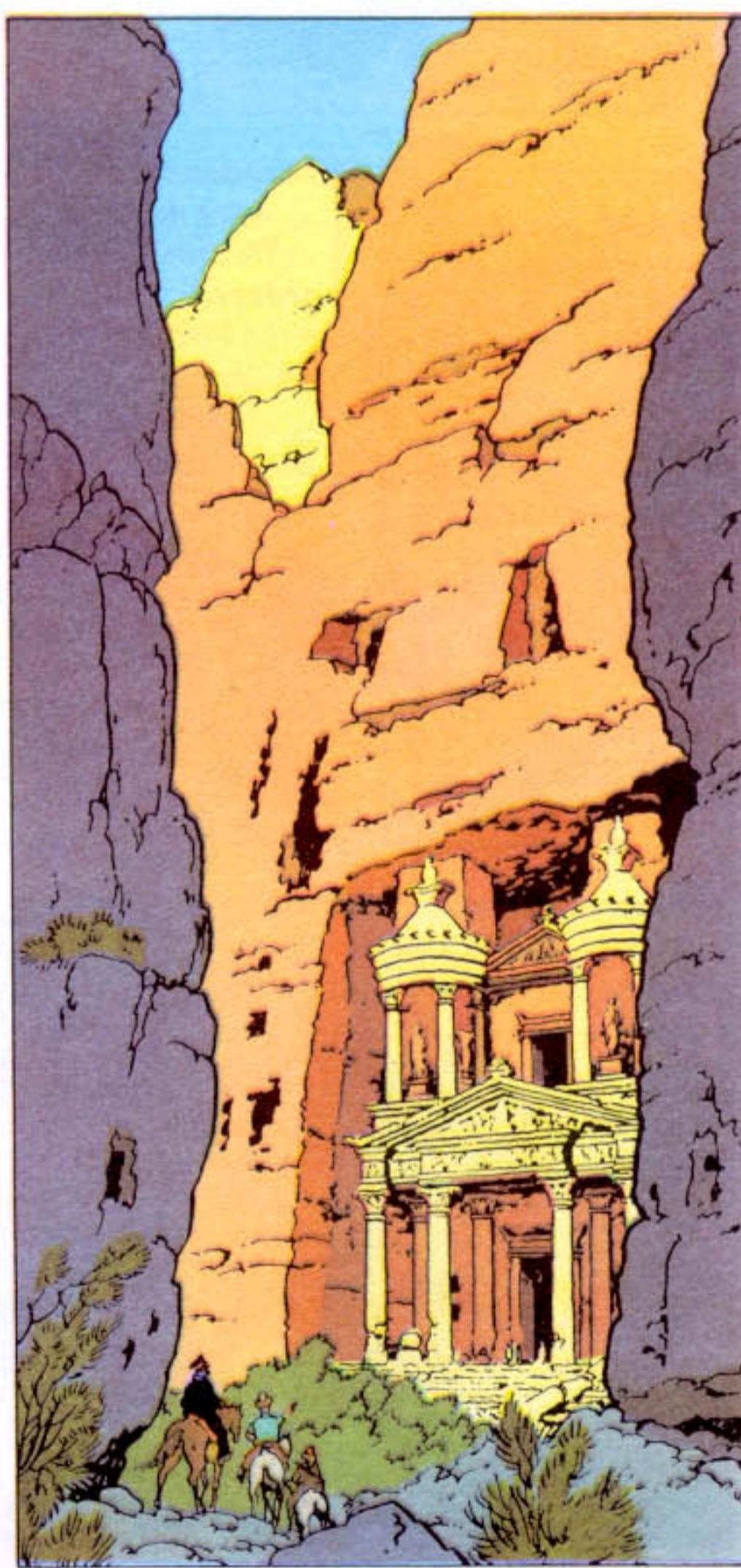
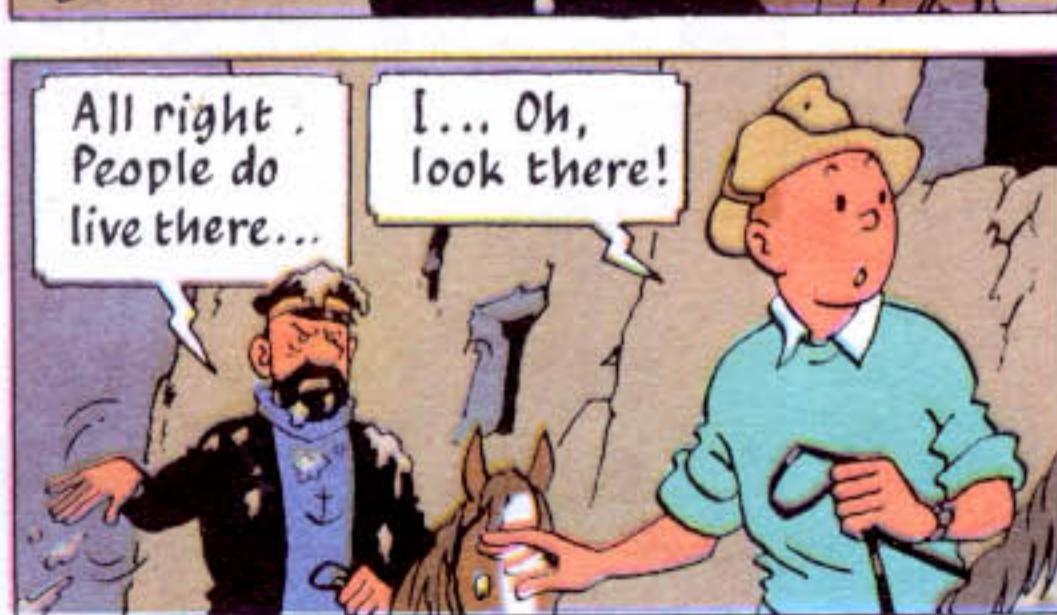
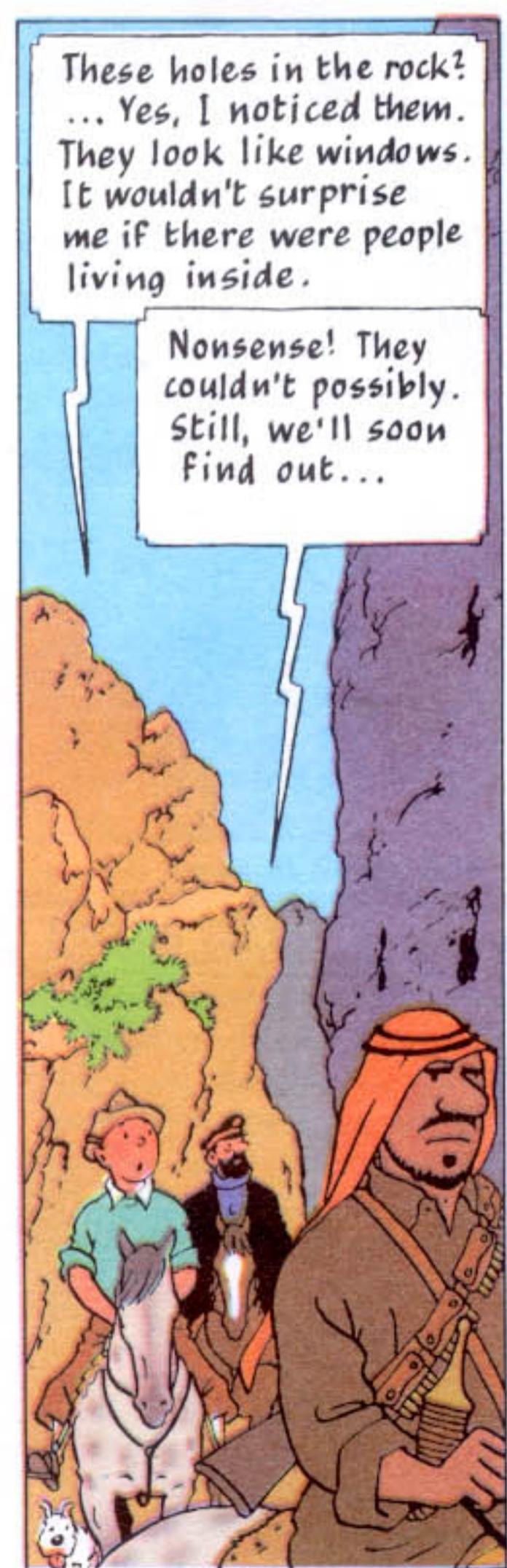
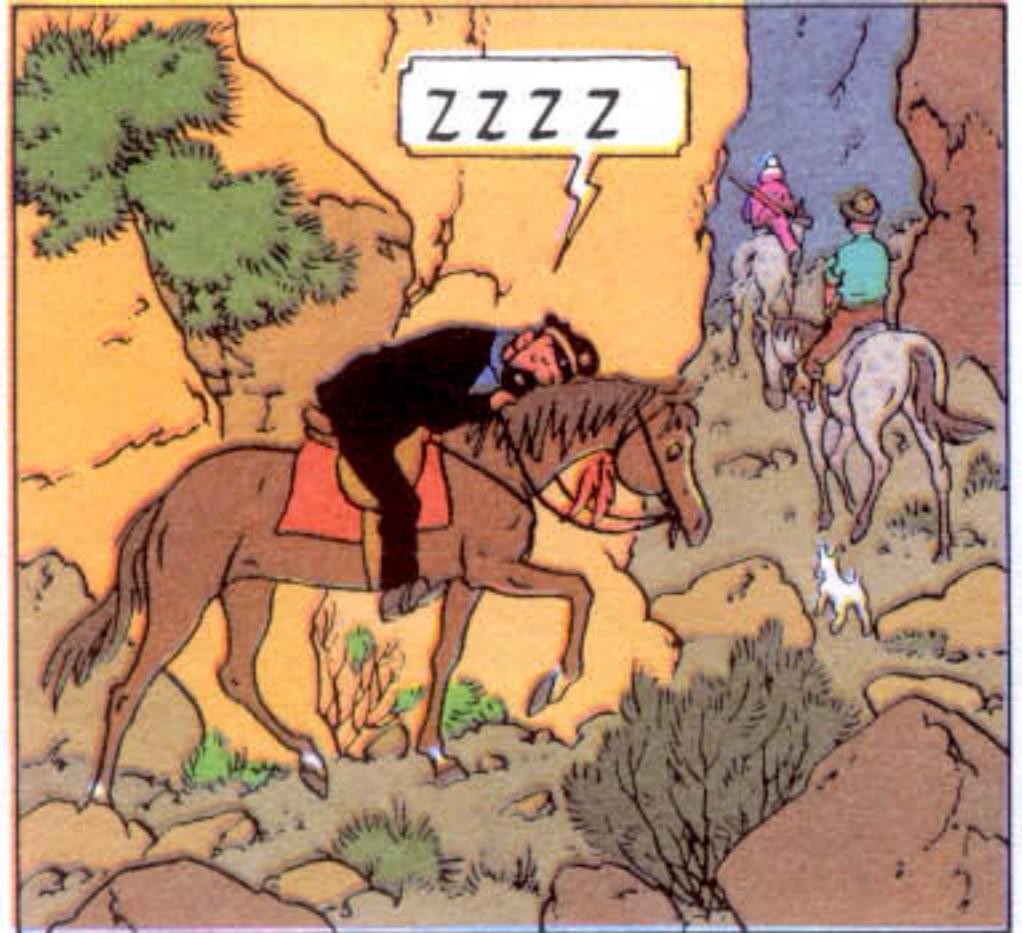
Hello, Colonel Achmed?... This is Mull Pasha at Sheik Bab El Ehr's headquarters... Order your Mosquitoes to take off immediately... Hello?... Yes. Their mission: to wipe out a party of three horsemen who have left Wadesdah, heading for the Jebel... You understand?... Good... Armoured cars are already on the way... Hello?... Yes, they are partisans of Ben Kalish Ezab. ...Yes, wipe them out.

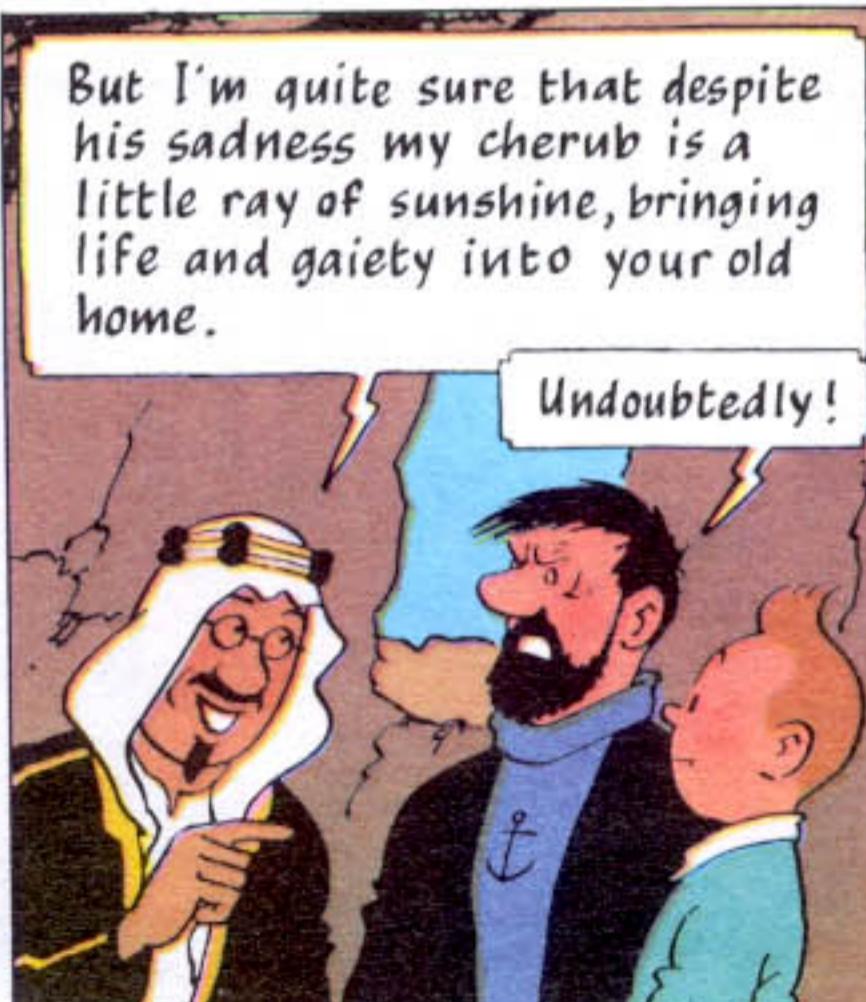
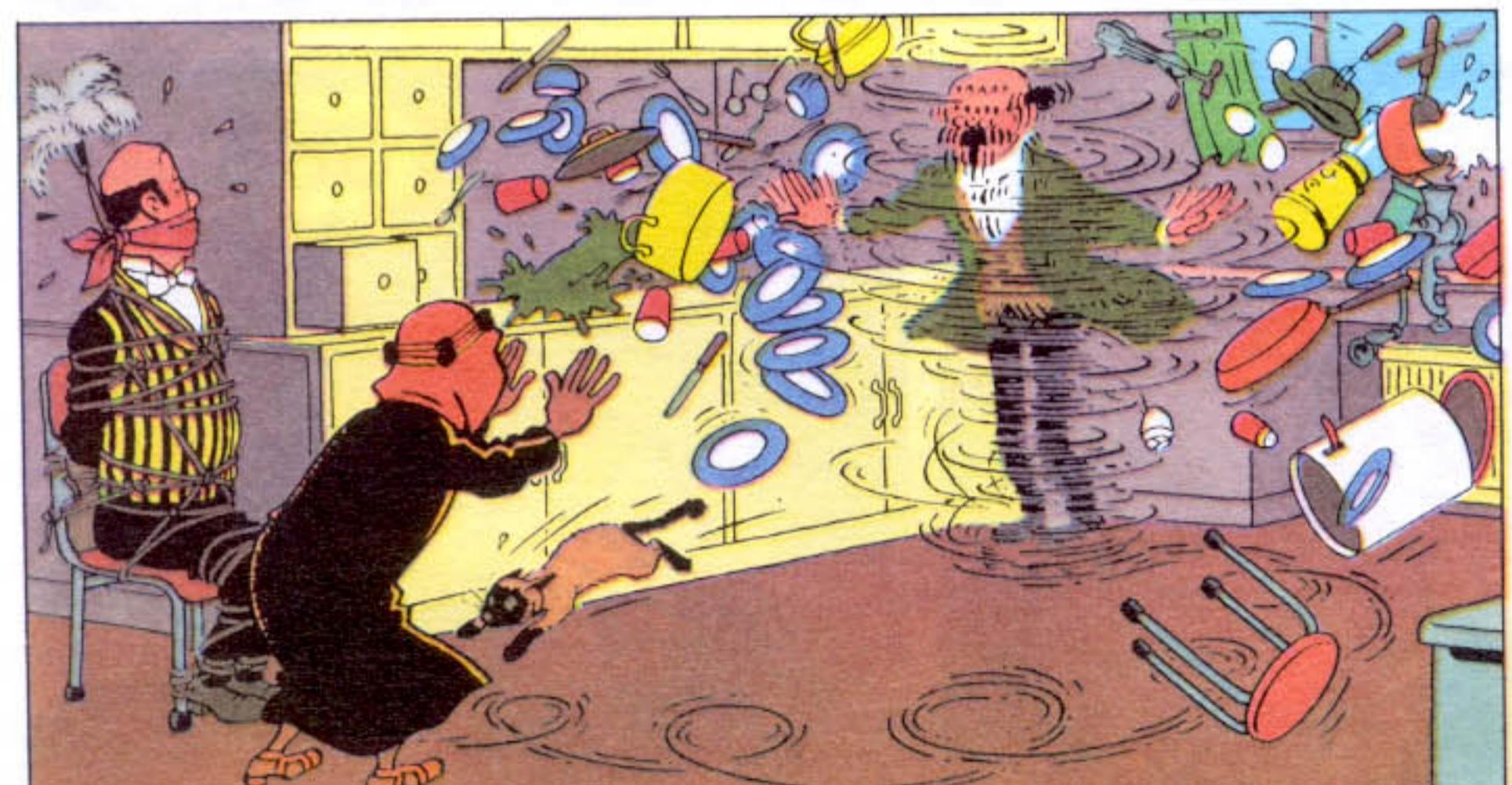
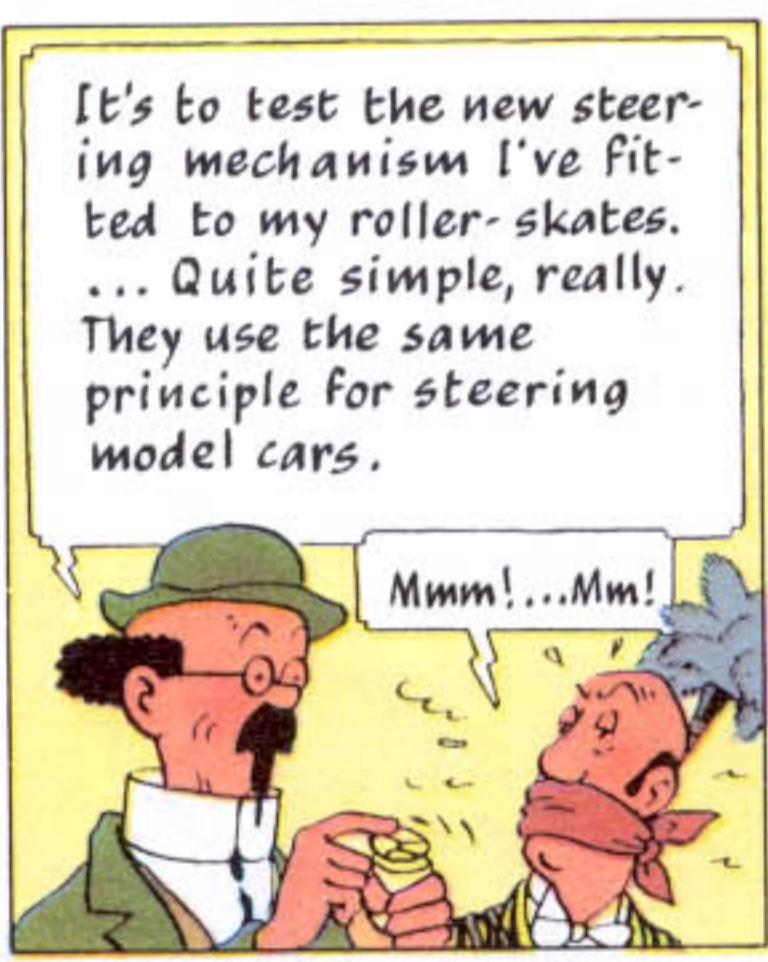
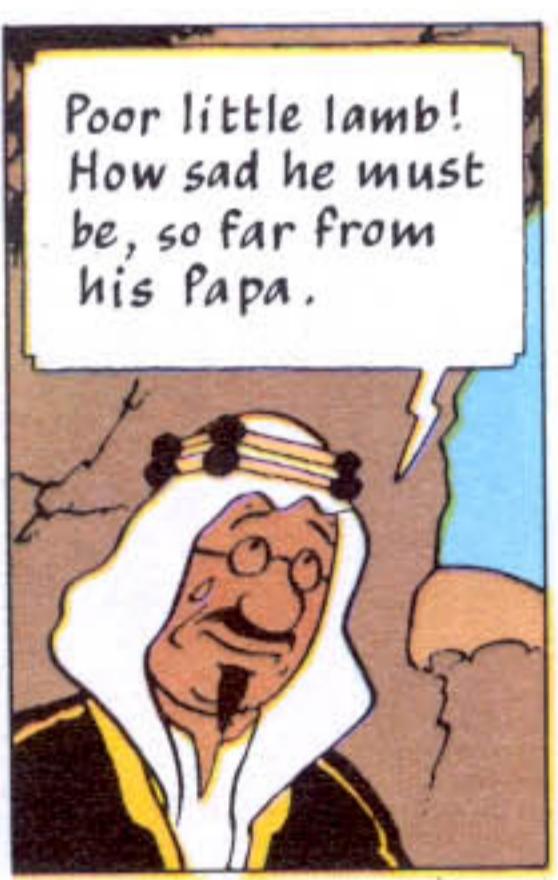
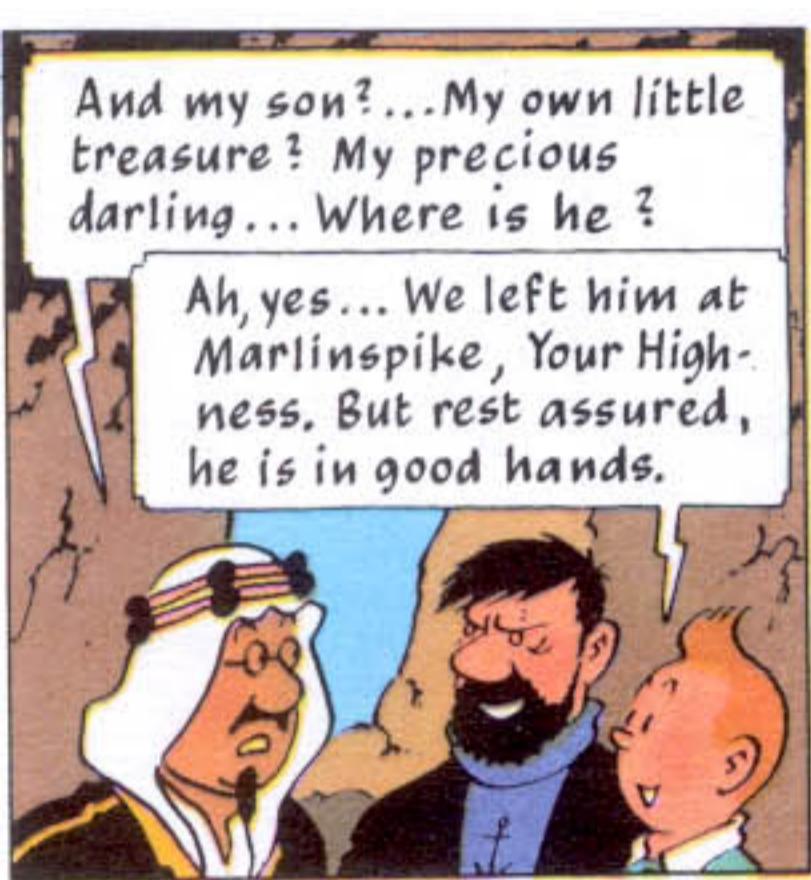
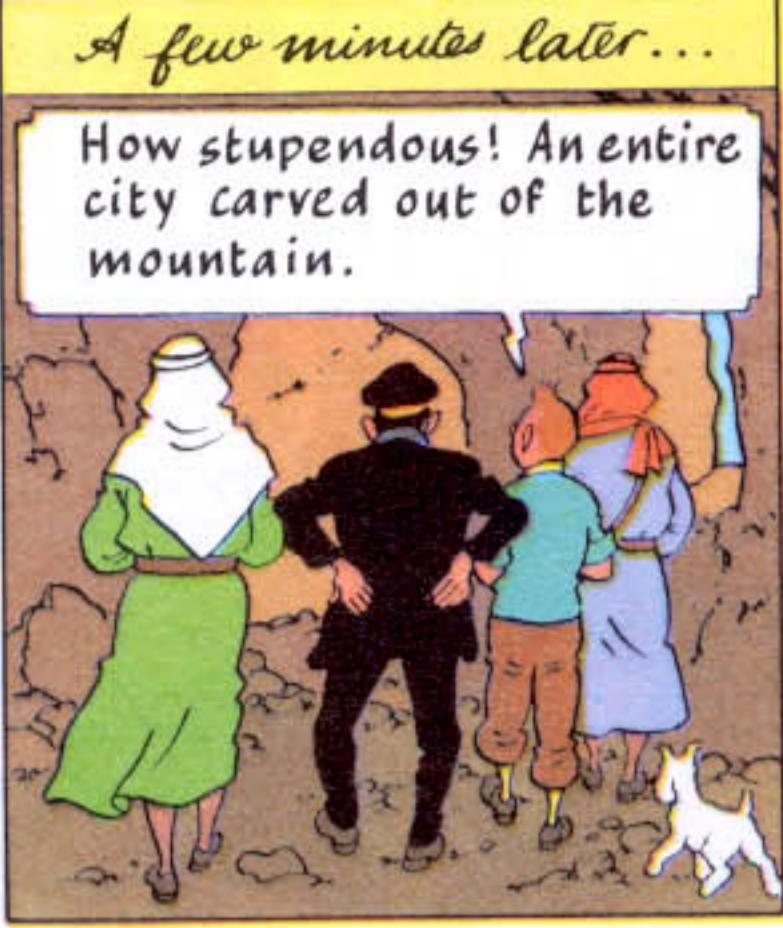


There they are!... Fire!

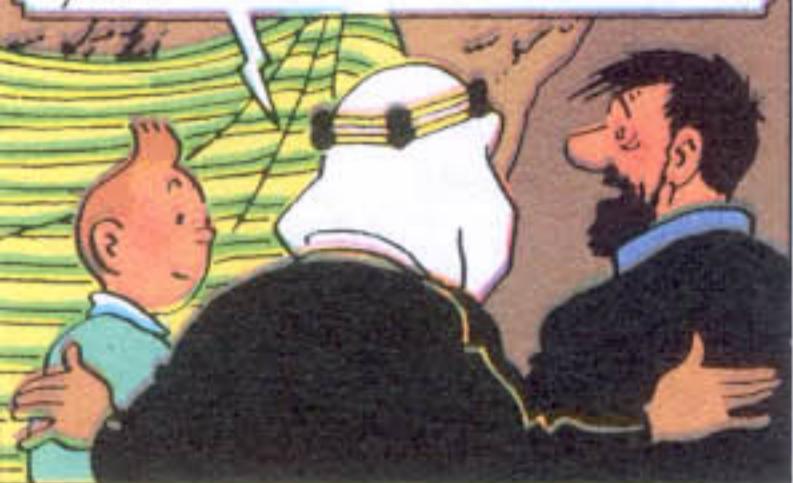








And you, what brings you here?... Come along in and sit down. You must be tired. And you'll certainly be hungry and thirsty. I will have some refreshments brought to you.



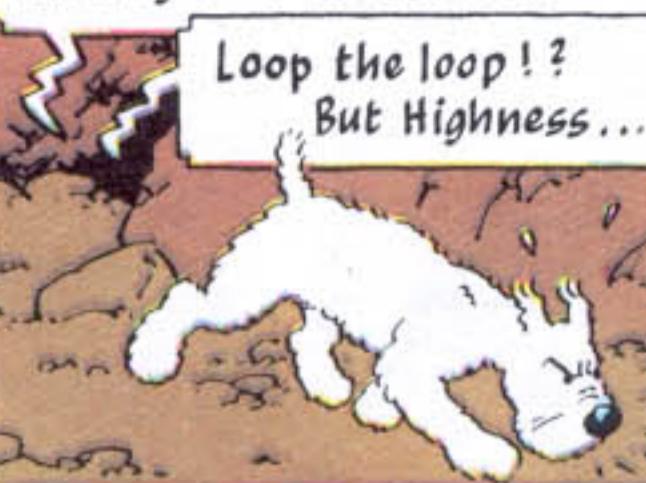
Well, Your Highness, we are here to try and help you; also, to get to the bottom of a mystery, in which Arabair seem to have an important part.

Arabair? The dogs!... They will pay dearly for their treachery... I gave them permission to establish a base at Wadesdah, an important link on the route to Mecca...

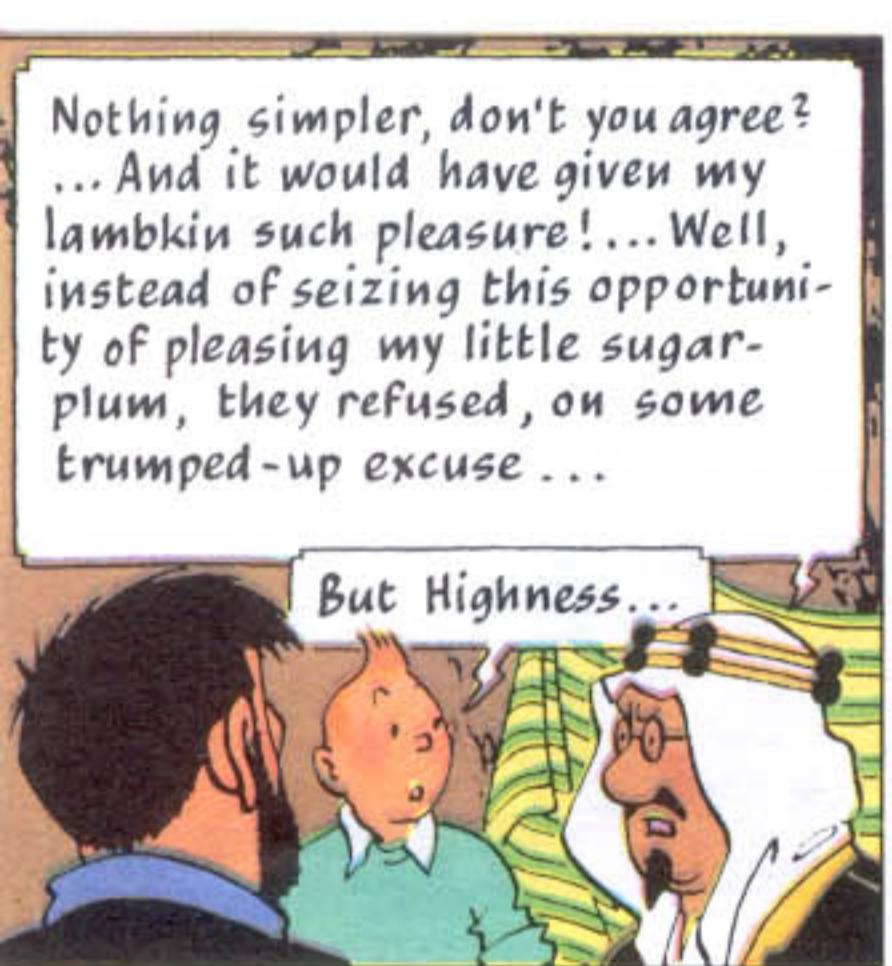


One day, about three months ago, my little Abdullah, my flawless jewel, expressed a wish to see the Arabair planes loop the loop a few times before landing at Wadesdah...

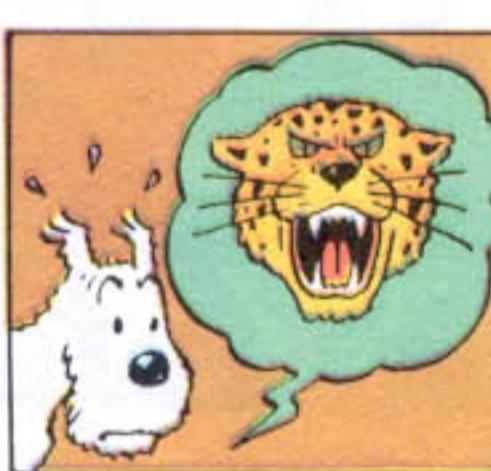
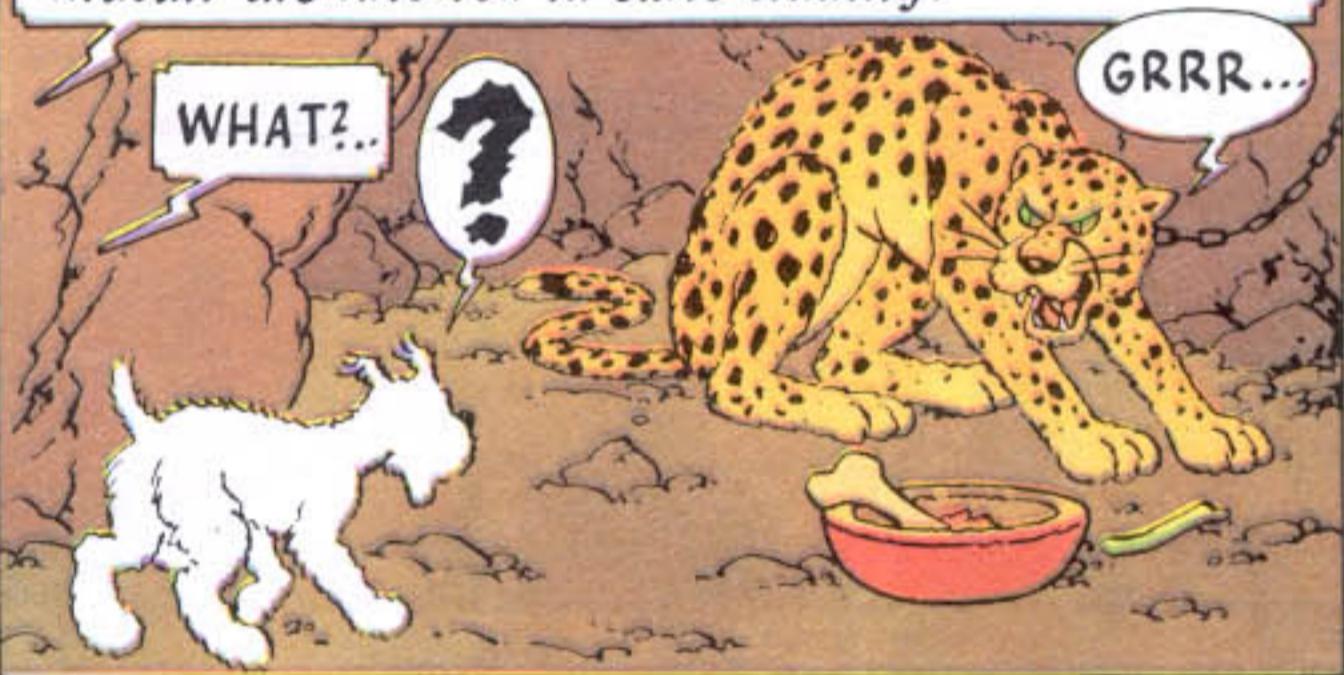
Loop the loop! ?
But Highness...



Nothing simpler, don't you agree? ... And it would have given my lambkin such pleasure!... Well, instead of seizing this opportunity of pleasing my little sugar-plum, they refused, on some trumped-up excuse ...



Naturally, I was very angry and threatened to terminate our agreement. I also used another threat: that I would reveal to the world that Arabair are involved in slave trading.



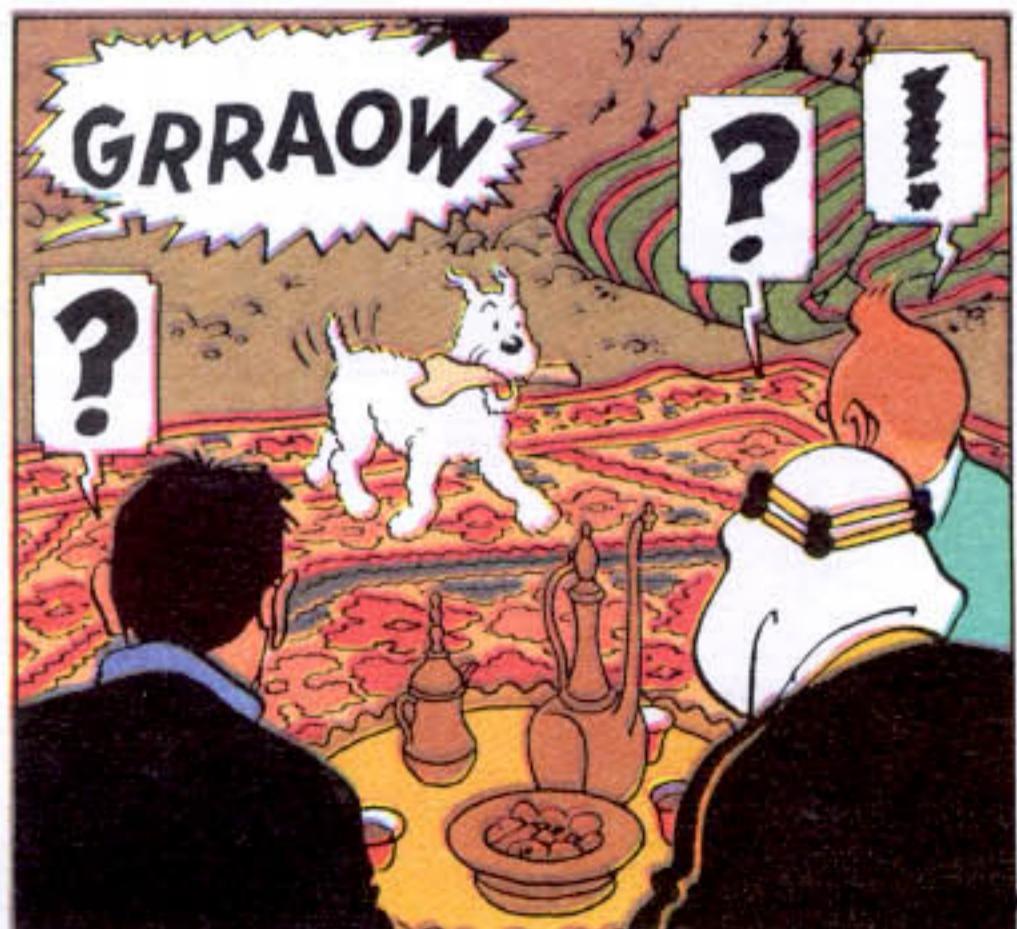
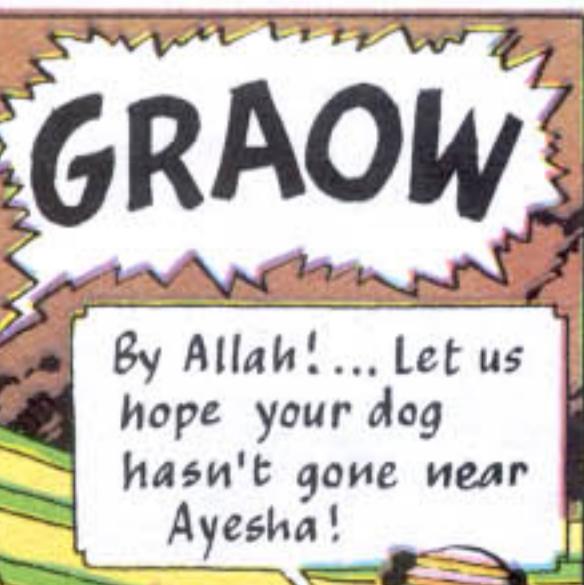
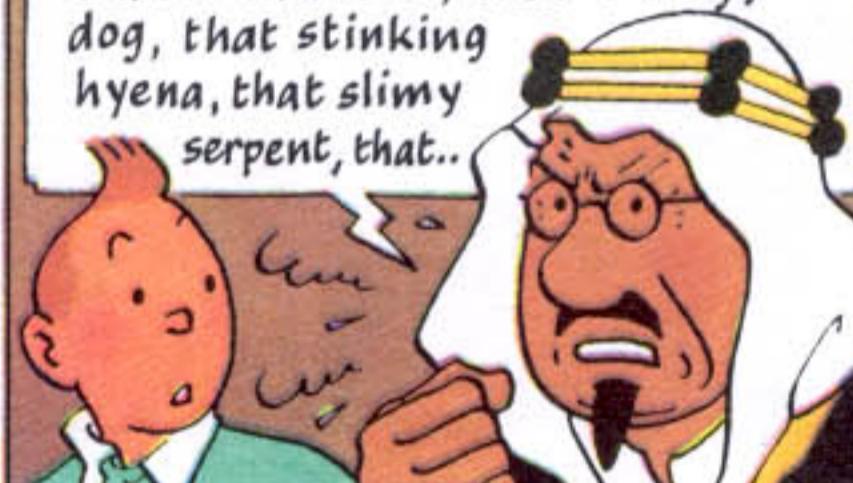
Slave trading, no less... Their planes touching down at Wadesdah on the way from Africa are always full to bursting with native Sudanese and Senegalese. These are Mohammedan converts, making their pilgrimage to Mecca.



On the other hand, on the return journey their planes are mostly empty... Why? ... Because somewhere between Wadesdah and Mecca these unfortunate negroes are sold as slaves.



Er... Yes... But to get back to Arabair: these jackals stirred up trouble in my country, and thanks to their support, the accursed Bab El Ehr was able to seize power... But it won't be for long... I'll throw him out, that mangy dog, that stinking hyena, that slimy serpent, that...



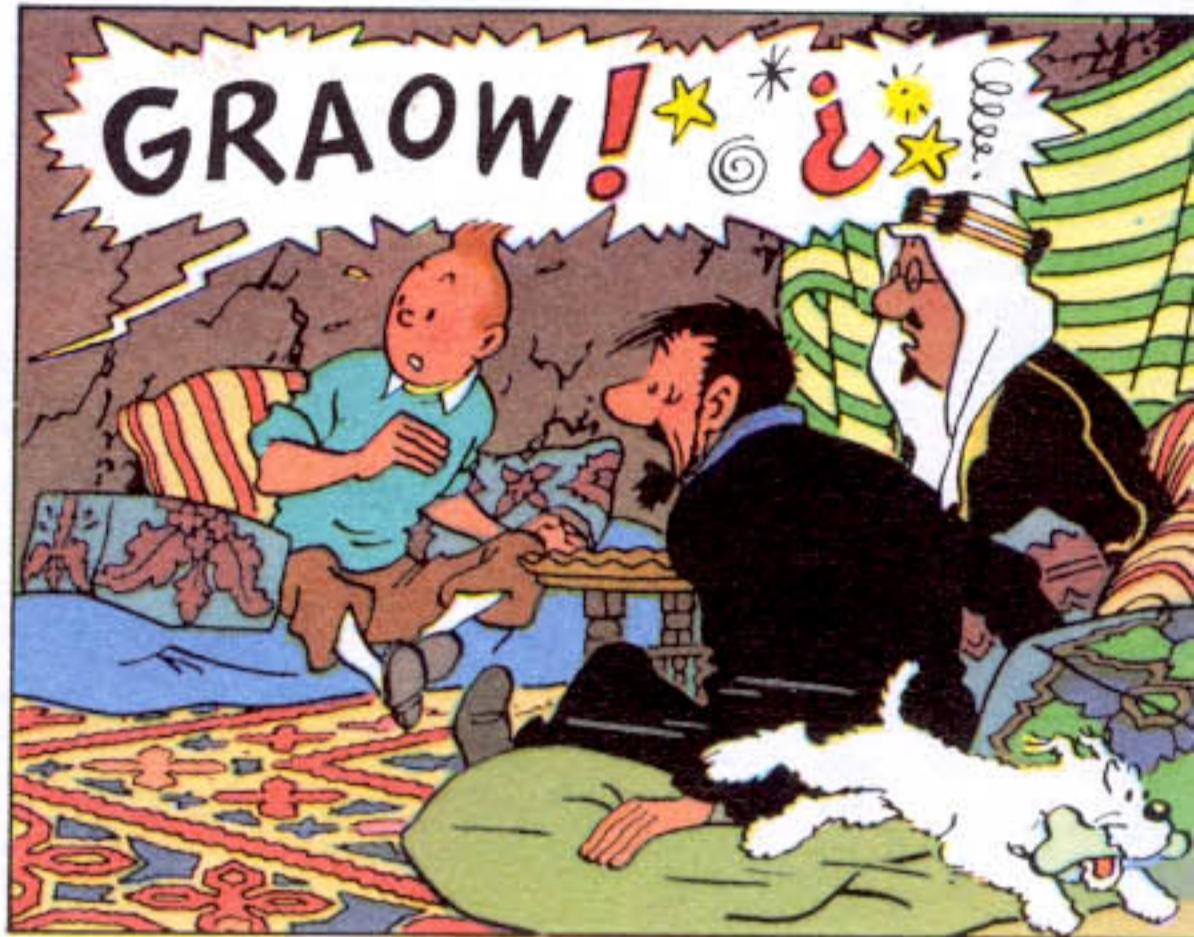


To Mecca ? That's not easy at the moment. But if you will give me two or three days, I will find means of putting you aboard a sailing-ship, which will take you there.

Thank you, Highness.

Aha ! This will please Bab El Ehr...

GRAOW ! i



Again ? What has happened now ?



It is Ben Youssef, O Master... Ayesha jumped on him... See, it will be at least three weeks before he is well... It seems that he trod on Ayesha's tail...



Three days later...

There, everything is arranged. You leave tomorrow at dawn, with two trusted men. They will lead you to a point on the coast where a small vessel will be waiting to take you to Mecca. But be on your guard. Di Gorgonzola is a dangerous man.

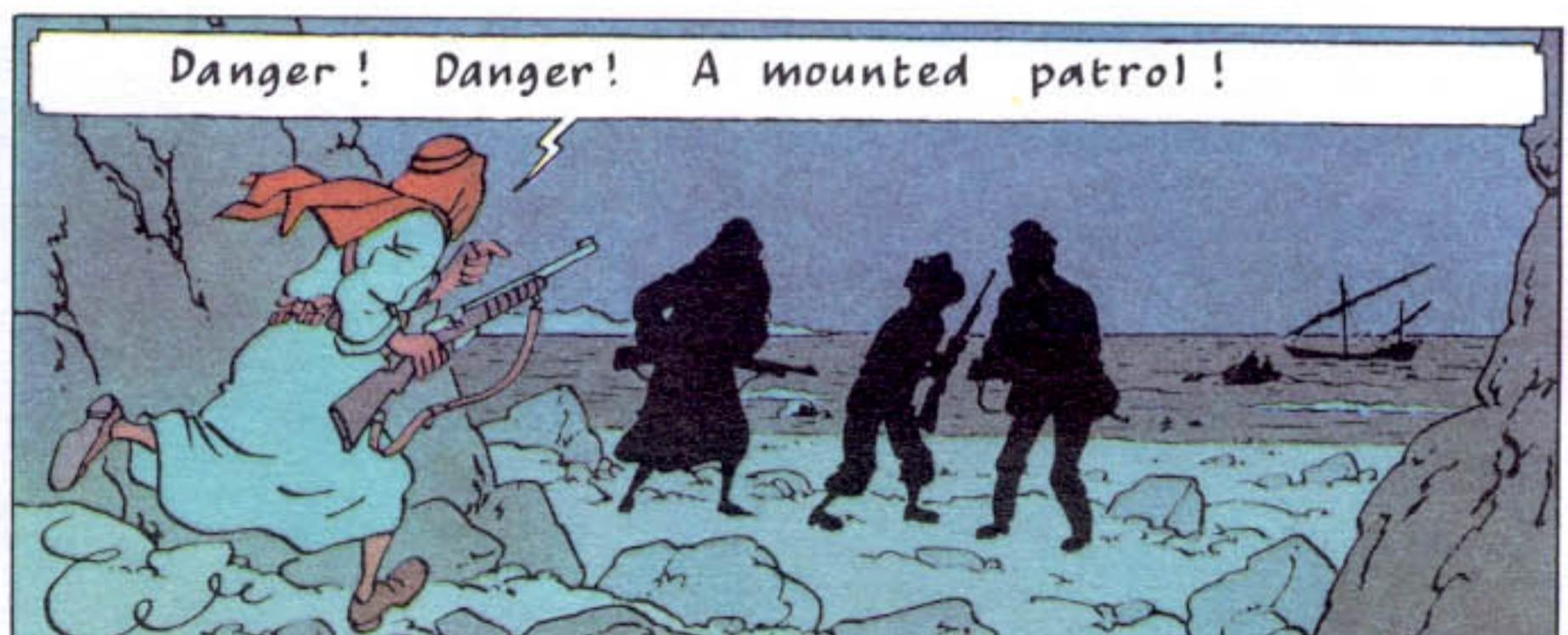


Two days have passed...

Here we are... You may dismount... But stay while I make sure that the boat has arrived.

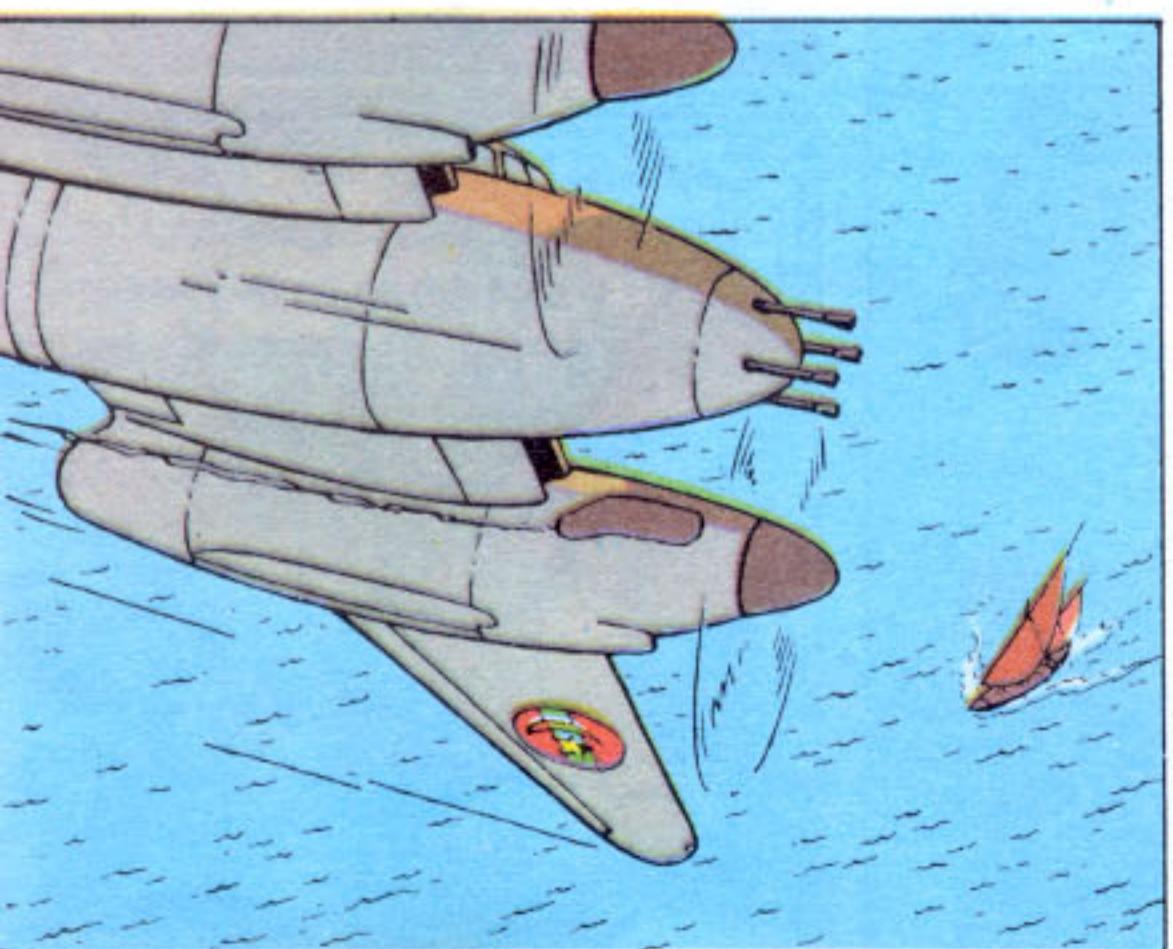
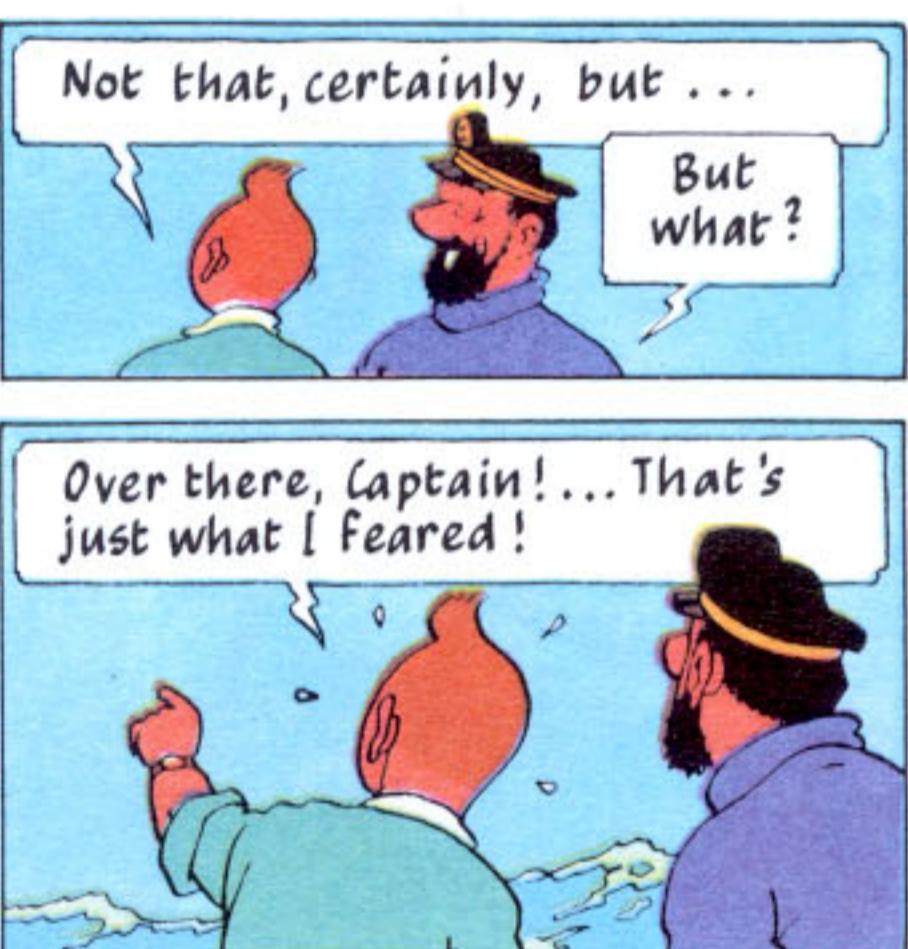
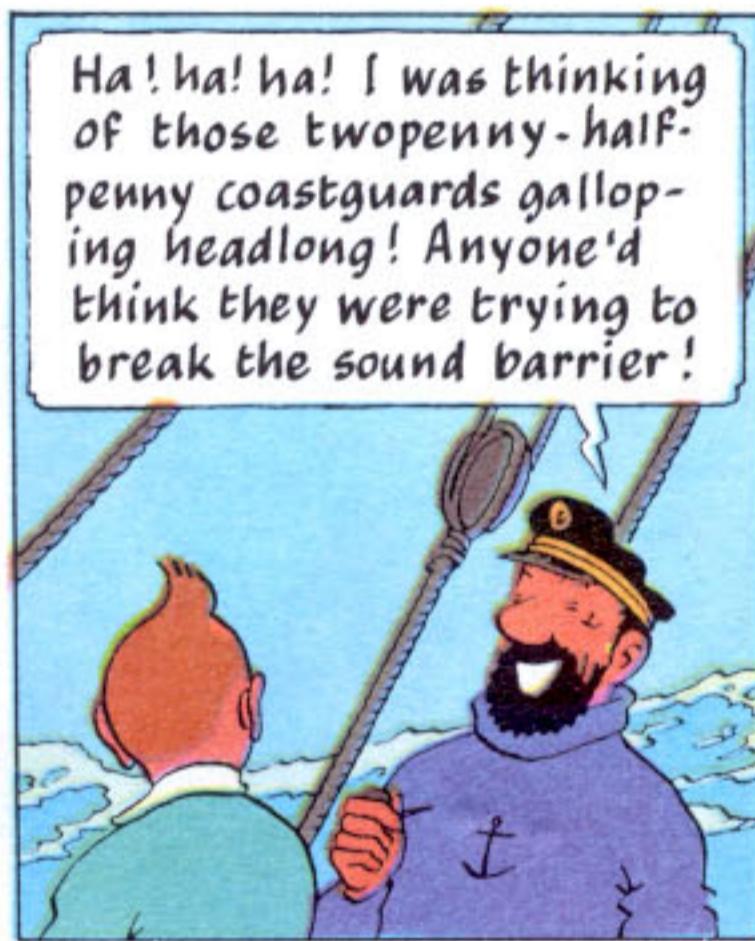
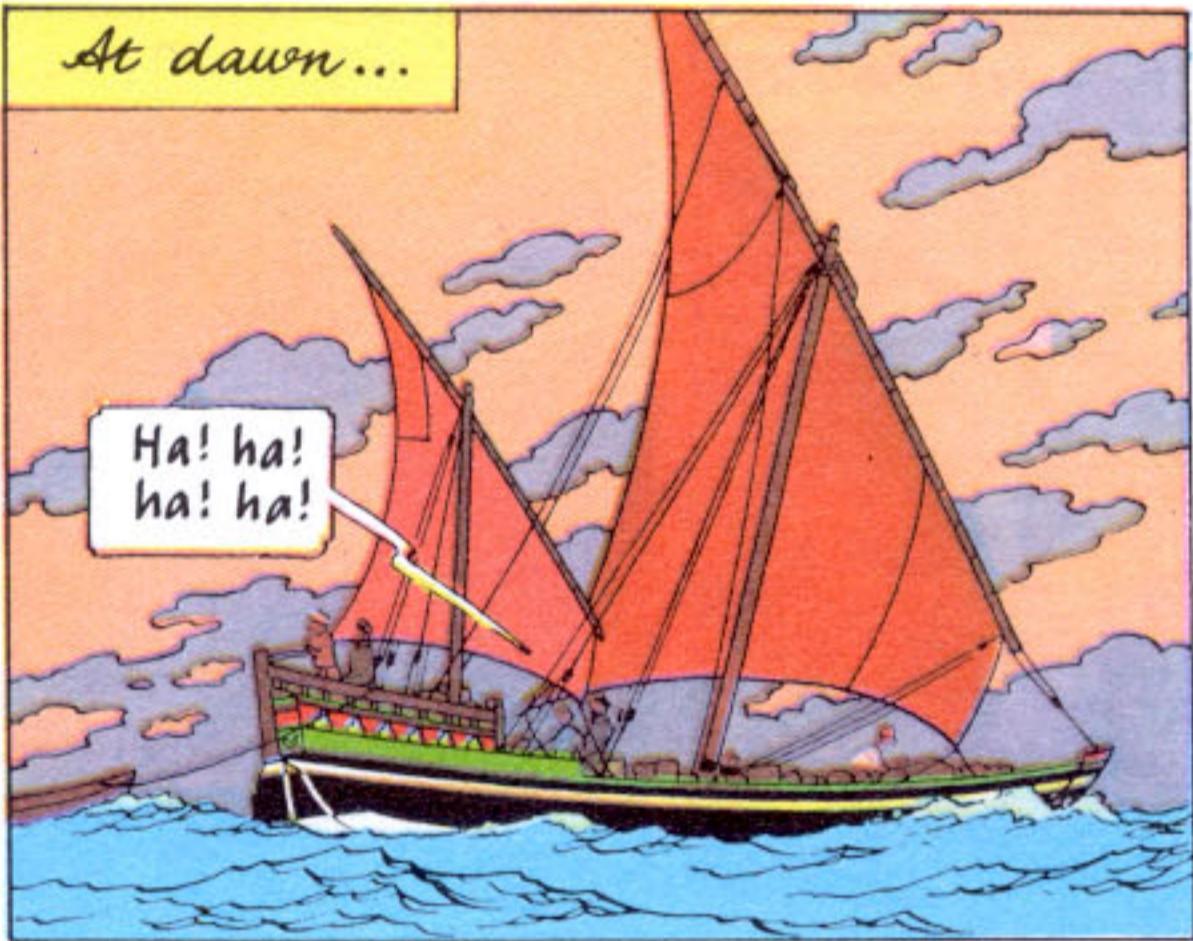
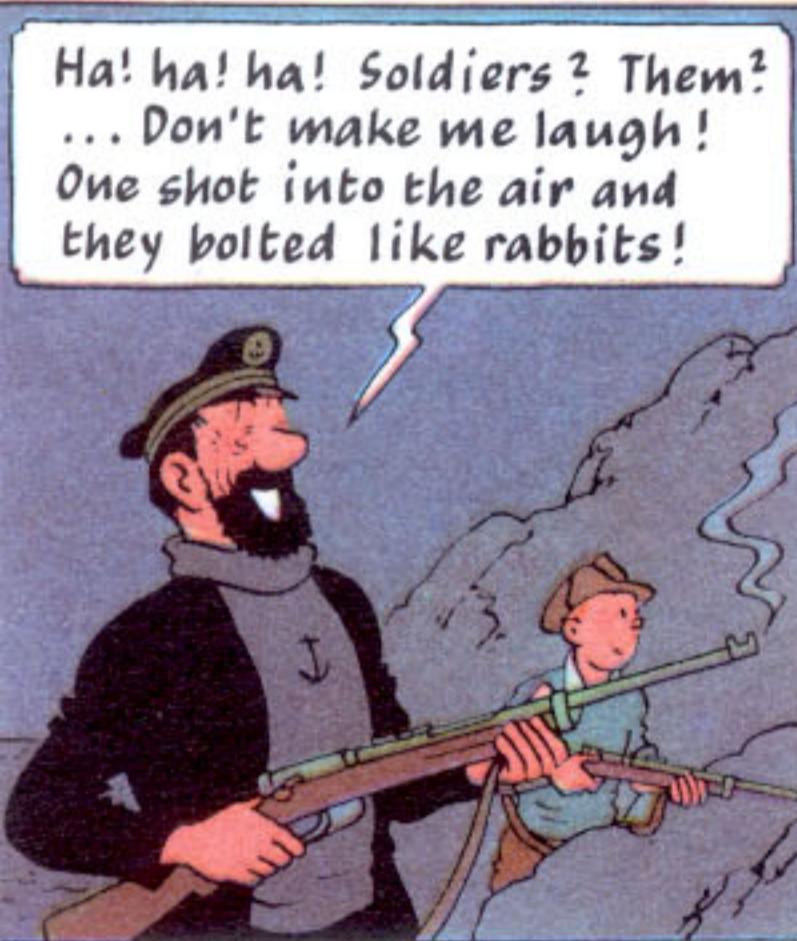
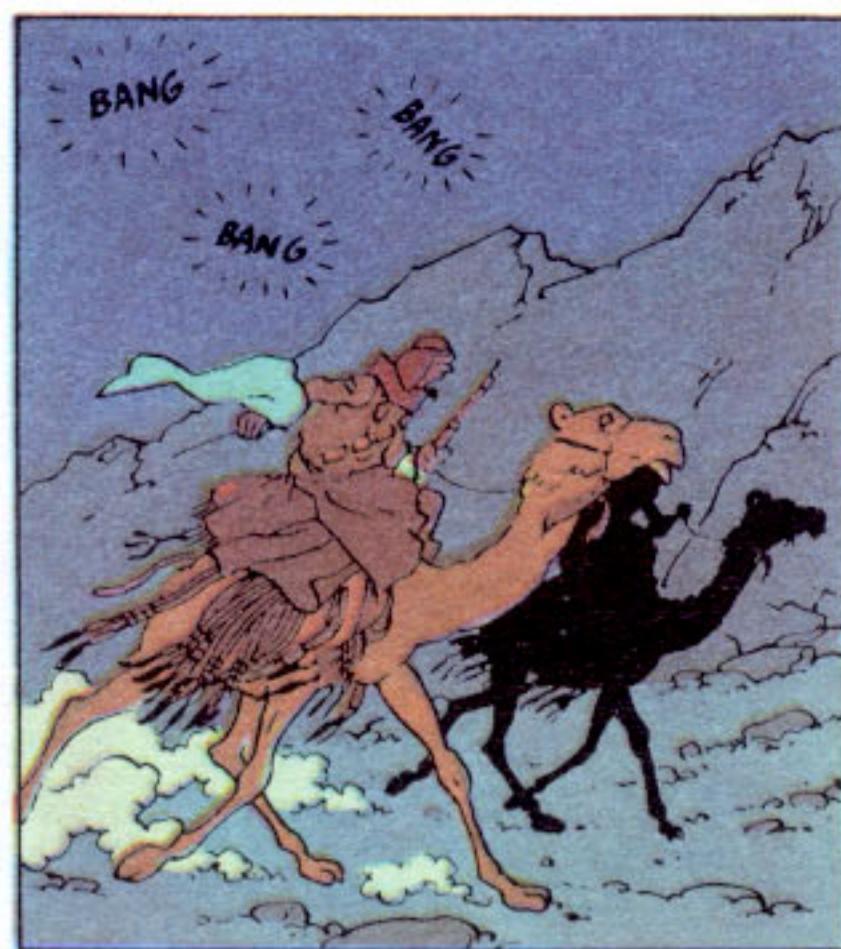


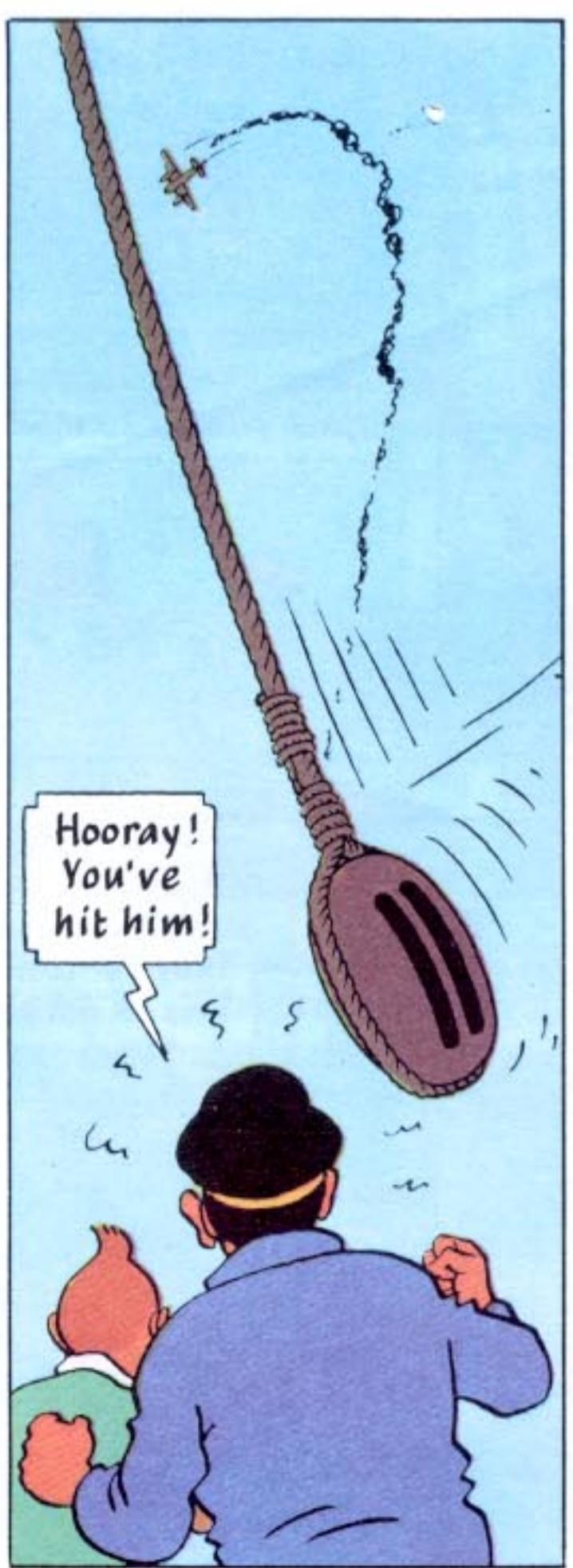
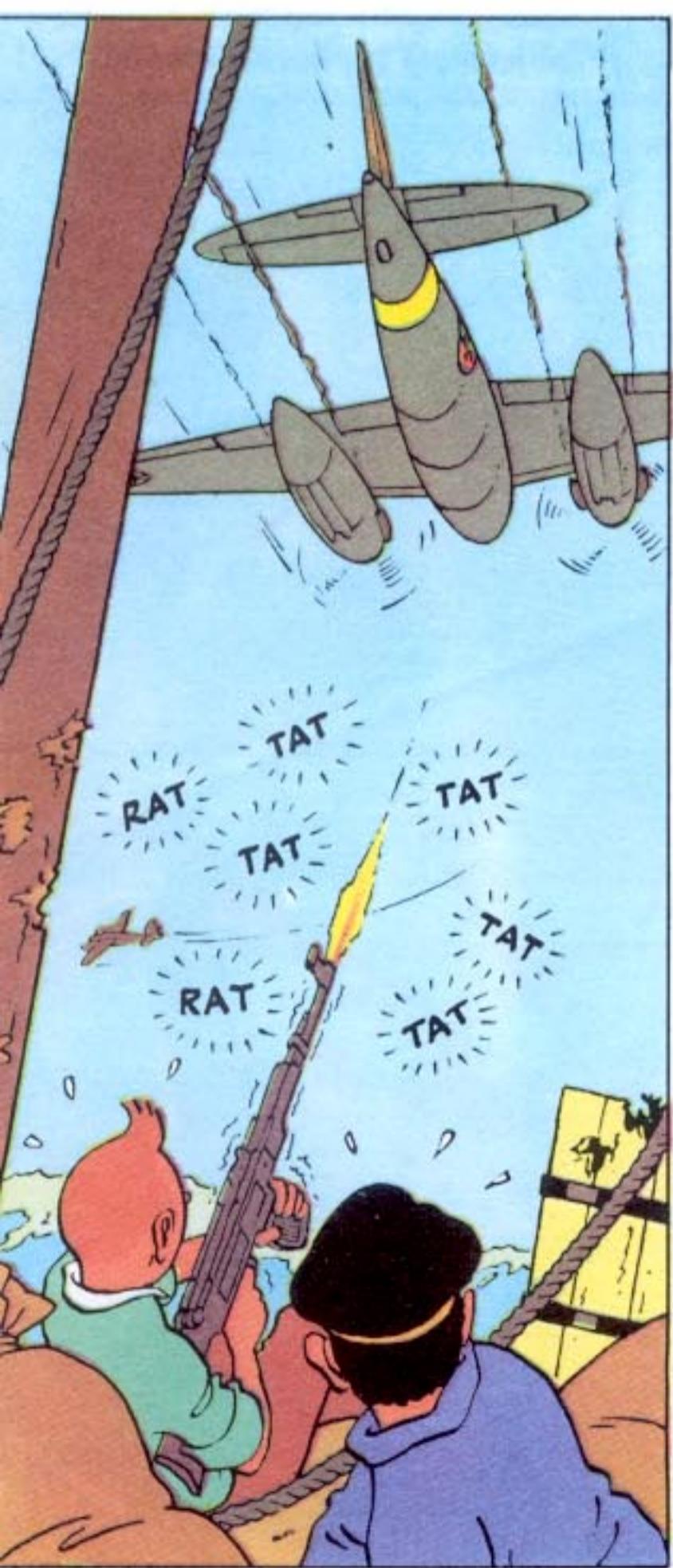
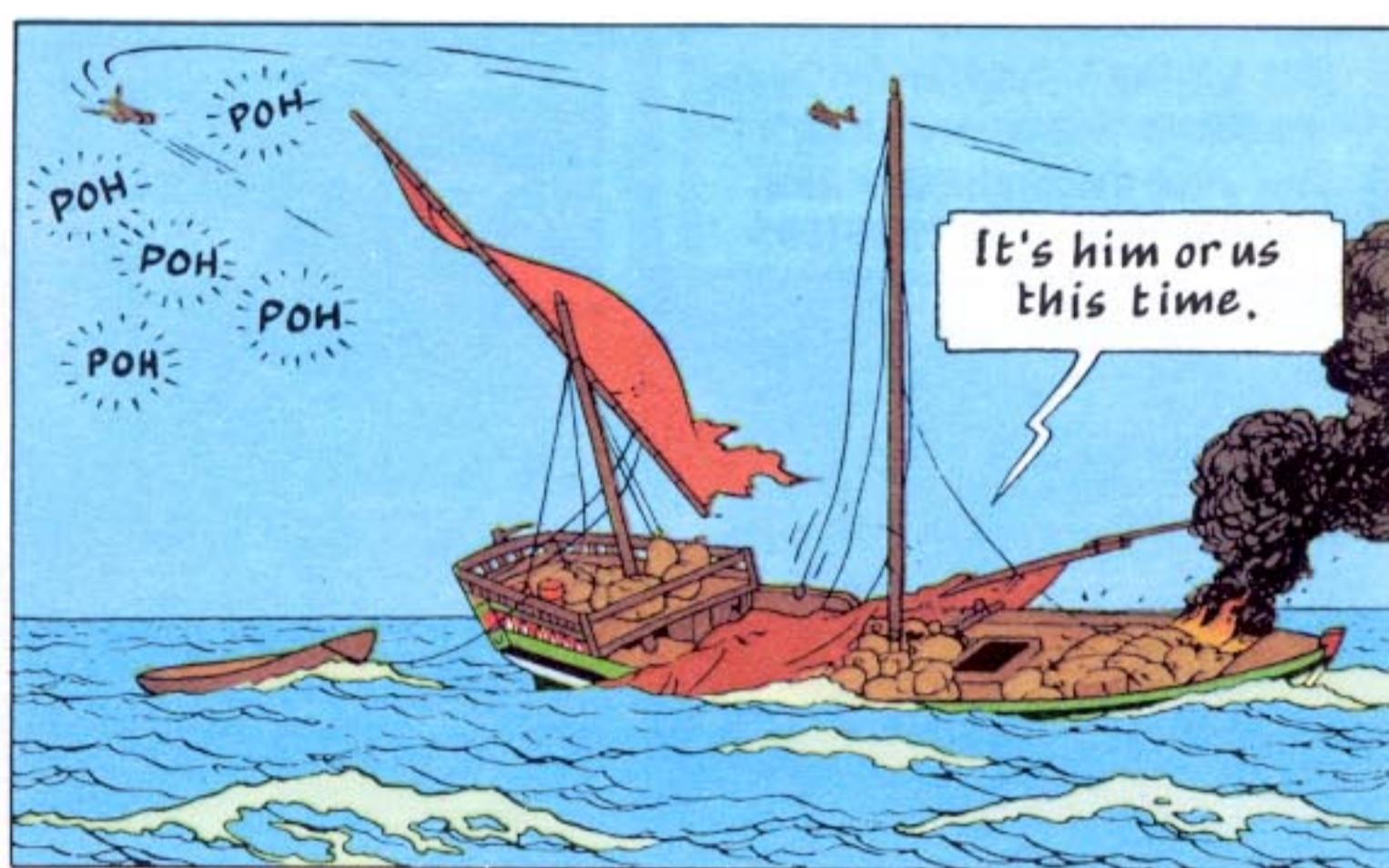
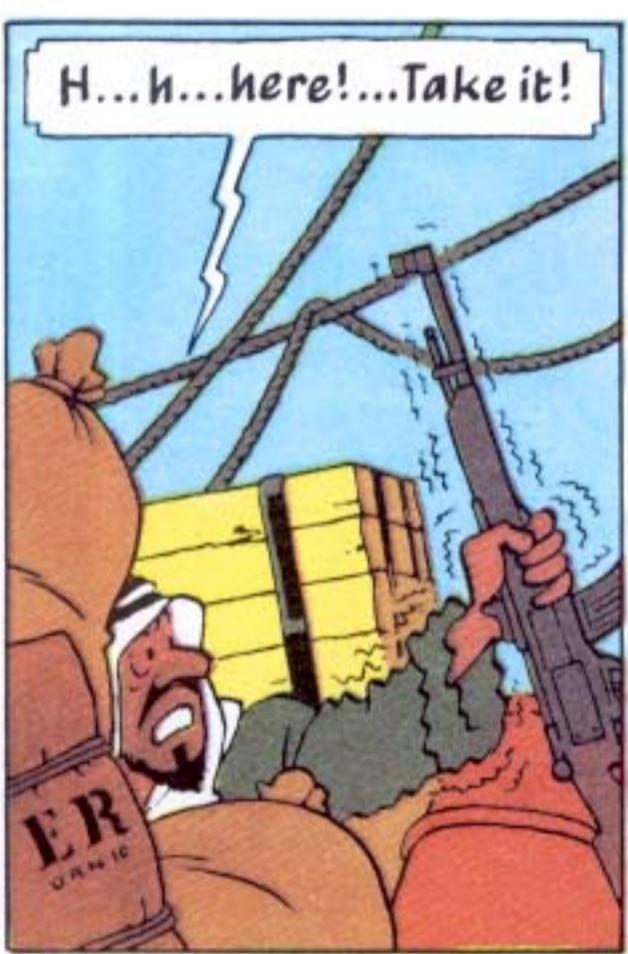
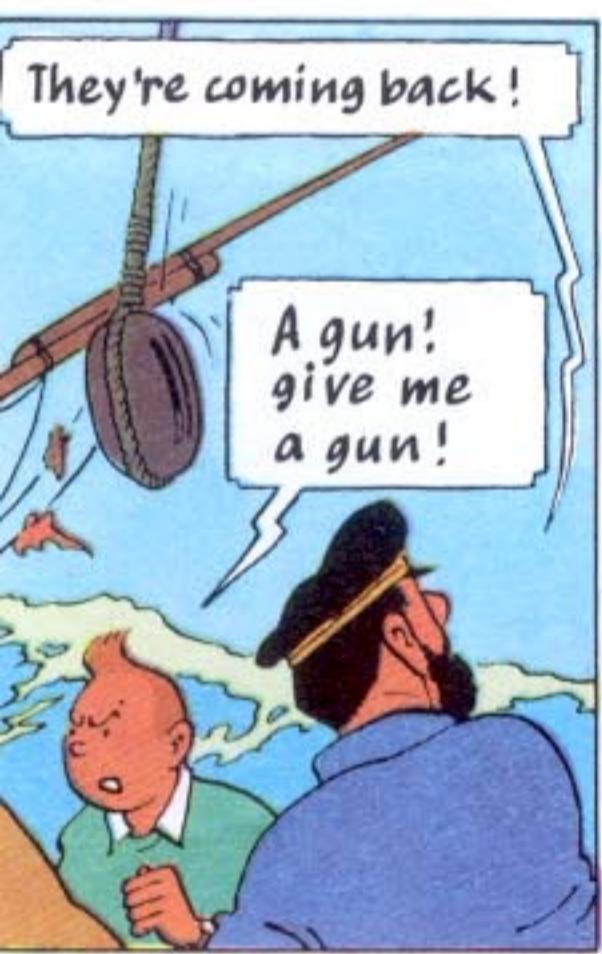
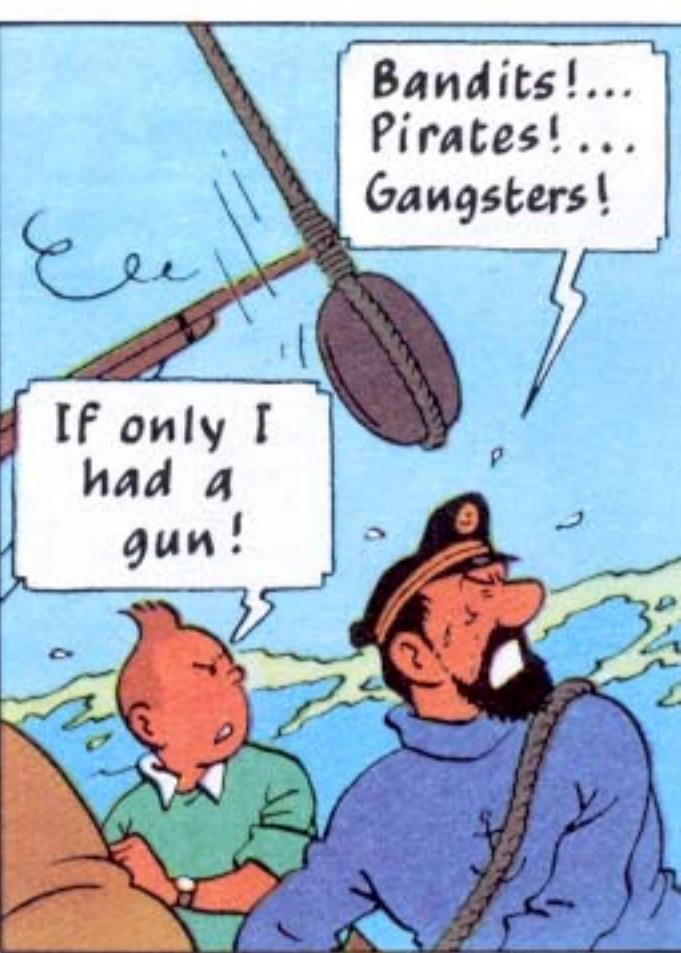
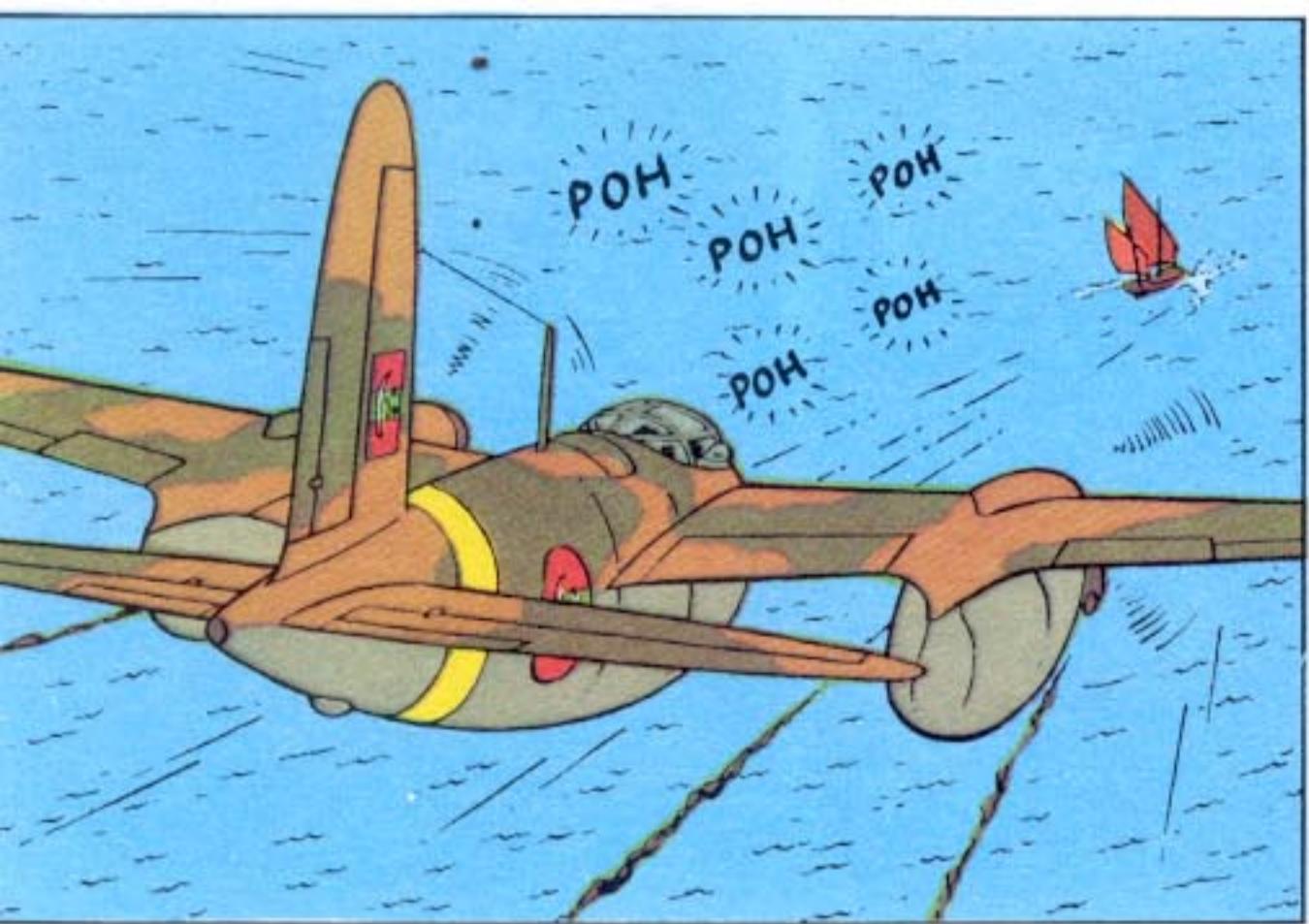
Look, they have just put a boat out.



By the beard of the Prophet, something suspicious is going on over there.

Halt!...Who goes there?





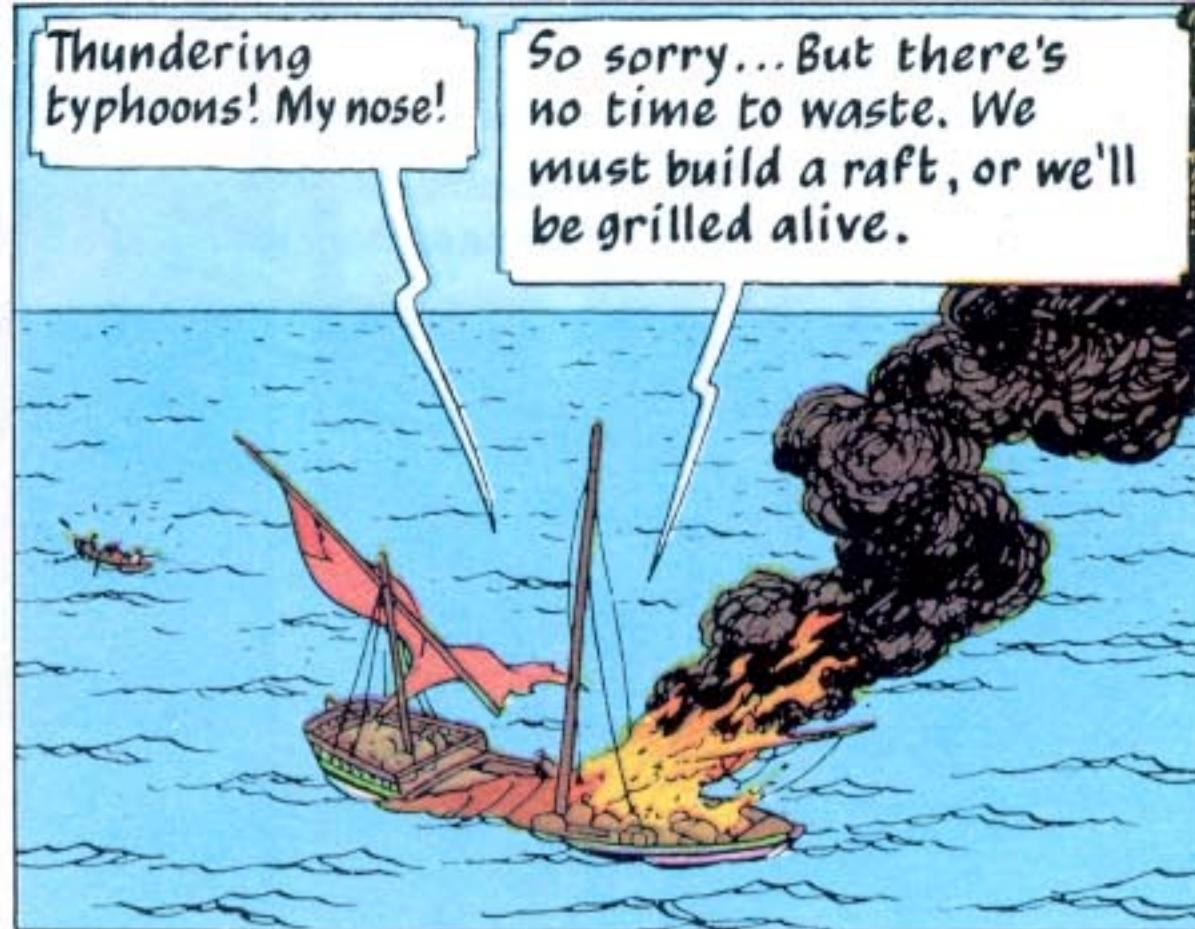
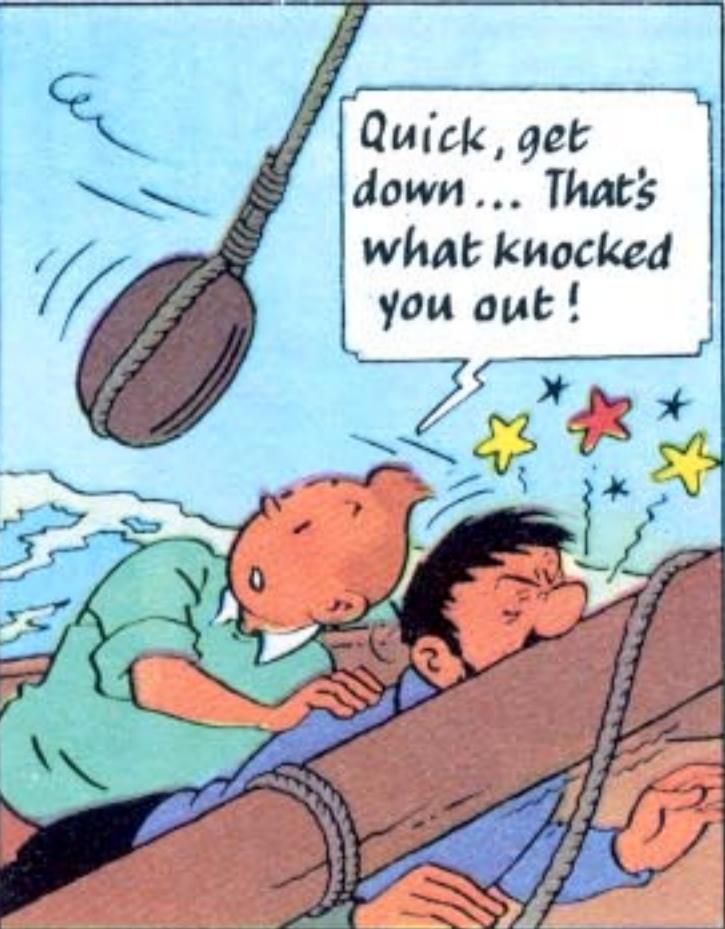
I don't know what happened... Some coward hit me from behind.

But who?... We're on our own. The crew have taken the boat and made off.

Quick, get down... That's what knocked you out!

Thundering typhoons! My nose!

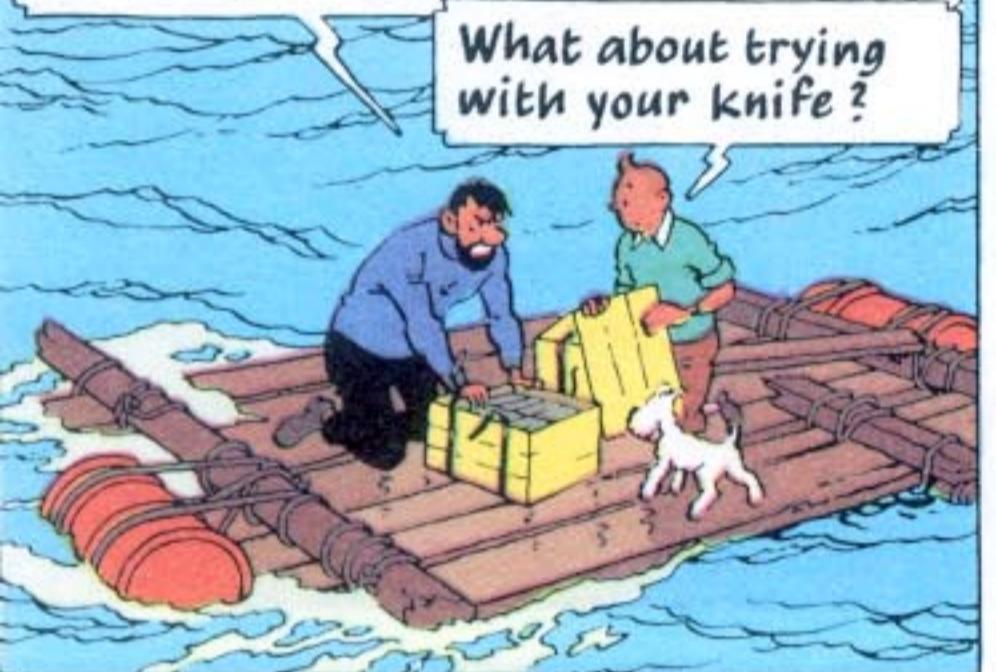
So sorry... But there's no time to waste. We must build a raft, or we'll be grilled alive.



A quarter of an hour later...

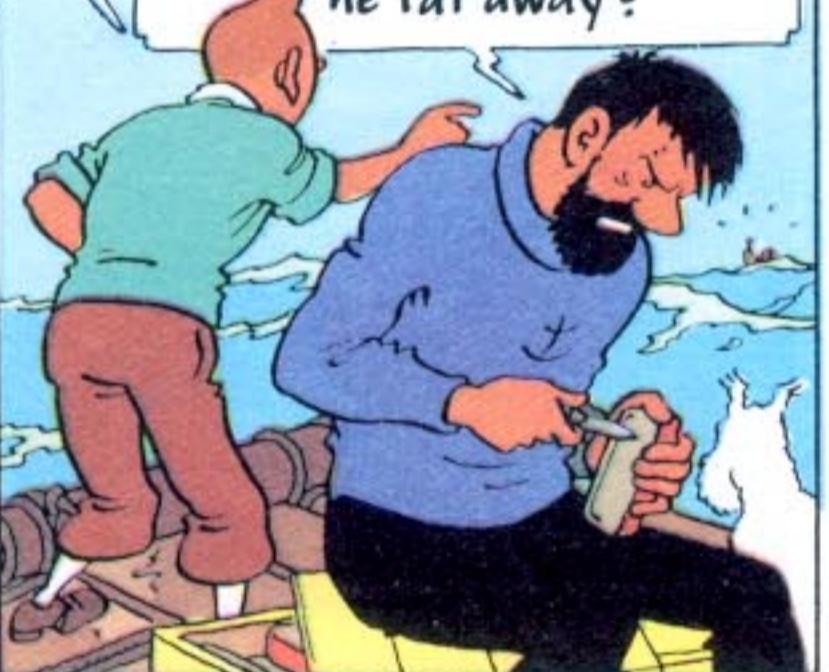
Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... We've saved two cases of provisions, and no tin-opener; it's enough to drive you crazy!

What about trying with your knife?



Oh! There's the pilot from the plane we shot down!

Him!!! Let him take care of himself... Er... Is he far away?



No, quite near. Here, help me rescue him.



You've done a good job, eh? You trigger-happy thug! Who are you, anyway? What's your name?

Skut.



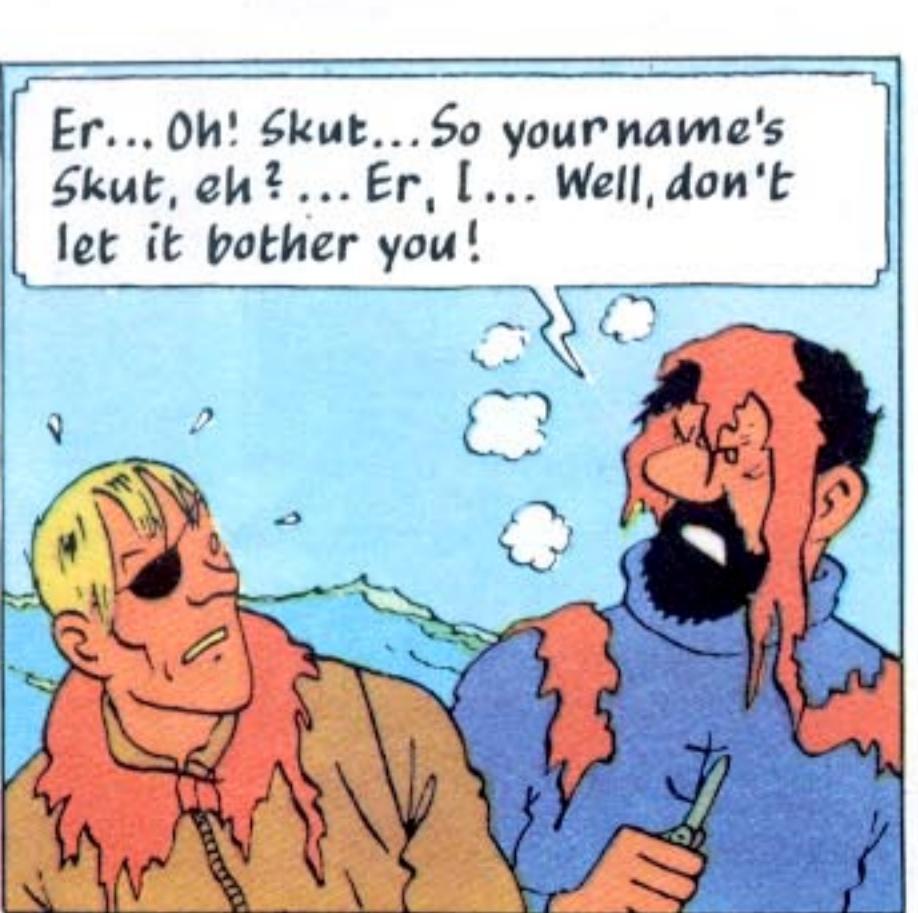
What do you mean, scoot? I'll teach you manners, you blithering bombardier. I'll soon deflate you! Ectoplasm!

But...but...my name Skut... Piotr Skut...Me Estonian...

Look out!... Mind your knife!



Er... Oh! Skut... So your name's Skut, eh?... Er, I... Well, don't let it bother you!



Meanwhile...

Hello! hello!... This is R3 KO... This is R3 KO calling K6 VM... Over.



Hello! Hello! This is K6 VM... This is K6 VM... Come in R3 KO... Come in... Over.



Meanwhile ...

May I have the pleasure
of this samba, Princess?

But of course, Marquis.

What an ideal yacht for a
cruise!



The "Scheherazade" is certainly
a wonderful ship... And what a
good idea to have a fancy-dress
ball on board... Ma-a-arvellous!

Excuse me, my lord, there is a radio
call for you... It's urgent...

Very well. I'm coming.

You see, dear lady? Business, always business. I am indeed a slave... Will you forgive me?

Don't give it a thought.

What an entrancing host he is.
This cruise aboard the "Scheherazade"
is really too enchanting!

Yes, he's a true gentleman.
Naturally, malicious tongues
spread rumours that he has a
shady past...

It's only to be expected that
such luxury arouses envy.
One must admit ...

Hello! Hello! K6VM calling R3KO
...Transmit in code ... Over.

Powerful insects have stung the blue goat.
Parasites 1 and 2 are in the bag. Out.

K6VM to R3KO.
Understood. Out.



Good... Now for the book, and
we'll decode this. Parasites
1 and 2 - I know who they are!



There... I have it... Excellent!
Mull Pasha has done well.
We're rid of those two
meddlers!



If this goes on, Captain, we'll soon be on Dr.
Bombard's diet: plankton and sea-water.

Me?... Drink sea-water?... Are you out of your mind?

Try some, Captain. It's not as bad as all that.



Ha! ha! ha! Not as bad as all that!... Think of all the dead fish there must be in it... All the people drowned in it over the centuries... All the tons of rubbish dumped from ships every day. ... You can commit suicide if you like, drinking that pig-swill. But for me it's "niet, niet," all along the line!



YIPPEEE



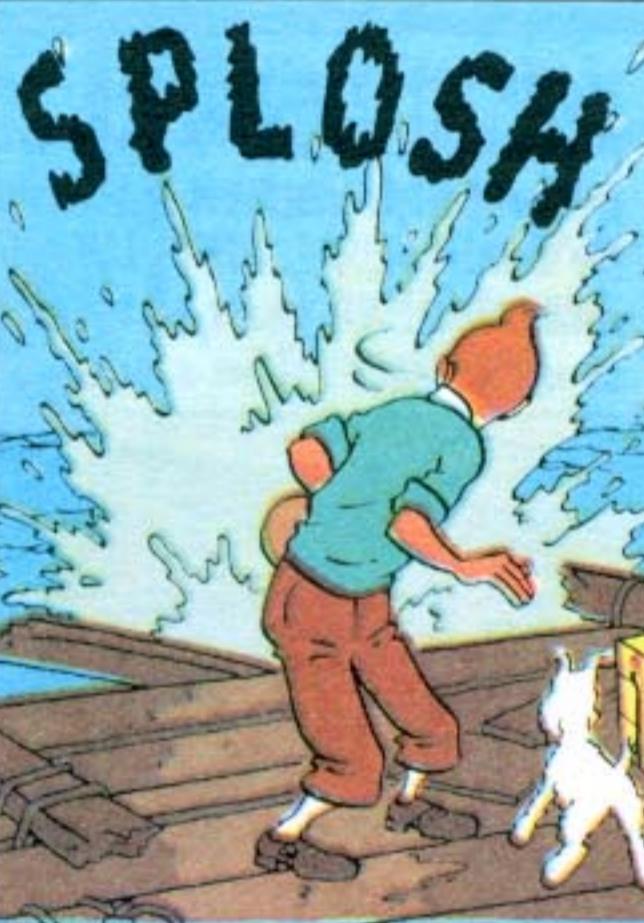
There!... A ship!... Saved!



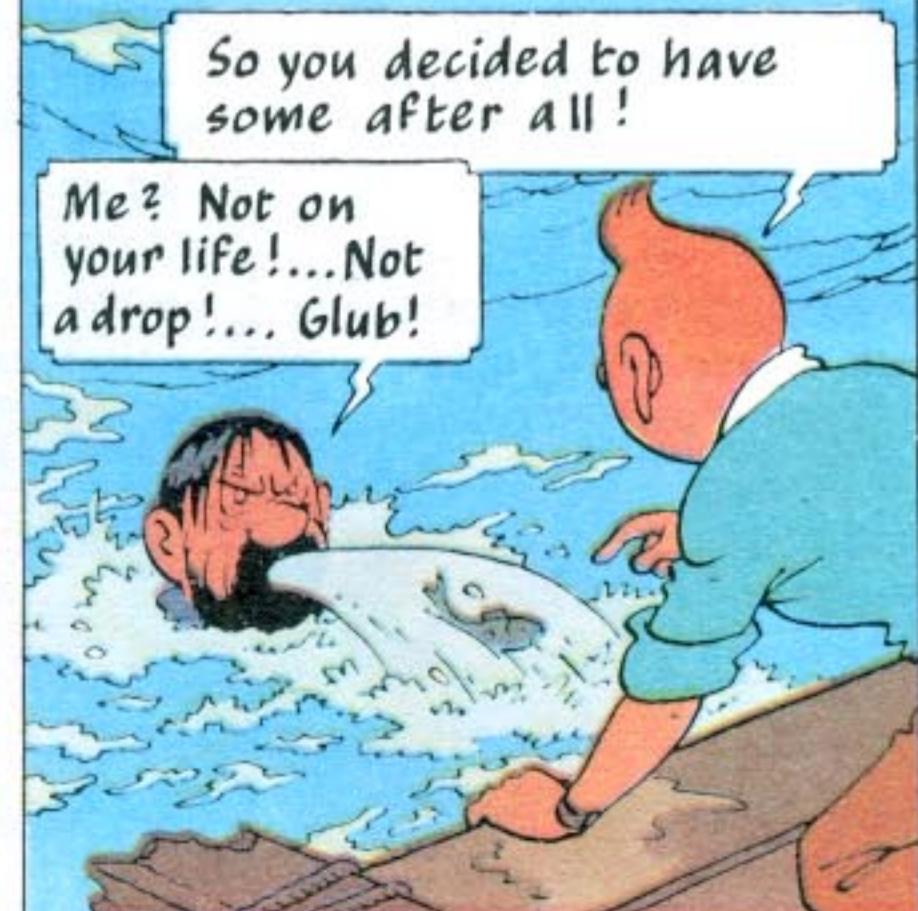
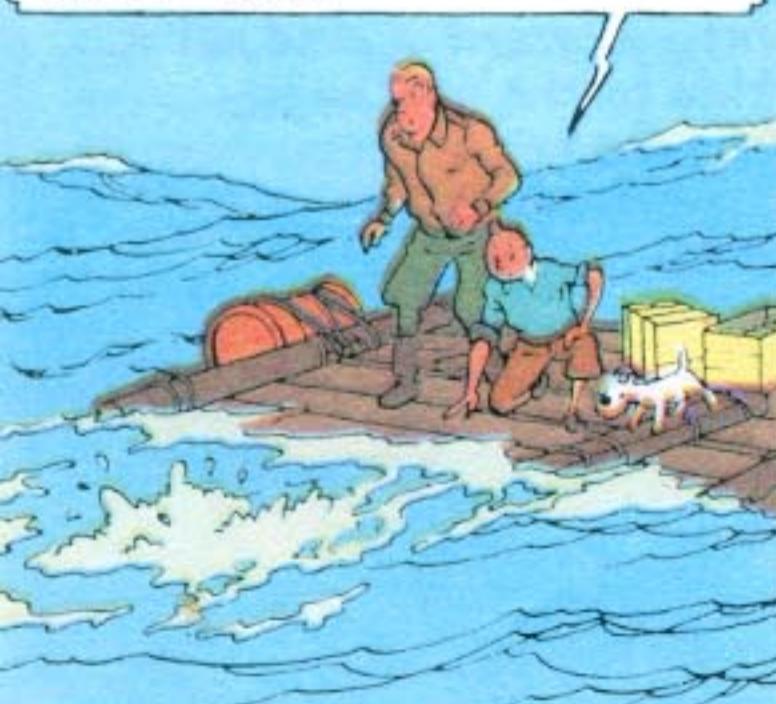
A ship... Just when you've swallowed that liquid manure! Ha! ha! ha! What a scream!



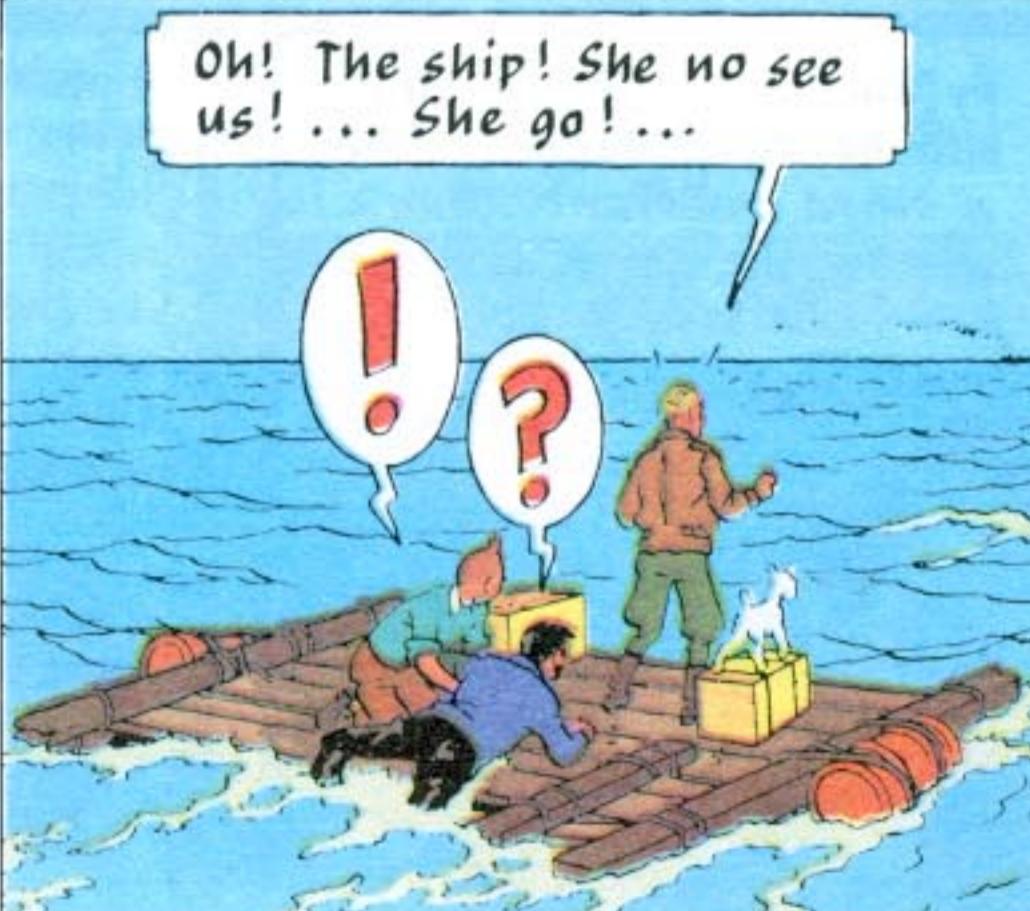
Ha! ha! ha! This'll be the death of me!



Who wasn't going to drink any sea-water? That'll teach him!



Oh! The ship! She no see us!... She go!...



Thundering typhoons! He's right!... She's getting further away. Who's the bath-tub admiral commanding that crew of landlubbers?

What now? How can we attract their attention?



I've an idea! Has anyone got a mirror?

A mirror? What on earth for?

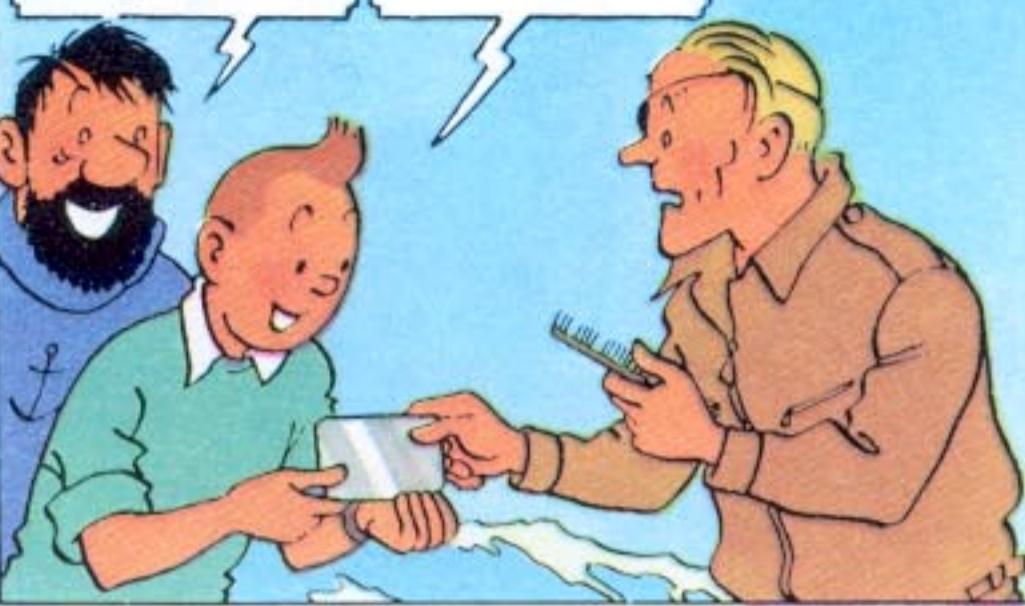
Here... I have one.



You like comb too?

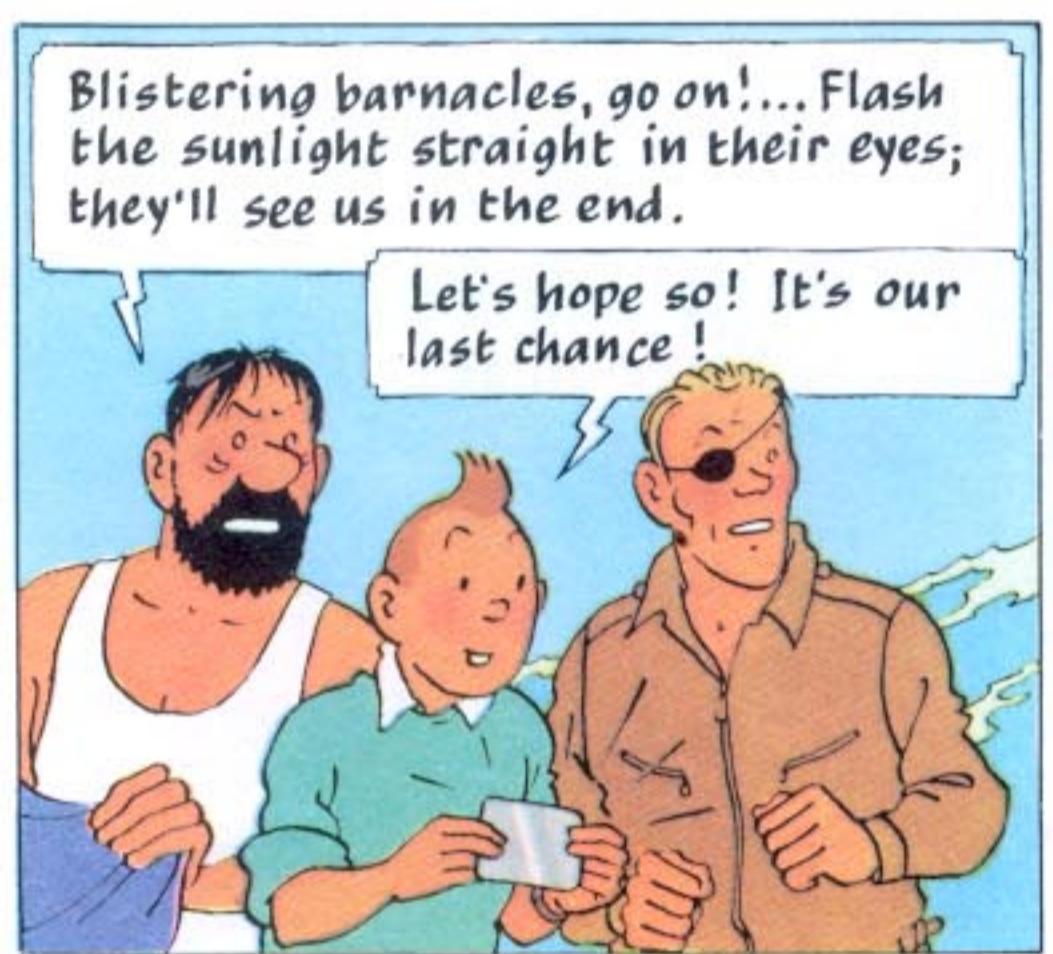
Well done, Tintin! I never thought of it!

No thanks, only the mirror.

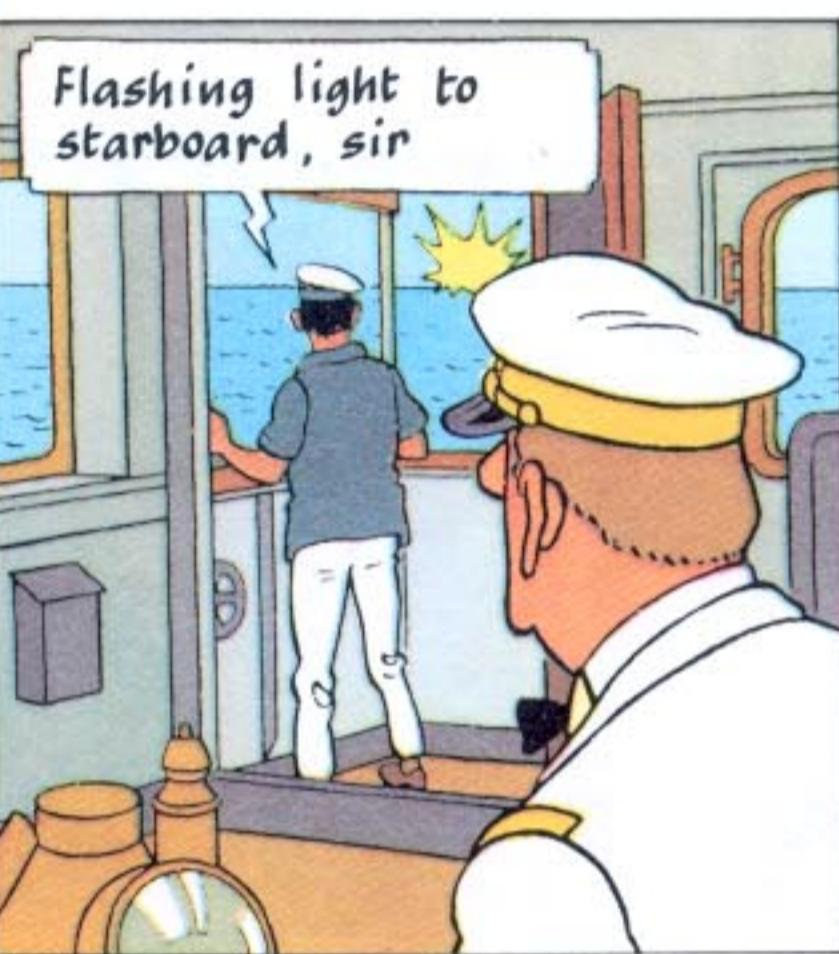


Blistering barnacles, go on!... Flash the sunlight straight in their eyes; they'll see us in the end.

Let's hope so! It's our last chance!



Flashing light to starboard, sir



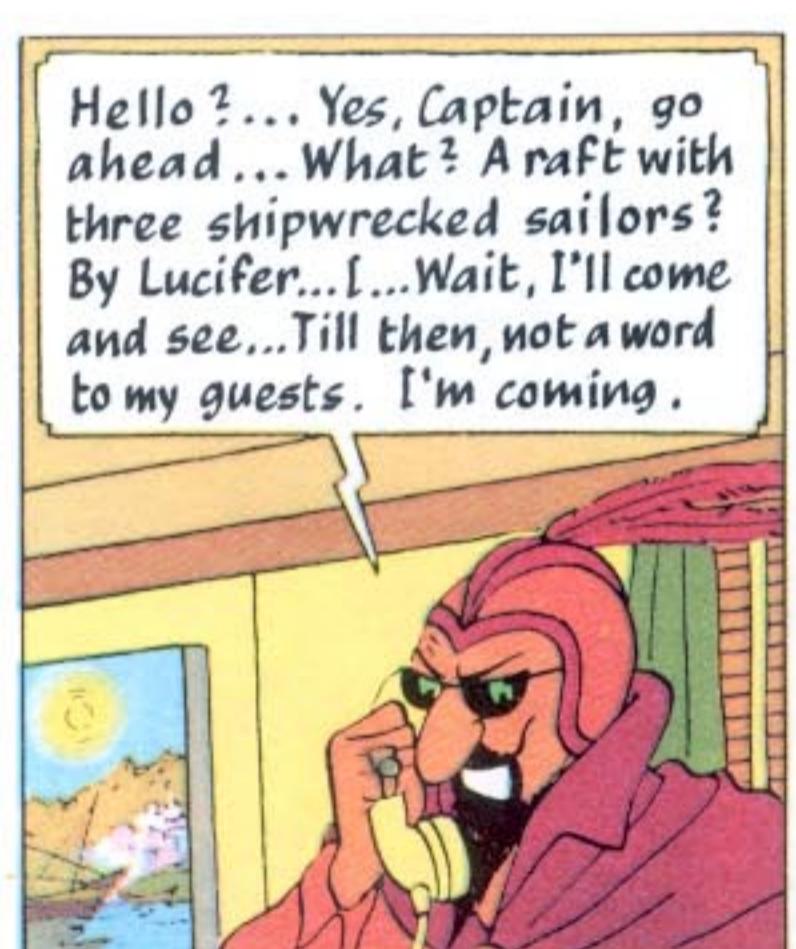
There, sir... Do you see it?

Yes, I see... A raft... with three men.



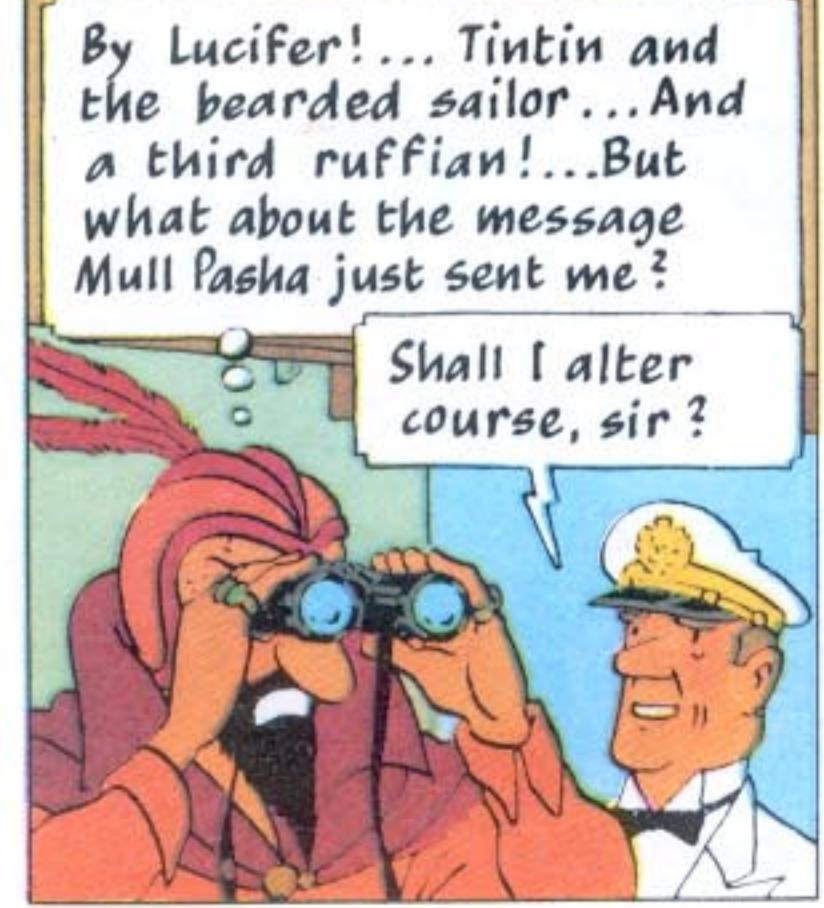
Hello?... Yes, Captain, go ahead... What? A raft with three shipwrecked sailors? By Lucifer... [... Wait, I'll come and see... Till then, not a word to my guests. I'm coming.

There, my lord... Do you see the signals they're making. Three of them, and a little dog.



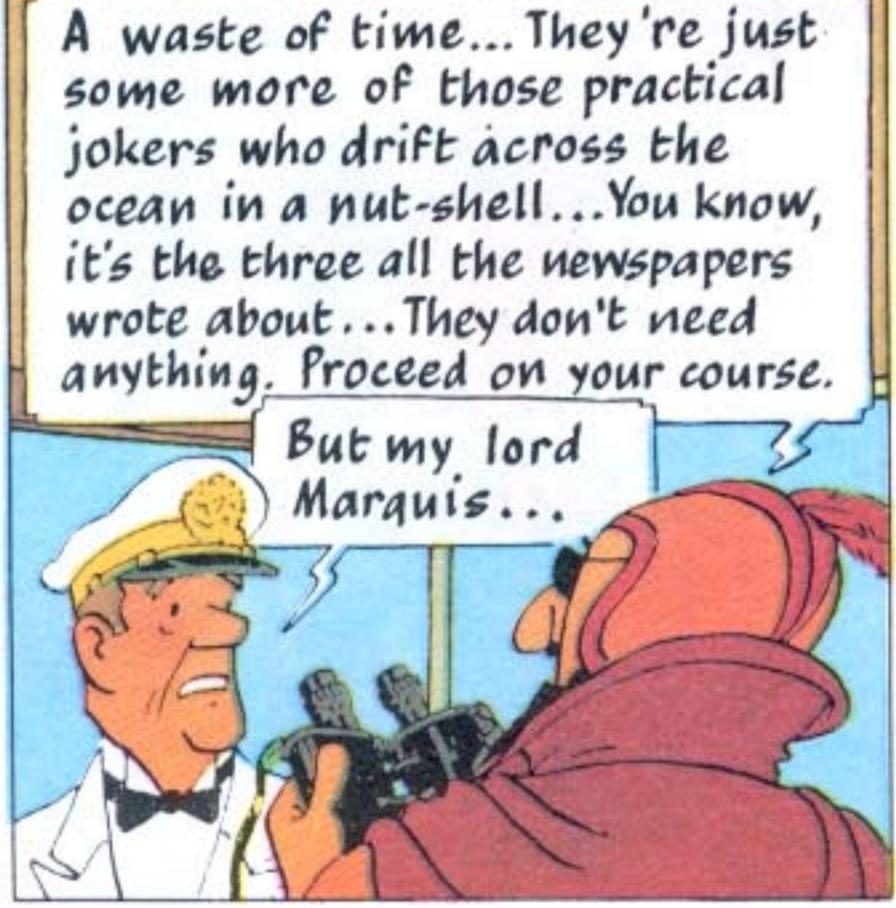
By Lucifer!... Tintin and the bearded sailor... And a third ruffian!... But what about the message Mull Pasha just sent me?

Shall I alter course, sir?



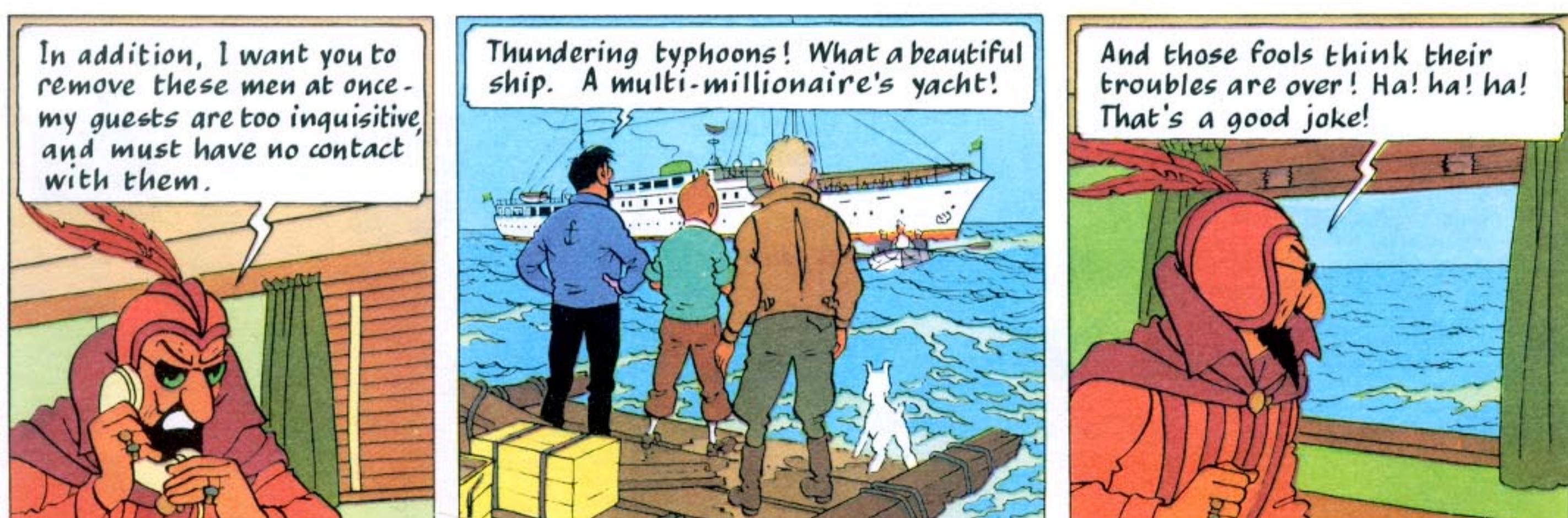
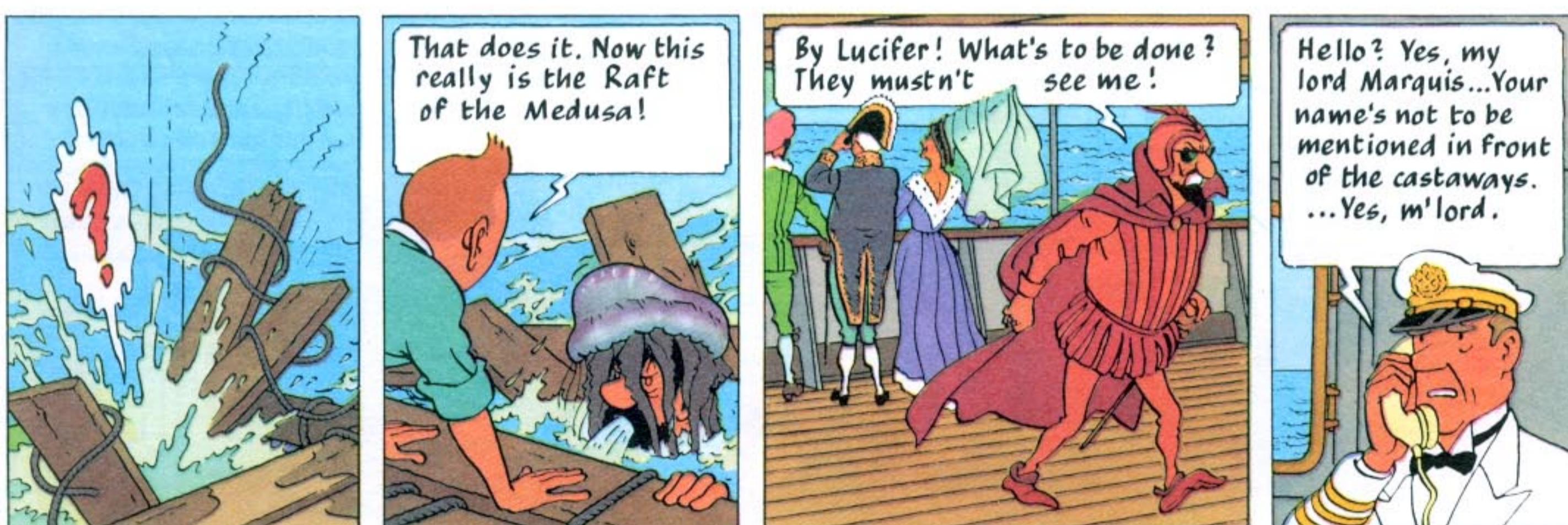
A waste of time... They're just some more of those practical jokers who drift across the ocean in a nut-shell... You know, it's the three all the newspapers wrote about... They don't need anything. Proceed on your course.

But my lord Marquis...

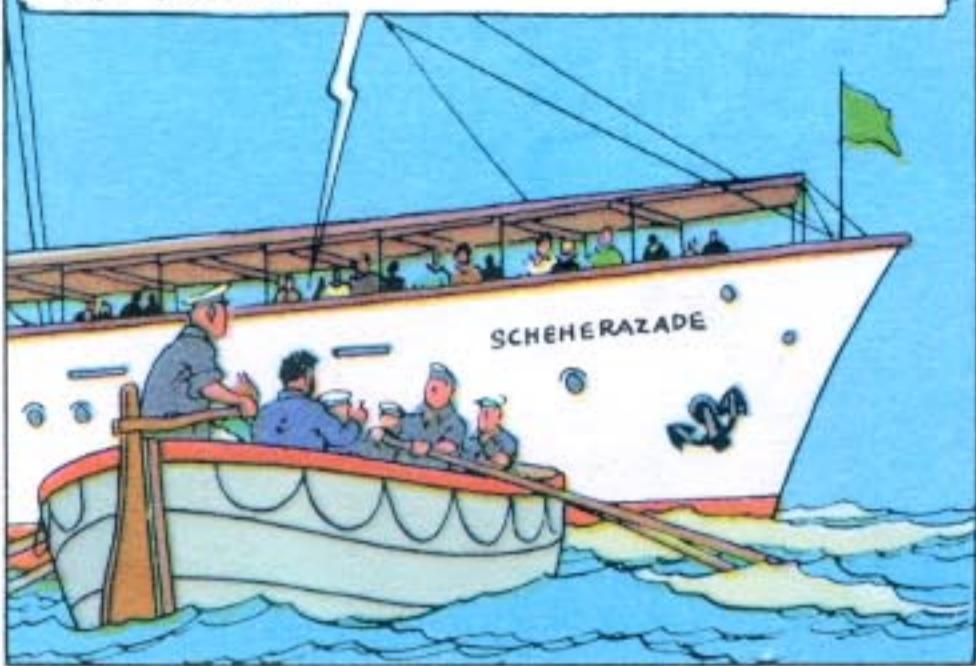


I said proceed... Fire and brimstone! Where should we be if we stopped for all the rag-tag-and-bobtail who put out to sea for fun!... Proceed... And not a word of this to the passengers... You understand?

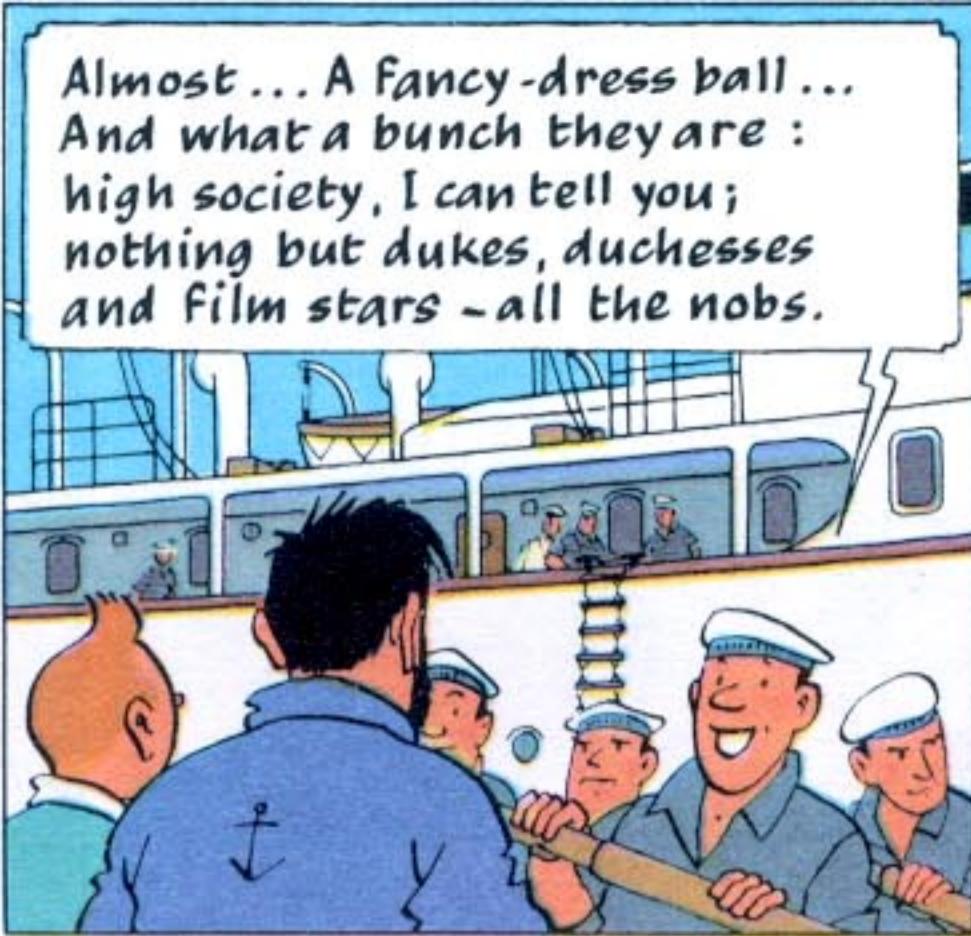




Thundering typhoons! What a magnificent yacht! Whose is she? ... Hey, are they having a carnival on board?



Almost ... A fancy-dress ball ... And what a bunch they are: high society, I can tell you; nothing but dukes, duchesses and film stars - all the nobs.



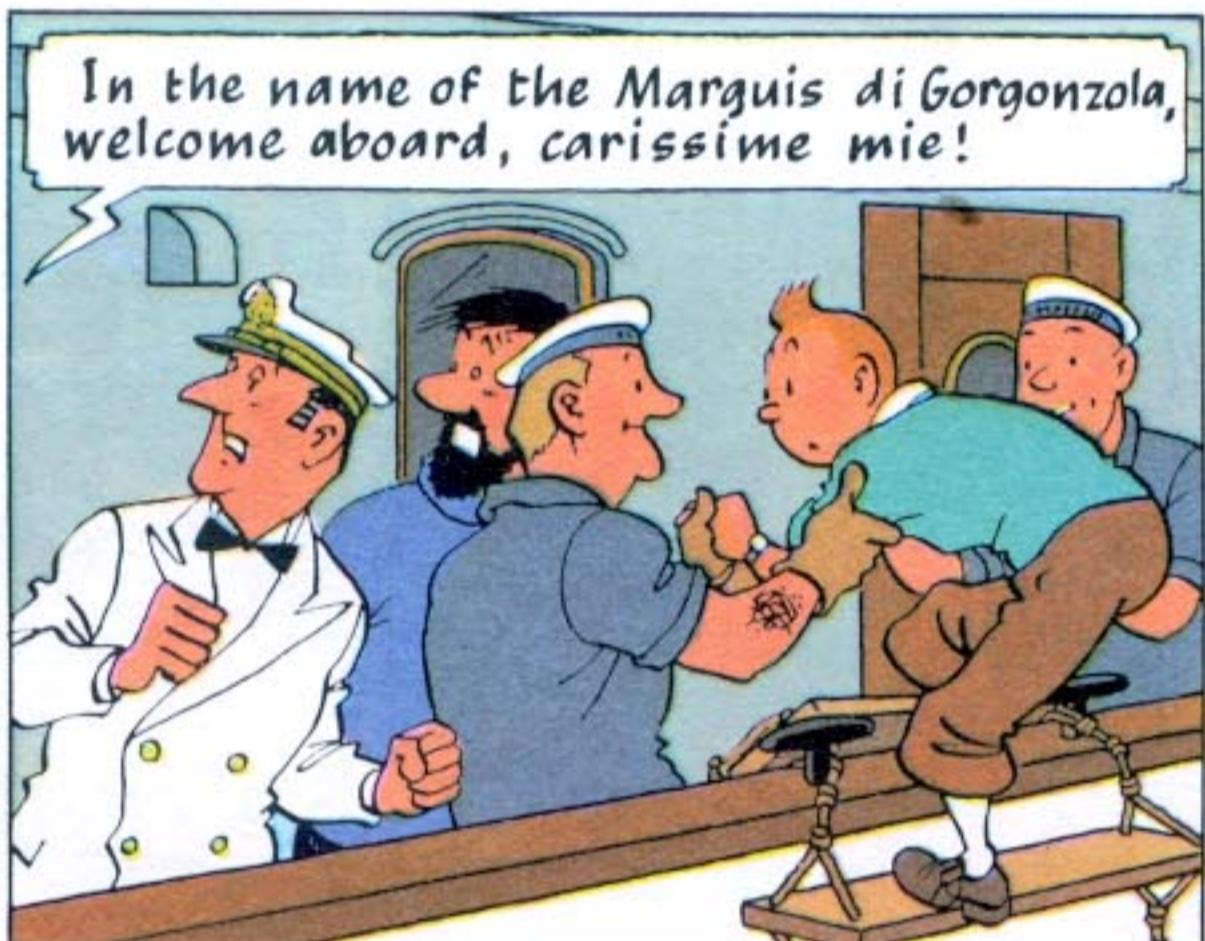
Per la Madonna! Can you believe it!... It's Tintin, and his friend the deep-sea fisherman, Paddock.



I must go and welcome them. Art must embrace the children of Adventure!



In the name of the Marquis di Gorgonzola, welcome aboard, carissime mie!



Signora Castafiore!... Run for it! What shall we do?... Hop back on the raft?

My dear Tintin!



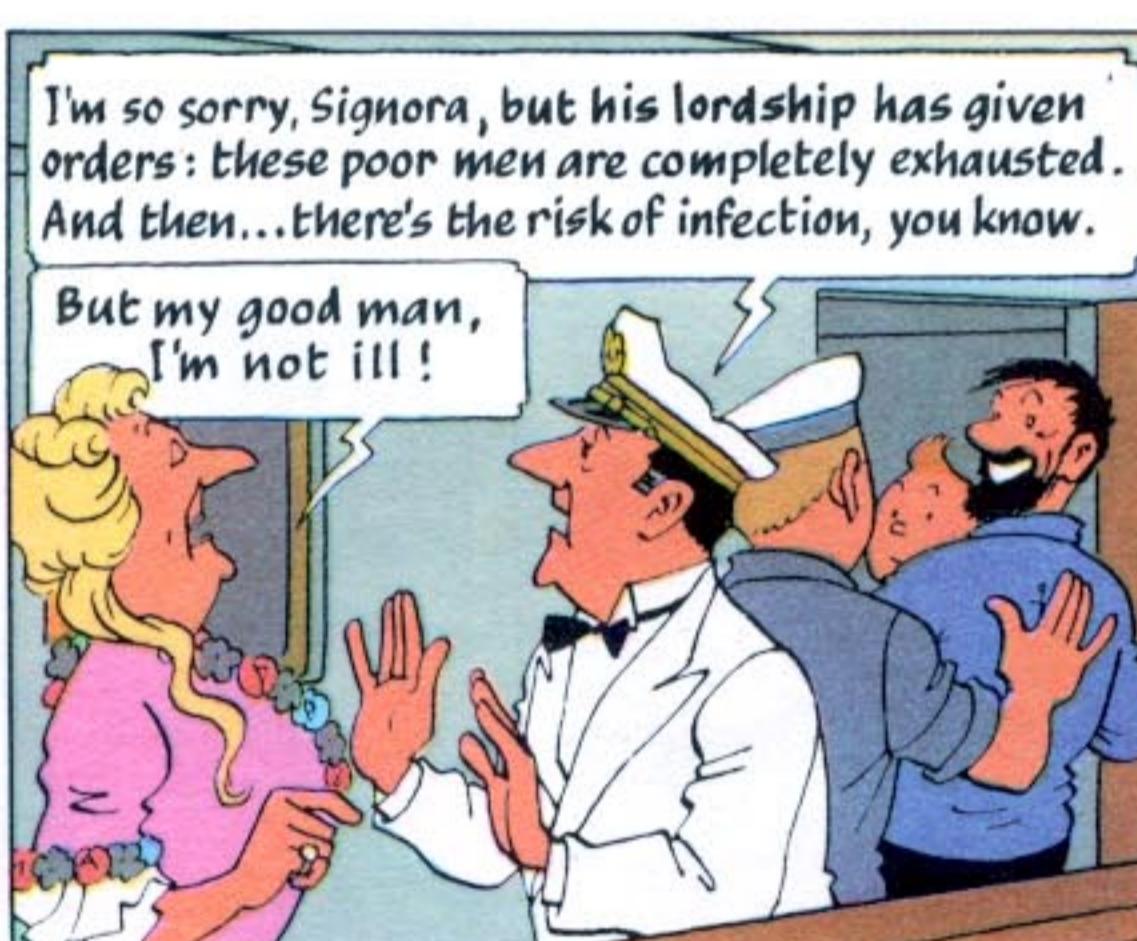
Delighted to see you again, my dear Padlock...er...Harrock.

...n roll, Signora Castoroili, Harrock'n-roll!



I'm so sorry, Signora, but his lordship has given orders: these poor men are completely exhausted. And then...there's the risk of infection, you know.

But my good man, I'm not ill!



A little later...

Well, Parker, have you questioned them?

Yes, m'lord. They were aboard a sam-buk, being taken to Mecca...



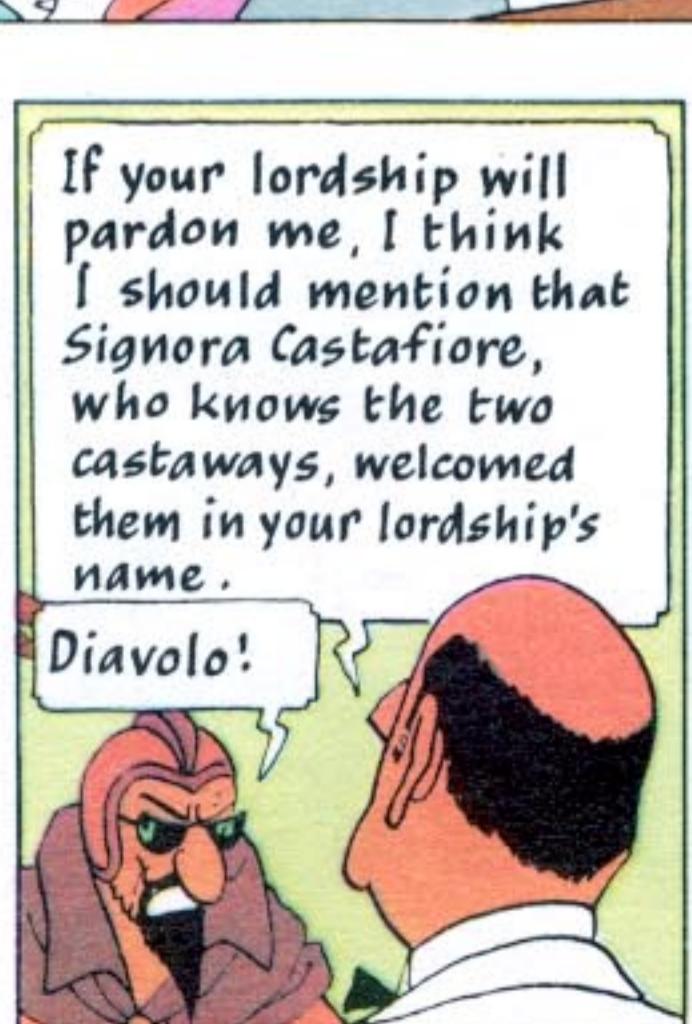
...This morning, their boat was machine-gunned and set on fire by aircraft from Khemed. After shooting down one of the planes, they made themselves a raft. They then rescued the pilot of the aircraft.

Well done, Parker. Thank you.



If your lordship will pardon me, I think I should mention that Signora Castafiore, who knows the two castaways, welcomed them in your lordship's name.

Diavolo!



The Marquis di Gorgonzola's yacht!... It's fantastic... I must be dreaming.

Come on, Tintin... Up in the clouds again?... Hey! Tintin!

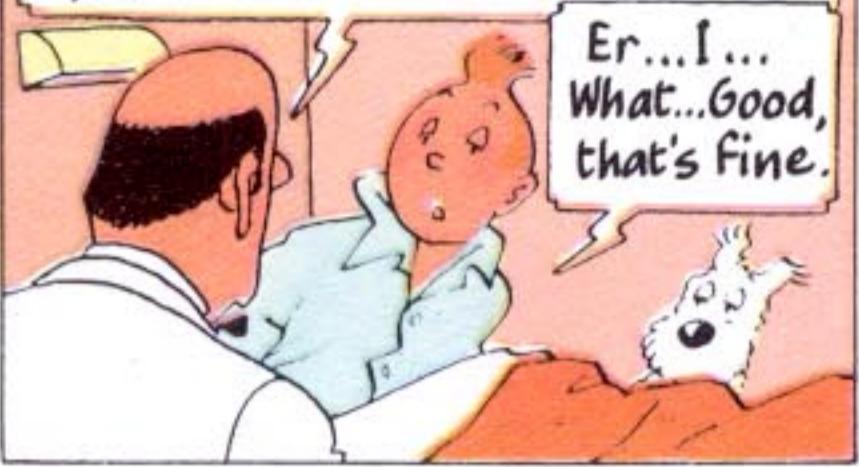


They can't stay here on board. But what's to be done? What indeed?... Ah, I have it! The "Ramona". ... She's in these waters... Tomorrow we must pass one another, as if by chance.

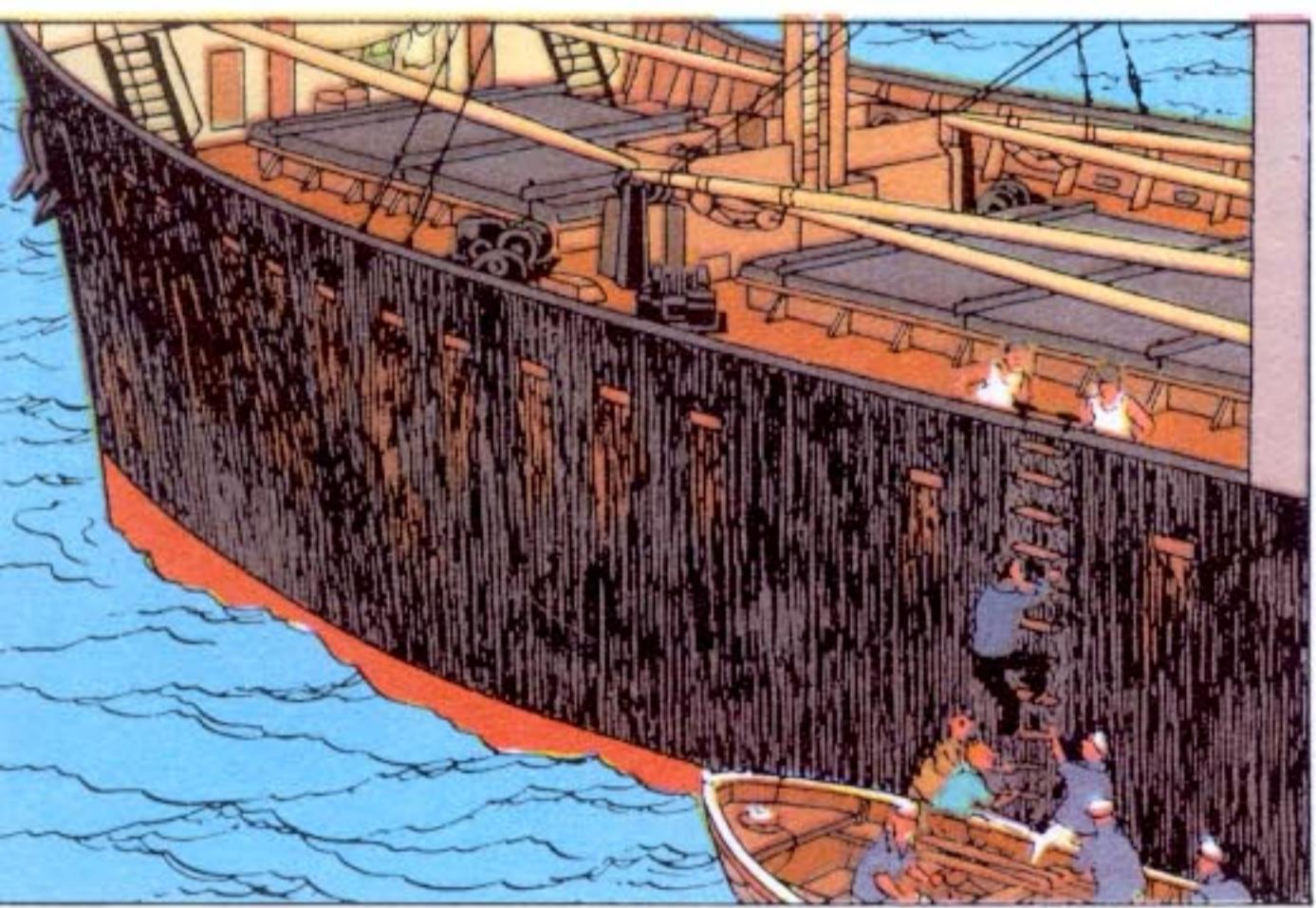


Next day at dawn...

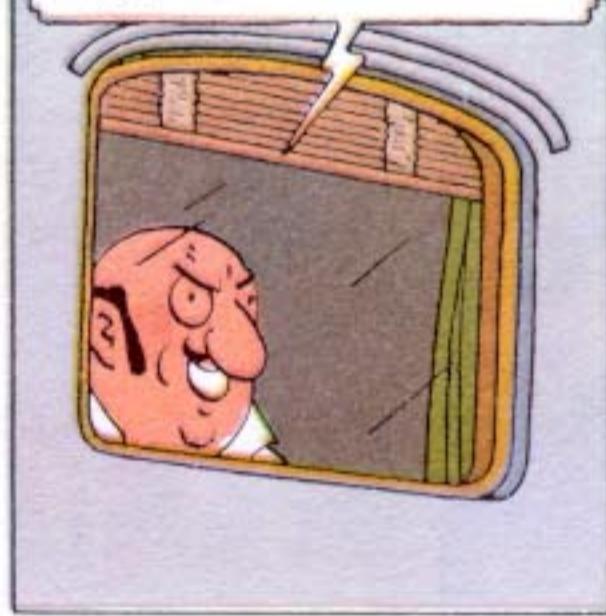
Get dressed quickly. You're in luck. We've met a merchantman bound for Mecca: just where you were making for. Her master has agreed to take you aboard.



And a few minutes later...



So that's that! And now, my fine friends, I wish you a pleasant journey. Ha! ha! ha! ha!



Ah, this is the place for me: back aboard a good old freighter.



There, you two: these are your quarters. Your pal's going elsewhere... The skipper will be down to see you soon: he'll bring you your whisky himself!



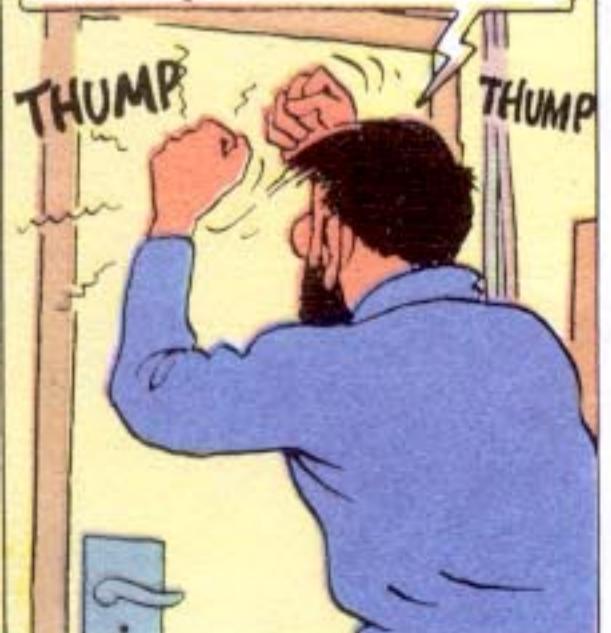
Hi, you lubberly scum, not so fast! What do you mean?



This is too much! He's locked us in, the insolent porcupine!



Open up! Thundering typhoons, open up! You ill-mannered savages!



Well, well, you old drunkard! So you're kicking up a row already?



This is a happy reunion, eh, old bottle-nose? We must have a drink on it.

Allan! What's going on? How have we ...

... ended up here? Quite simple: I command one of di Gorgonzola's freighters. Yesterday I had a signal ordering me to alter course. So this morning we met the "Scheherazade", as if by accident. ... Neatly done, eh?

Very! And may we inquire what you plan to do with us?

If you're sensible, you'll be put ashore. But not at Mecca... At Wadesdah!

Wadesdah! But that's murder! Sheik Bab El Fhr has put a price on our heads ...

You're breaking my heart, dear boy. But that's enough talk... You must be thirsty... Here, drink my health...

Not on your life! ... And you'll put us ashore at Mecca, or else!

Or else what?... Ha! ha! ha! ... I advise you to behave yourselves. Don't forget we're in the Red Sea, and there's no shortage of sharks... You get me?... Now, like a big-hearted chap, I'll leave this bottle to console you.

'Bye for now! ... We dock the day after tomorrow. So you've plenty of time to solve one important question: do you sleep with your beard under or over the sheet?

Ha! ha! ha!... That's a good one! His beard!

Yes, he won't sleep a wink tonight!

Over?... No, not that way...

Under?... Blistering barnacles! Not that way either!

Stay! ... Once a drunkard...

... always a drunkard!

Go on! Just a little sip...

Well, why not?





Wreckers!... Pirates!... Fili-busters!... Picaroons! Leaving us in the lurch on a doomed ship! To Davy Jones with the lot of you!

Follow me... We'll probably find a raft up for'ard.

We obviously have a vocation for shipwrecks!

HEY!
HELP! HELP!

EFFENDI!
EFFENDI!

There's someone in the hold!... What the...?!

Who are you, below there?

We good black men... Want come out... No can breathe... We afraid...

Negroes! A lot of them, too, I'd say... What shall we do, Captain? We can't just abandon them.

You're right. Come on.

We'll try and put out the blaze... That cargo... I just can't make it out!

Eighteen tons of high explosive and ammunition: it'll make a pretty fireworks display!

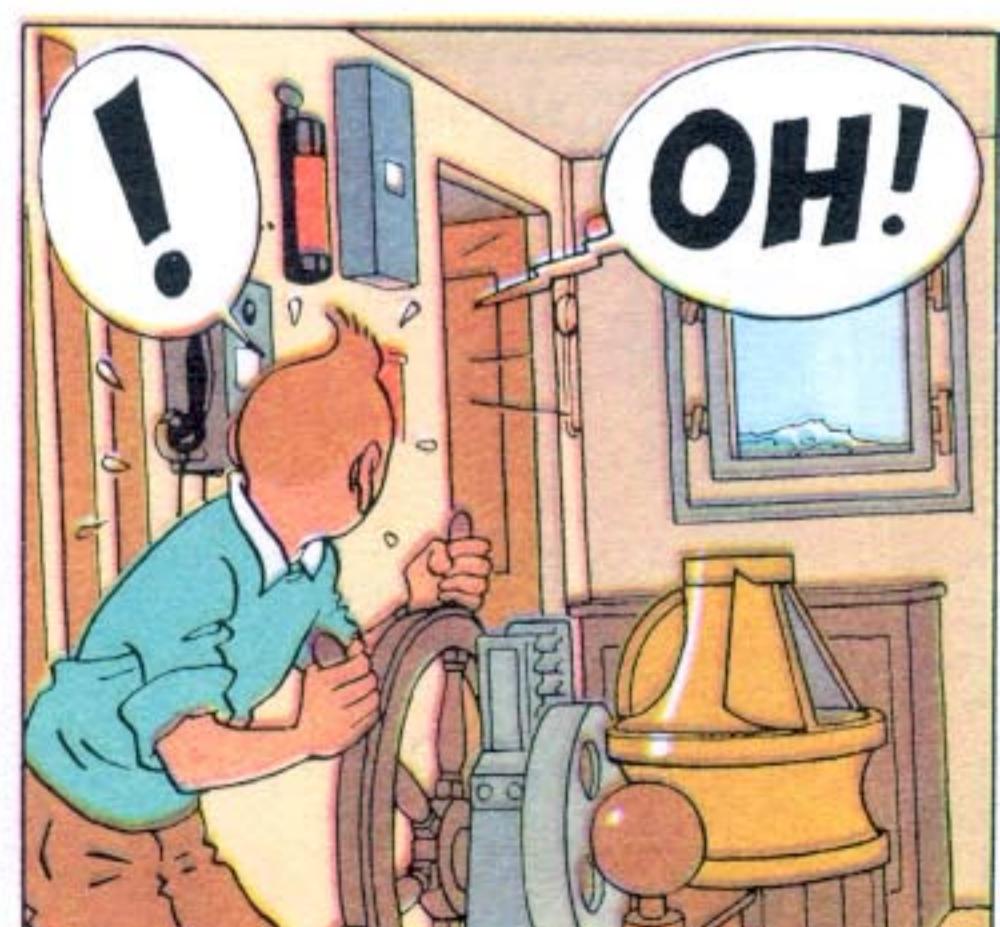
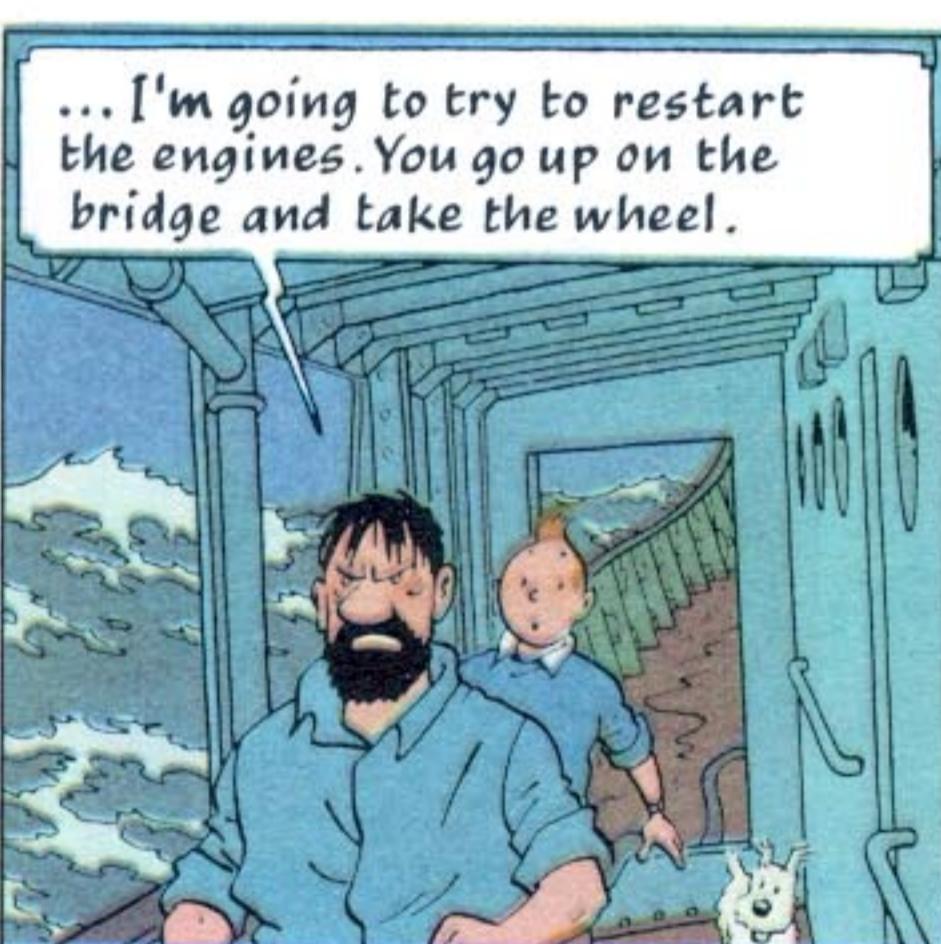
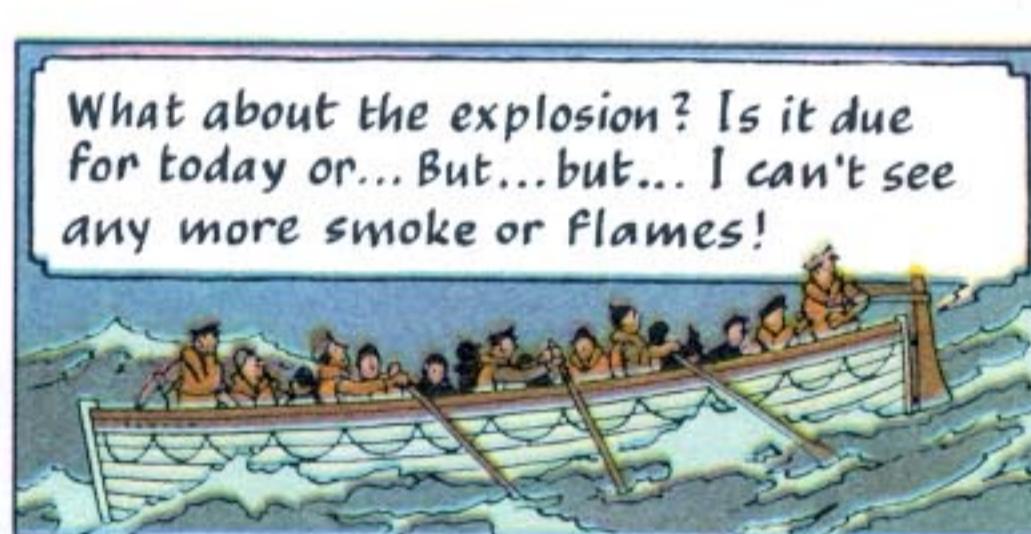
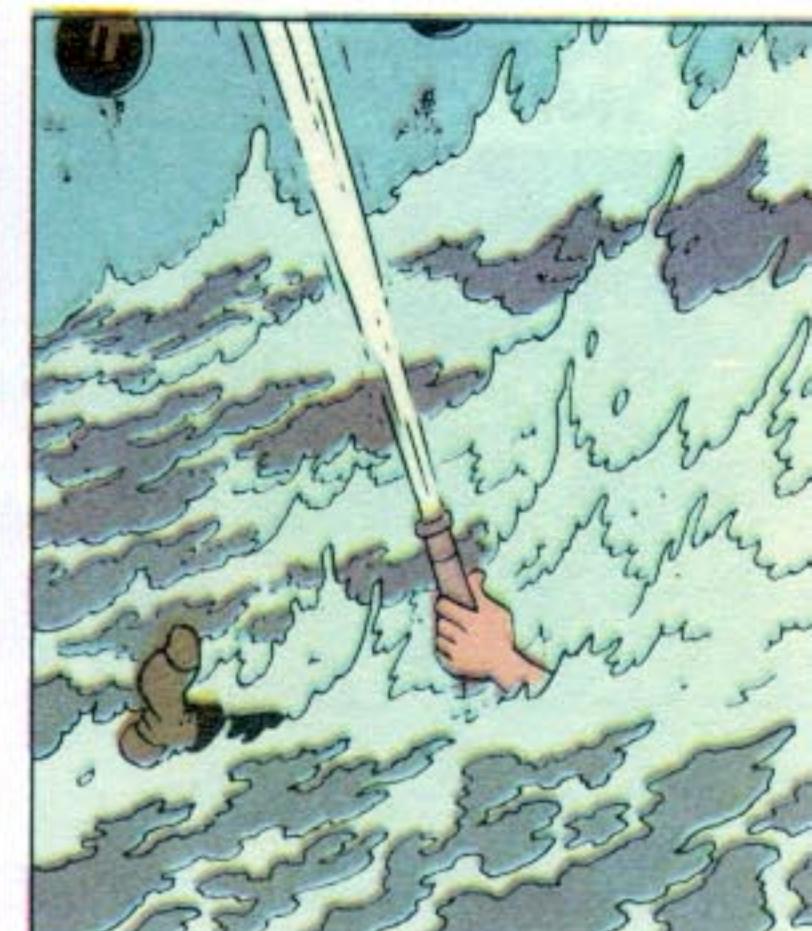
That's it! The hose is connected... Now then, let's open the valve.

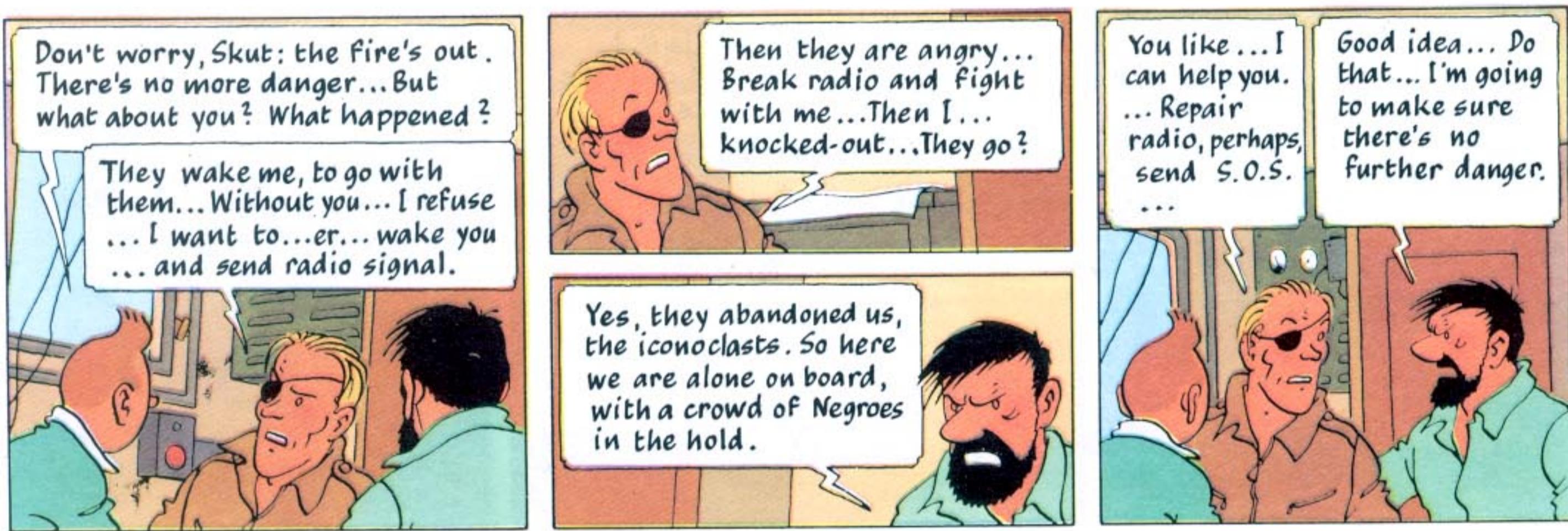
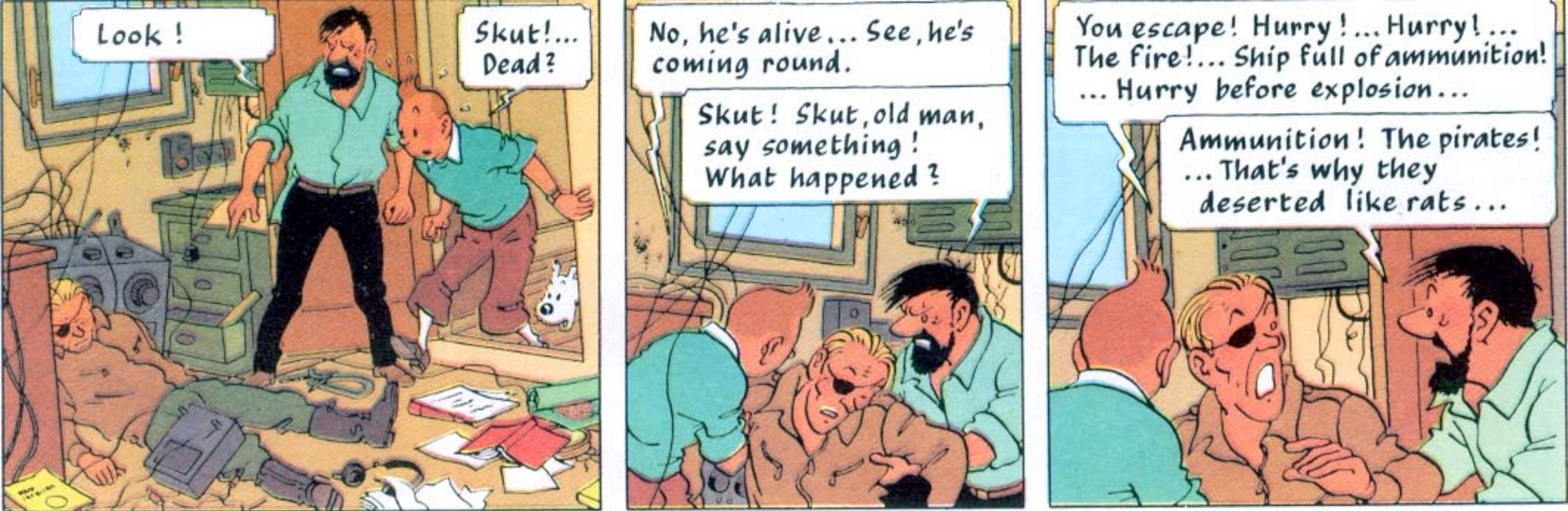


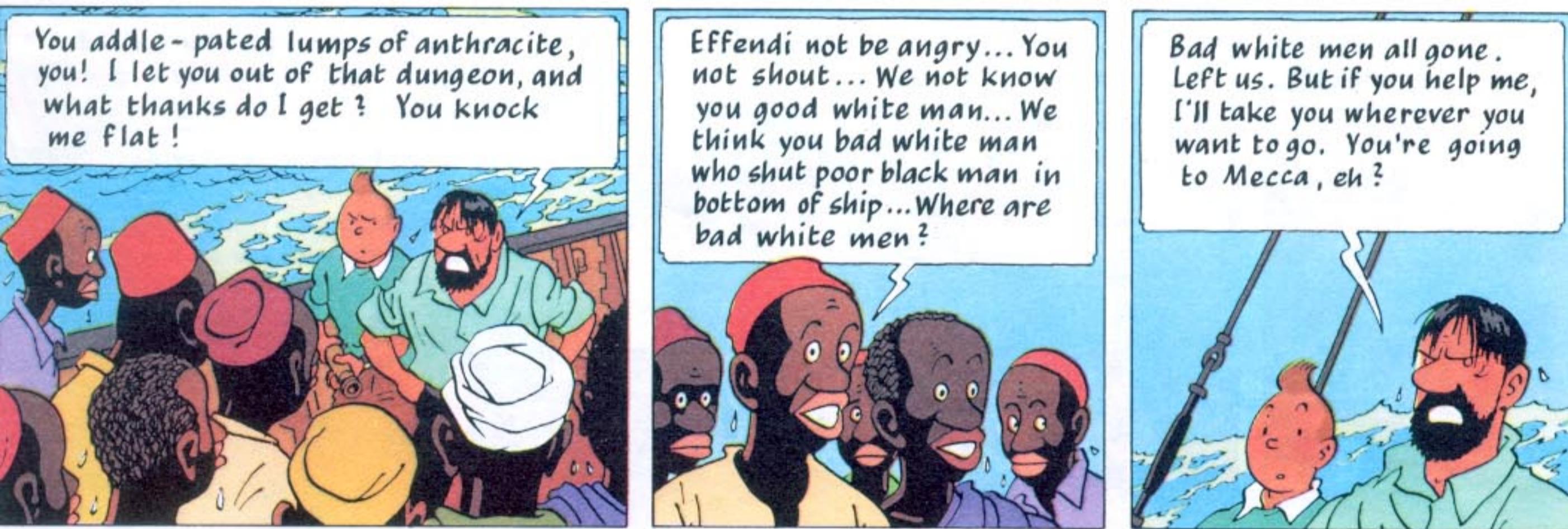
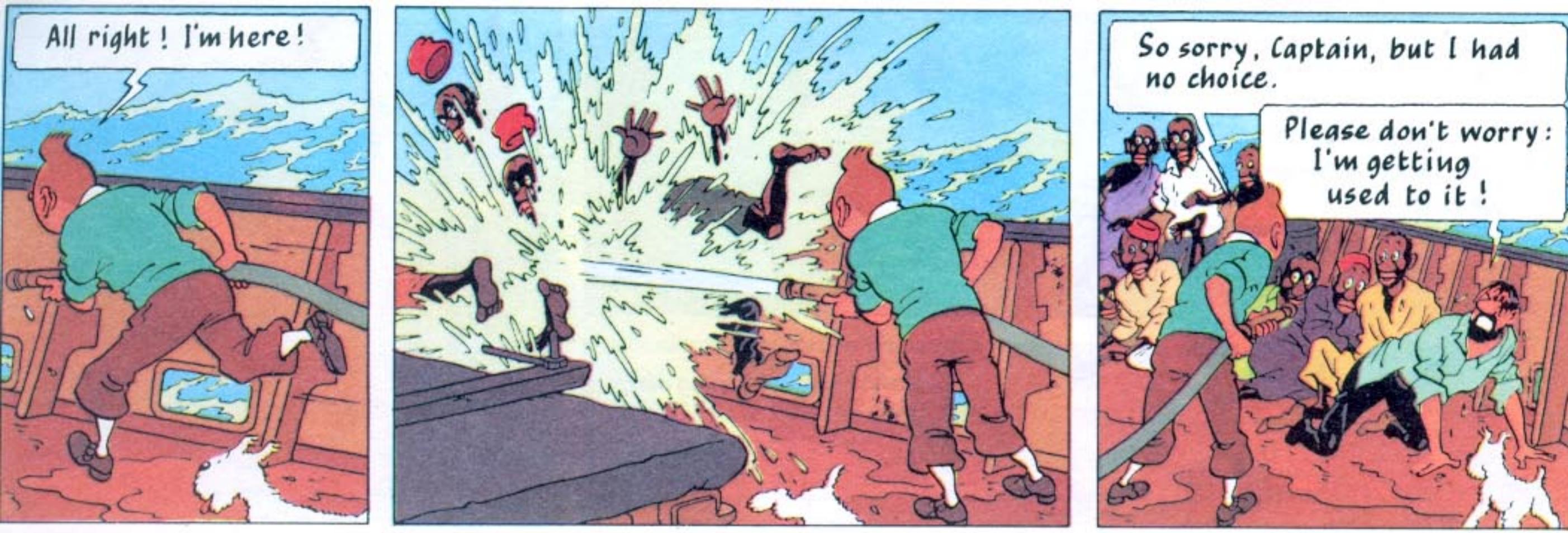
Blub... I... blub... I've got it, Cap... blub...

Thanks... that's it... I'll tackle the fire... You go over to port and get another hose into action.

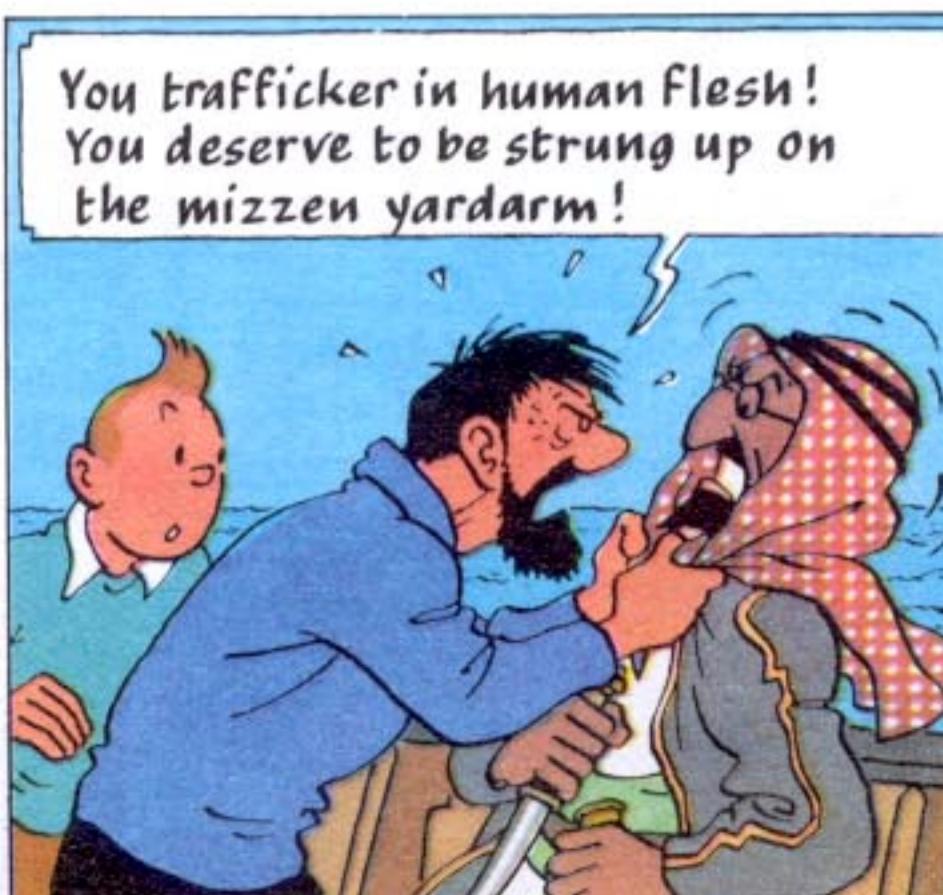
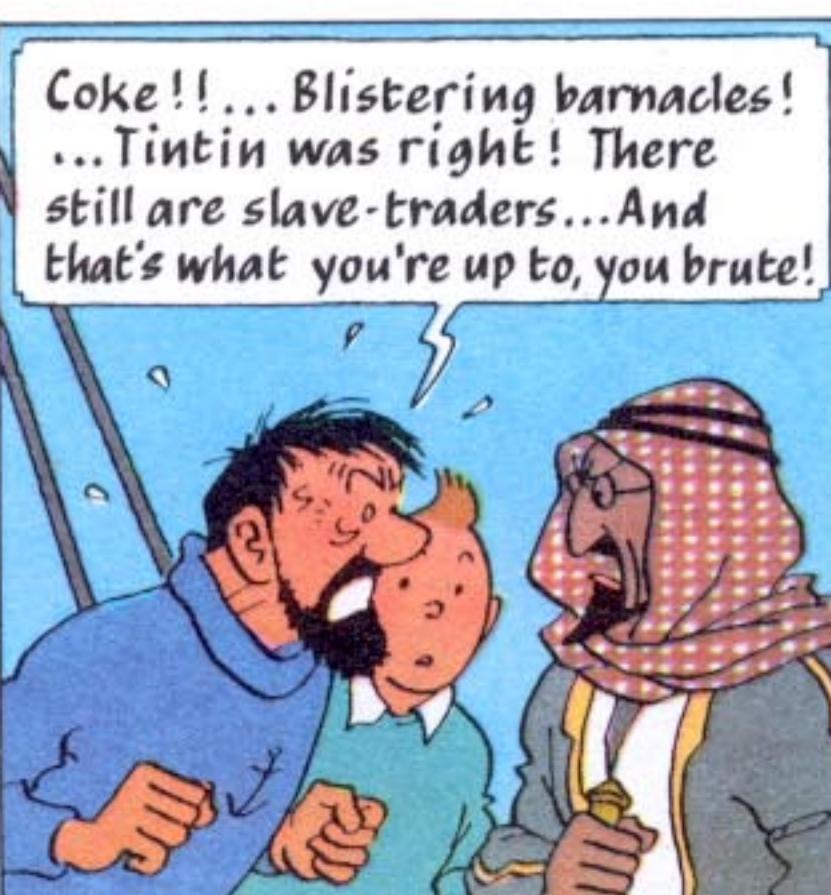
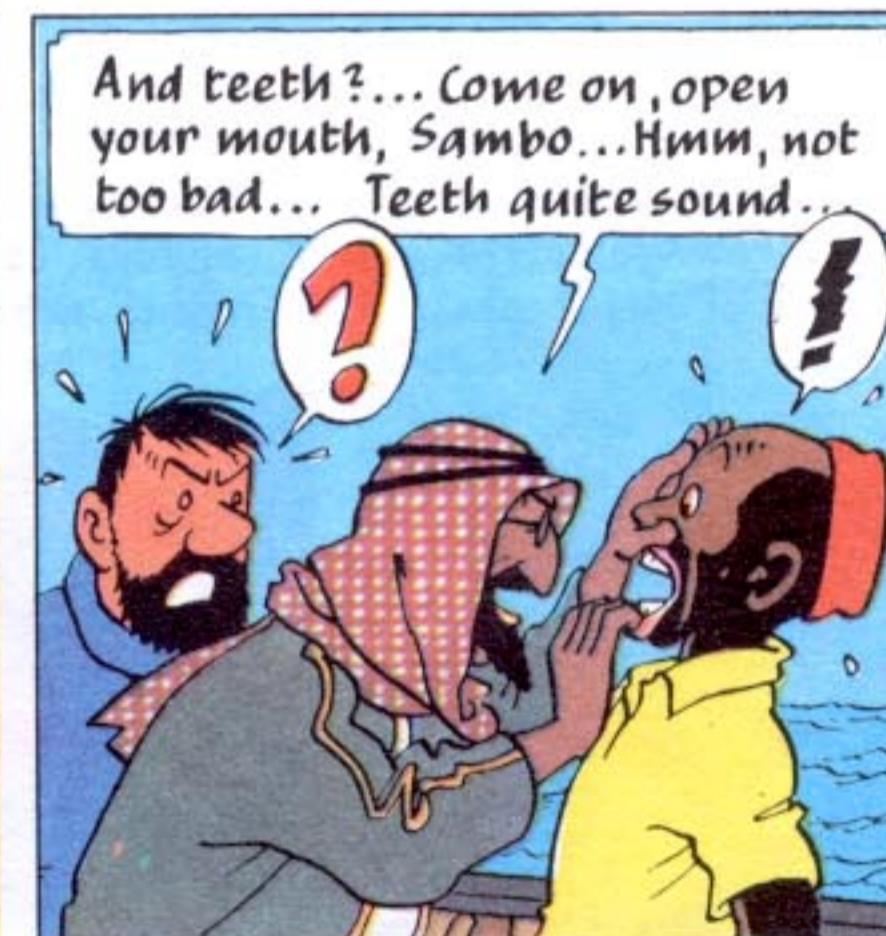
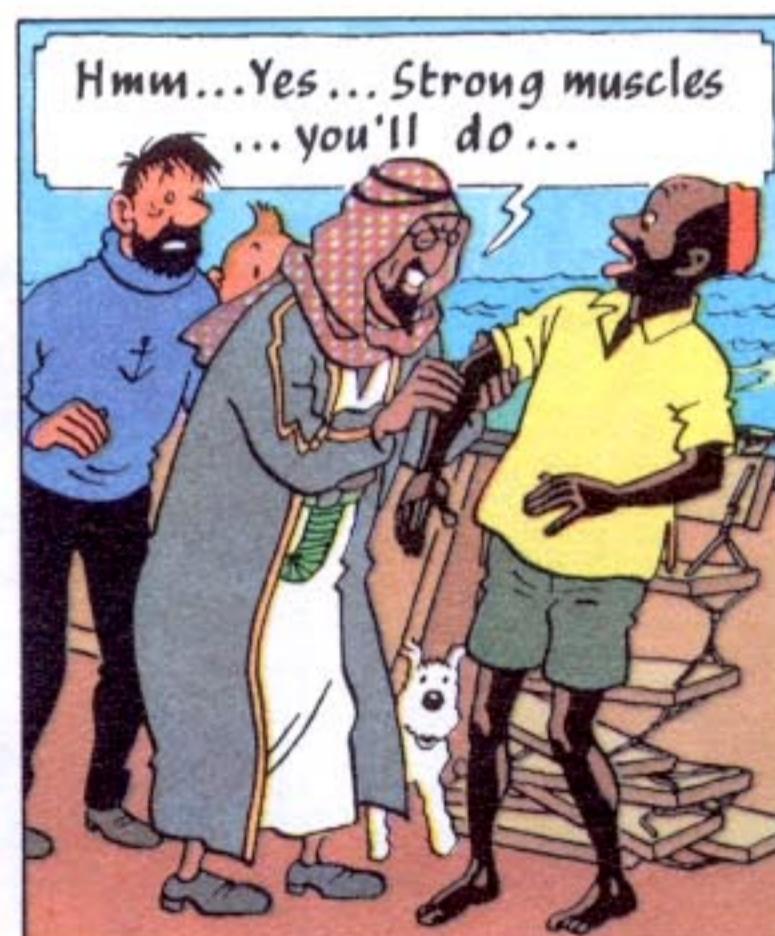
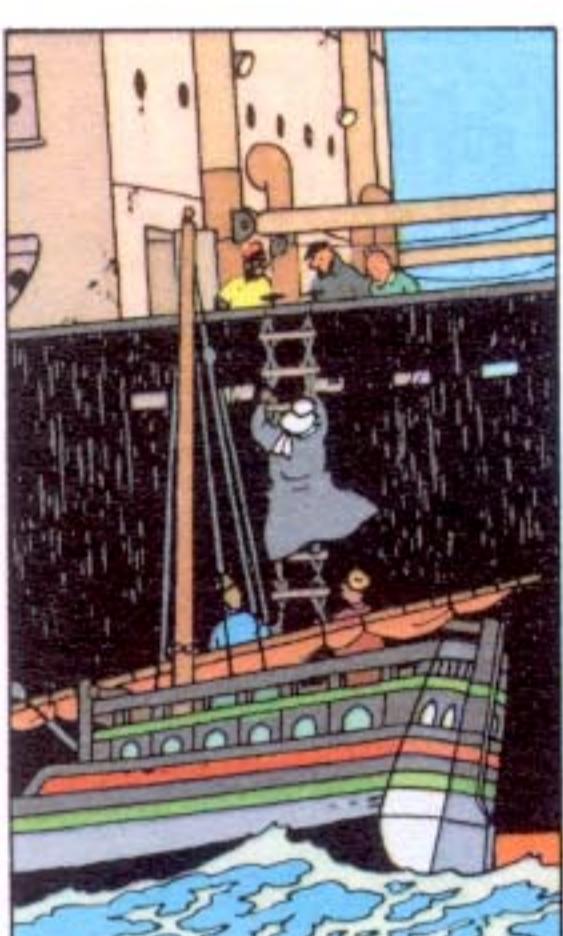


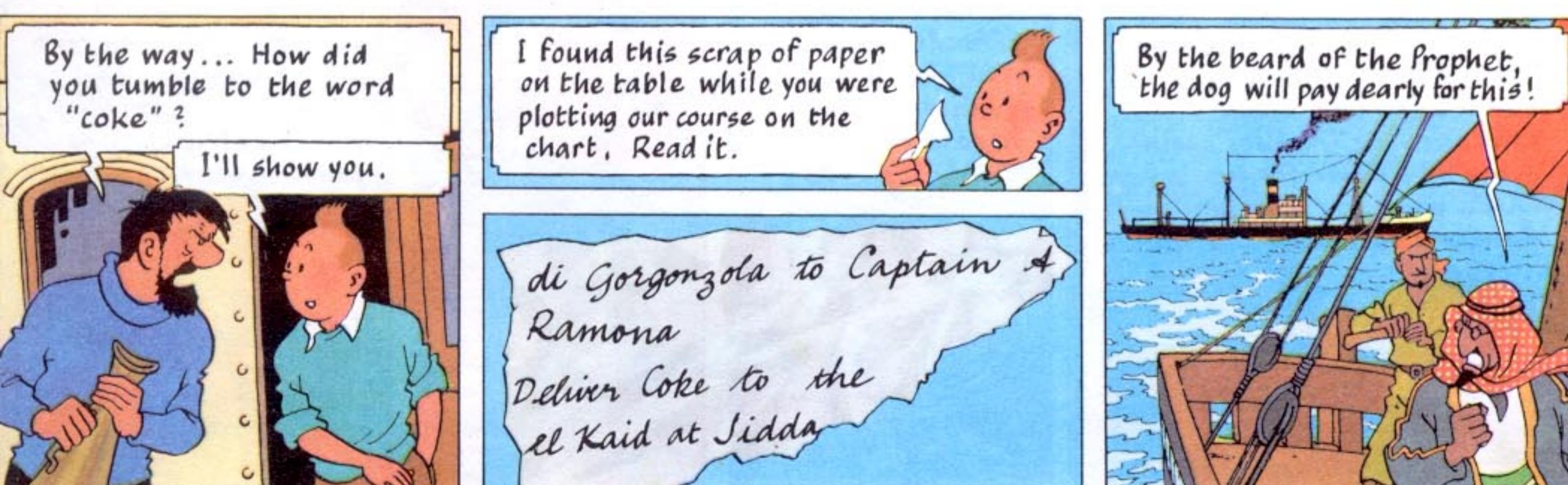
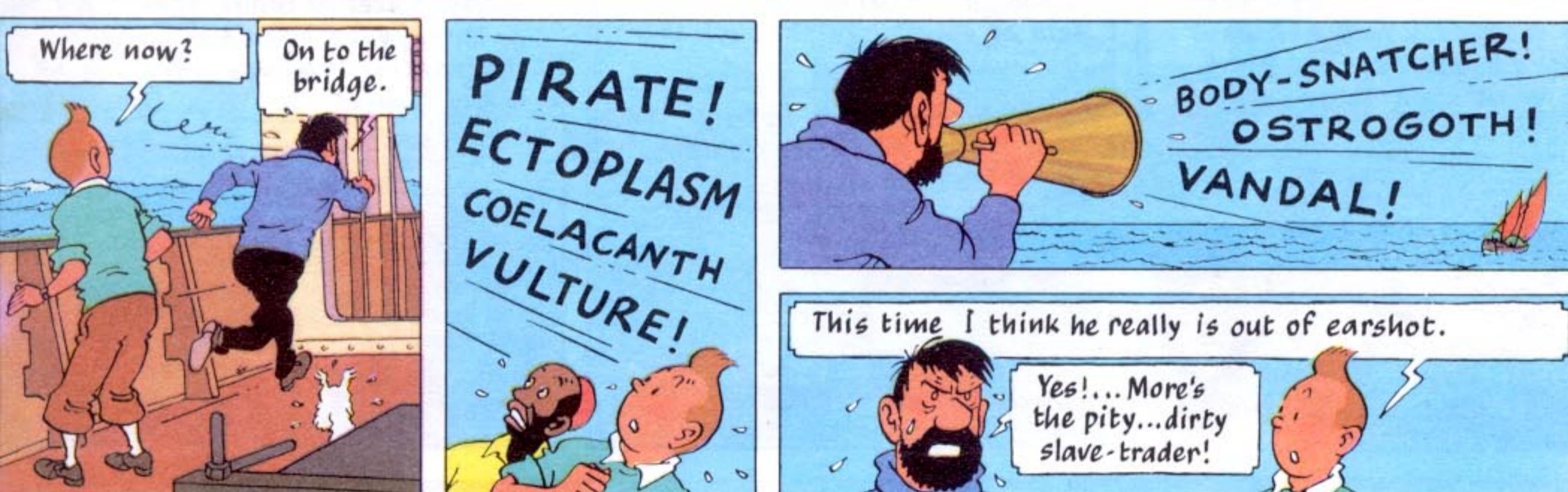
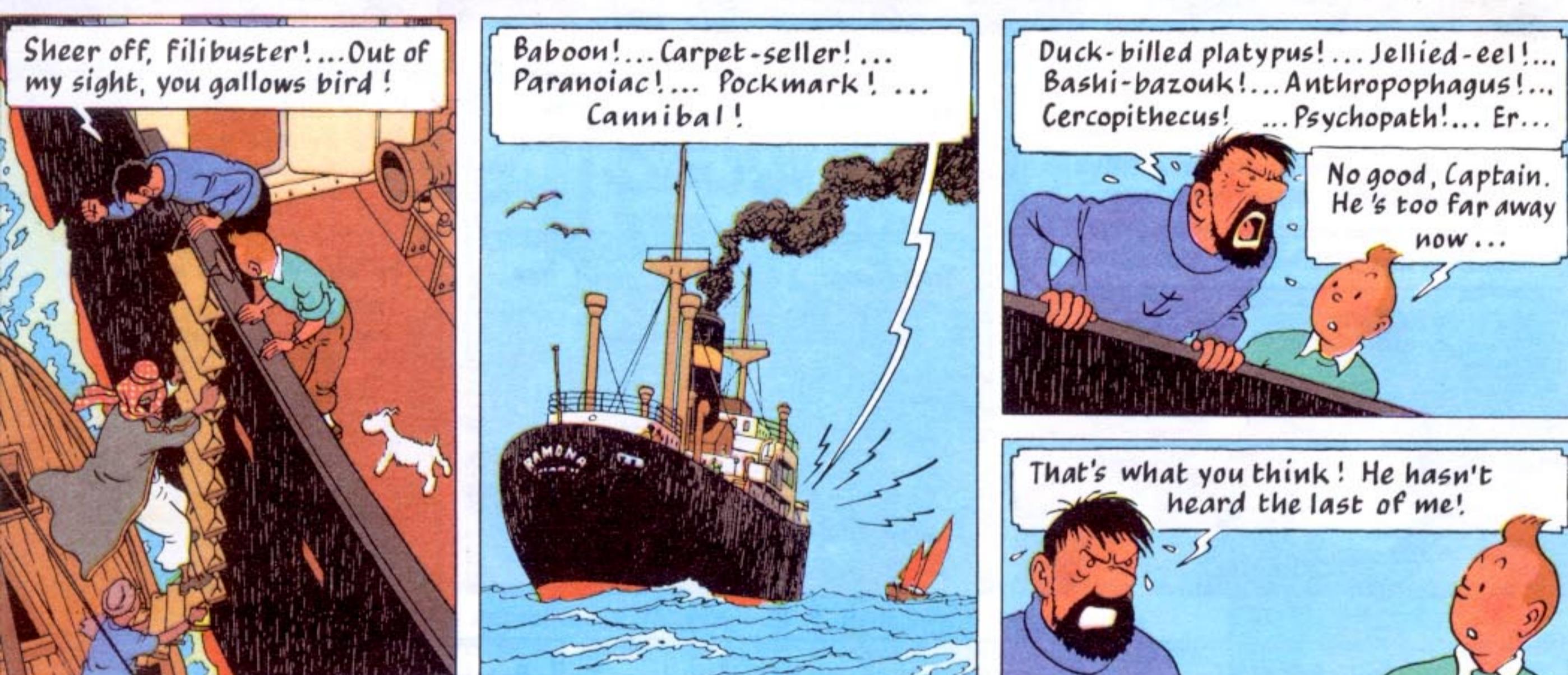
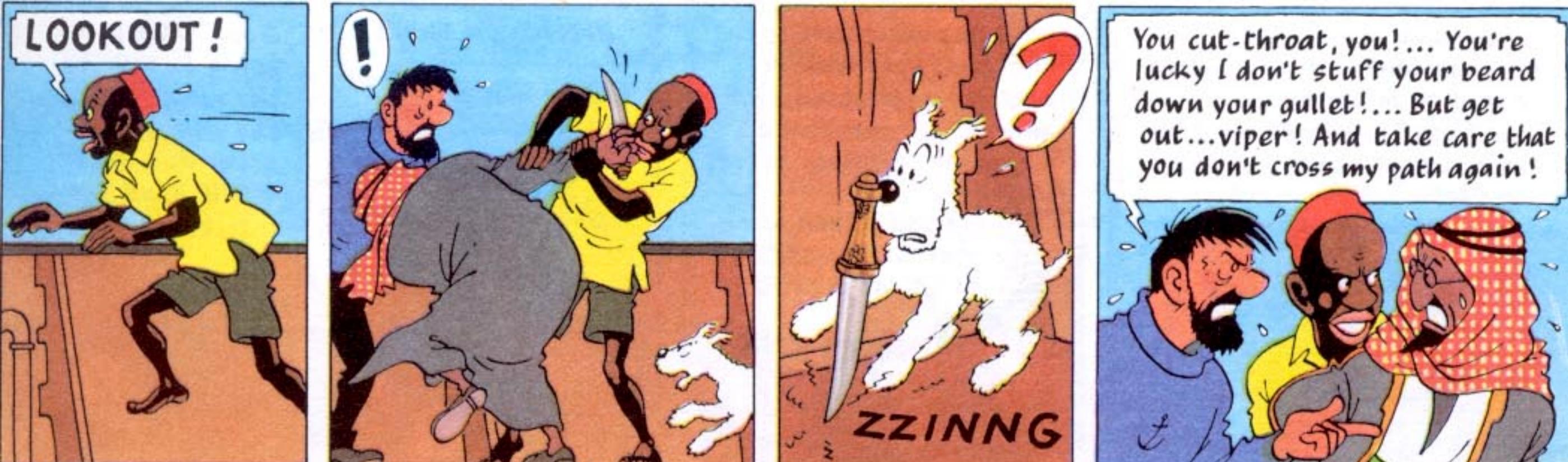






So it is! A sambuk...
The harbour pilot from
Jidda, perhaps... No,
we're still too far from
shore... A fisherman,
then?





A fragment of a wireless message sent by di Gorgonzola to that gangster Allan!... And "coke" is a code word for their cargo of slaves! ... The pirates!

First, we must talk to the Africans: they must be made to understand that under the circumstances it's madness for them to go to Mecca.

Agreed... Then we must try to send out a radio call...

Getting on, Skut?

Still much work, Captain.

Good... Well, I'm going to talk to the cargo. You take the wheel and steer due south. We'll head for Djibouti.

O.K.

A few minutes later...

My friends, listen to me carefully. You have undertaken this long journey to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, haven't you?

Yes.

Yes.

Afterwards, of course, you plan to return home and rejoin your families. Isn't that so?

Yes, Effendi.

Yes.

Yes.

You speak well, Effendi. Wicked Arab, very wicked. Poor black men not want to be slaves. Poor black men want to go to Mecca.

Naturally, I realise that. But I repeat, if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves. Is that what you want?

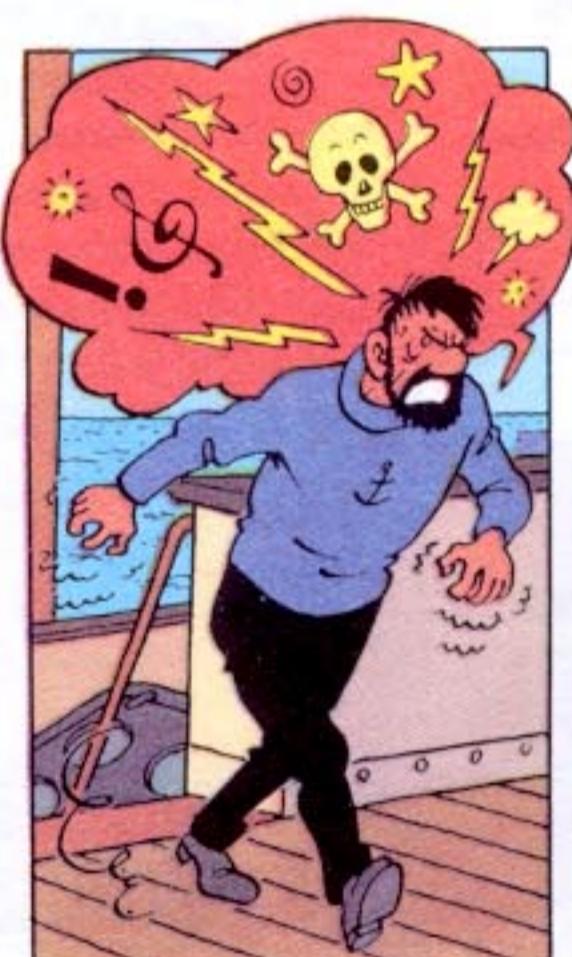
We not slaves, Effendi. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.

But billions of blue blistering barnacles, I keep on telling you: if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves! Thundering typhoons, I can't make it any clearer.

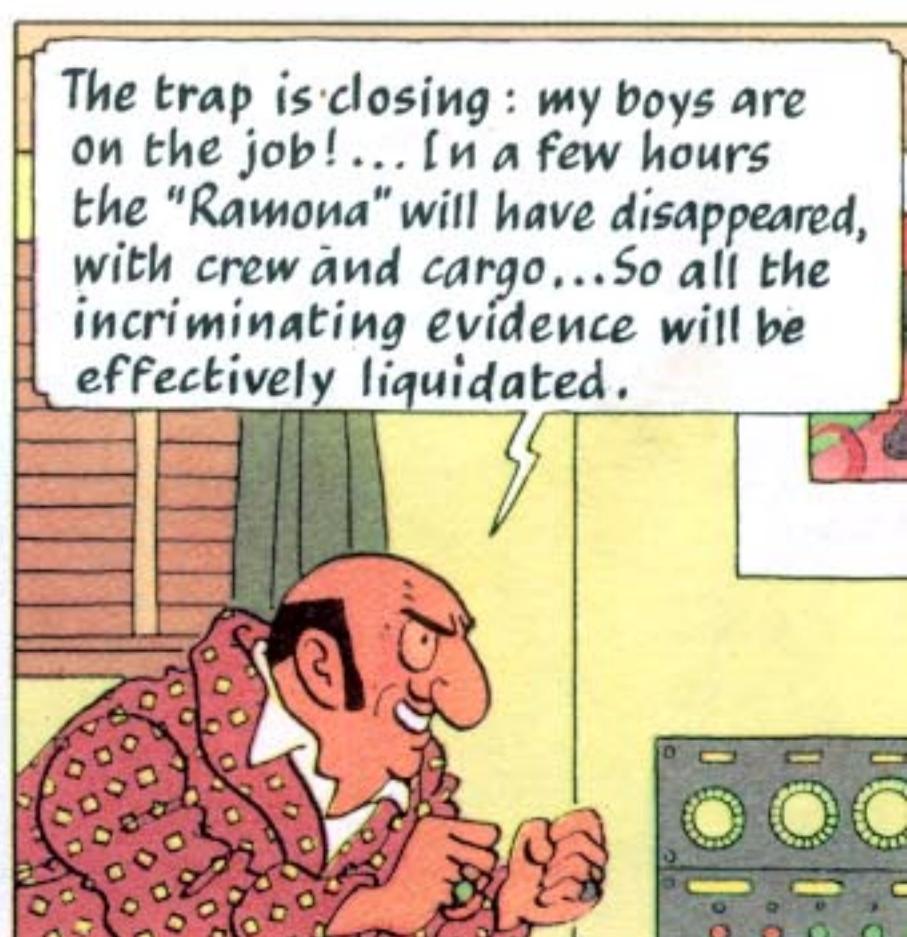
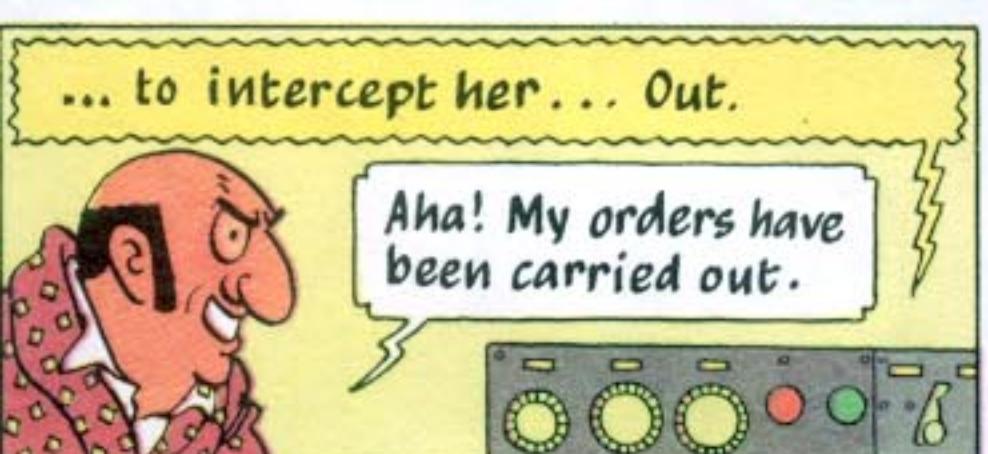
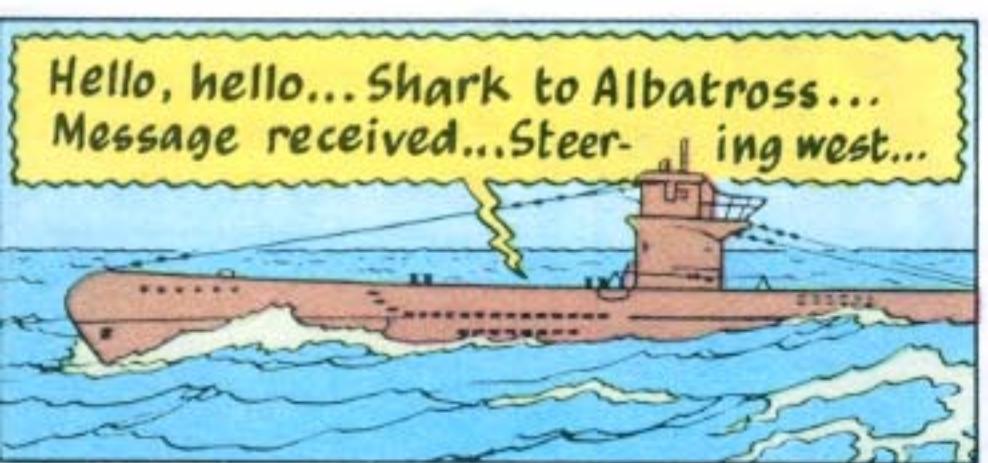
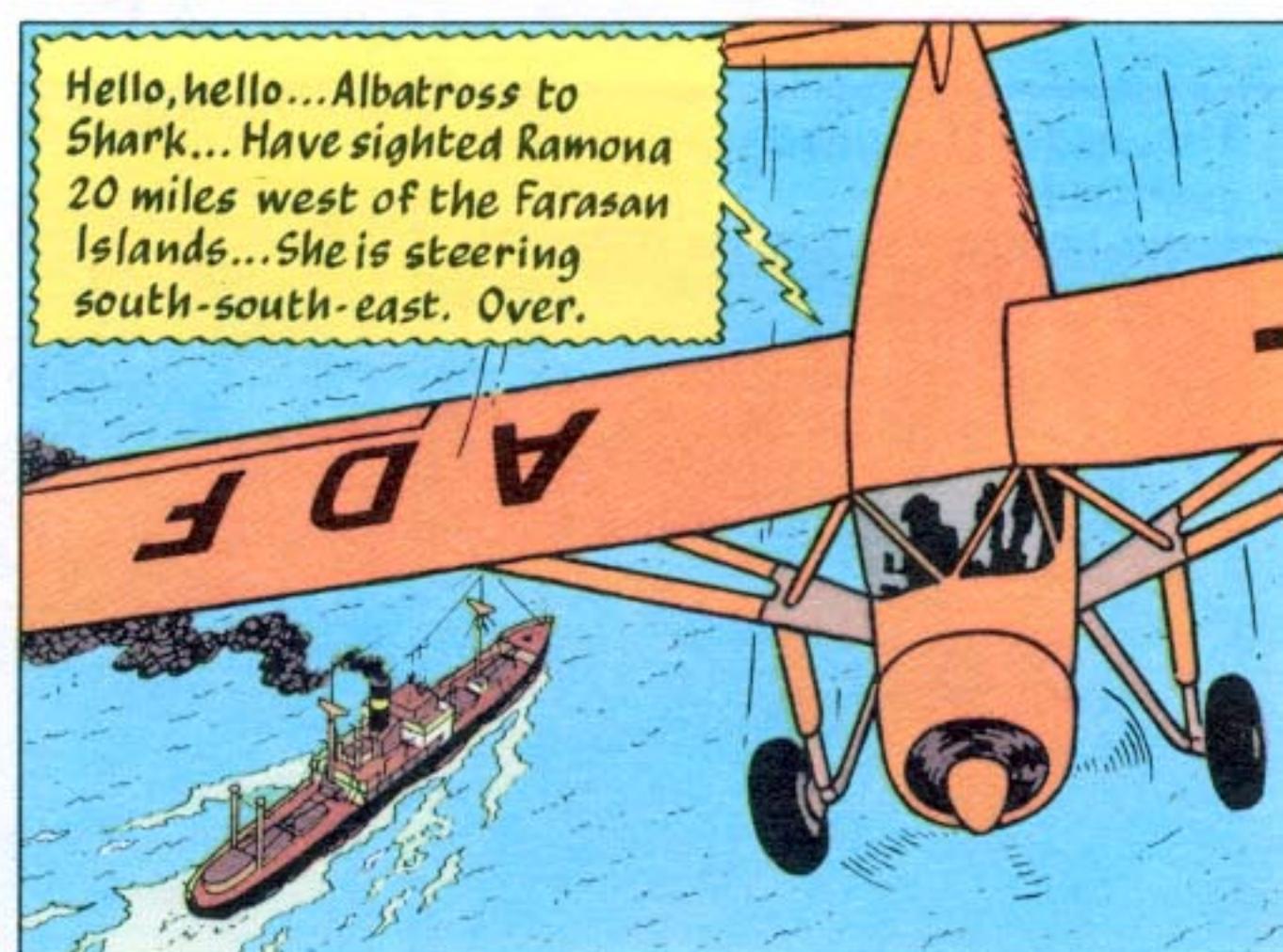
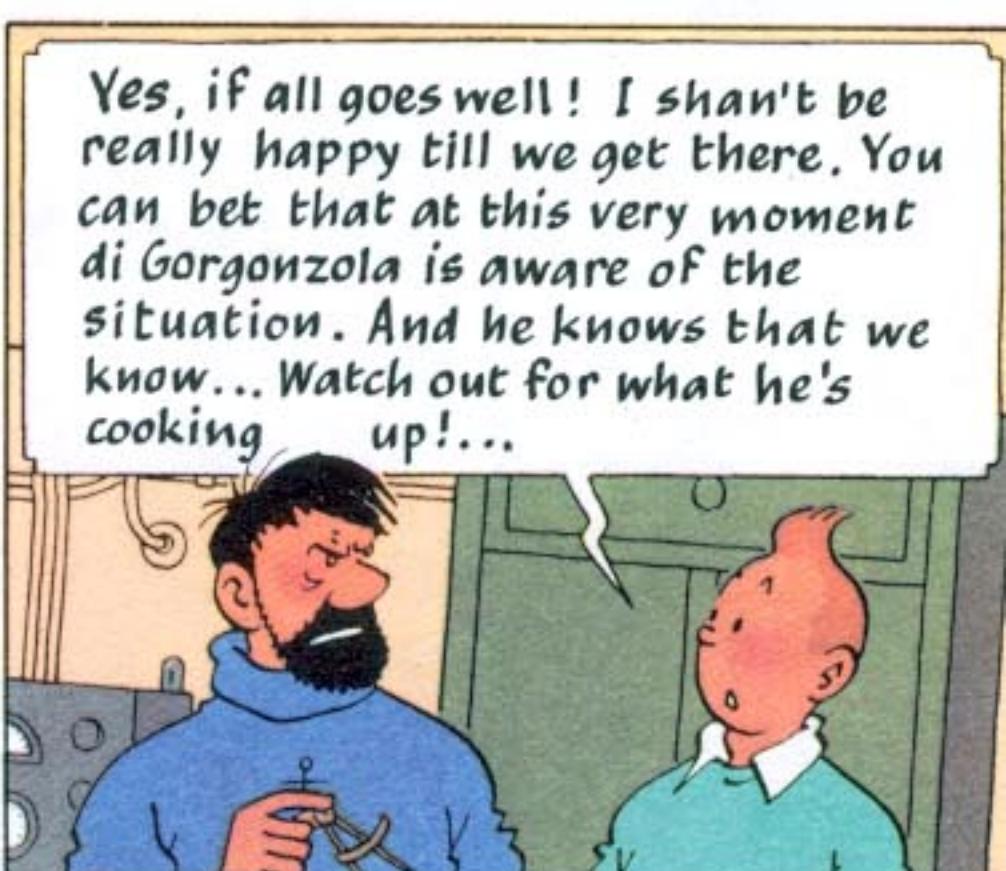
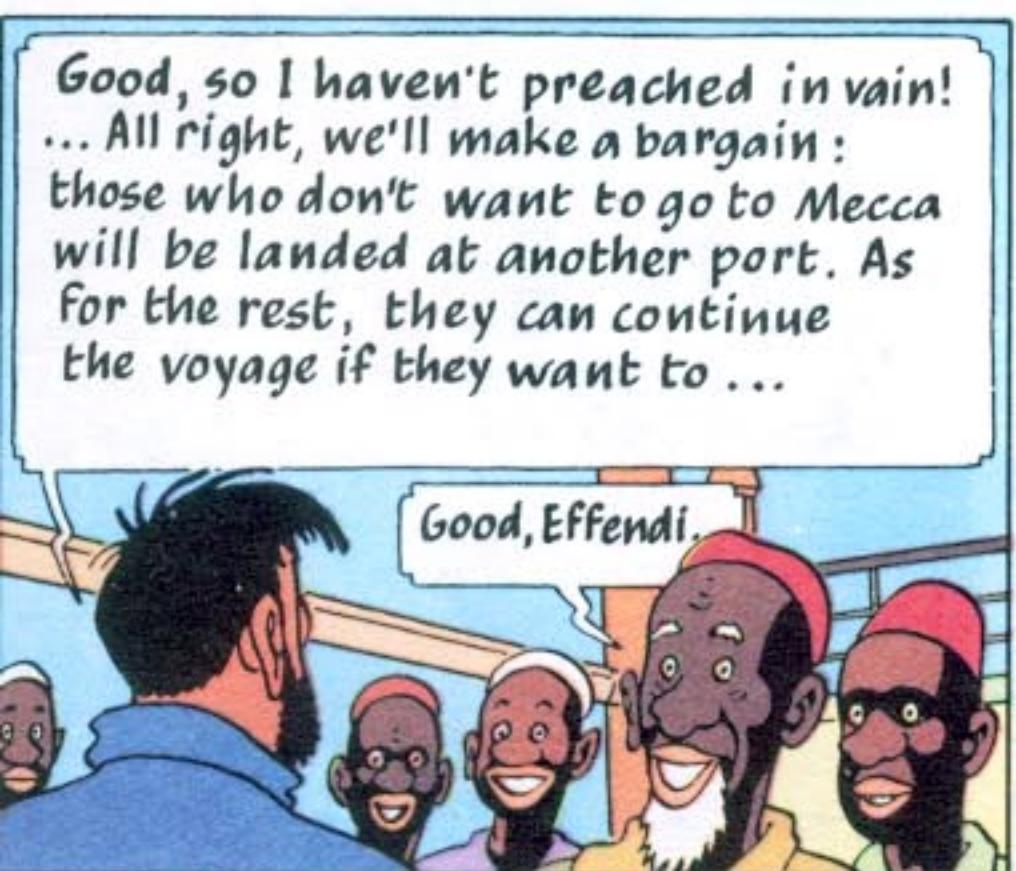
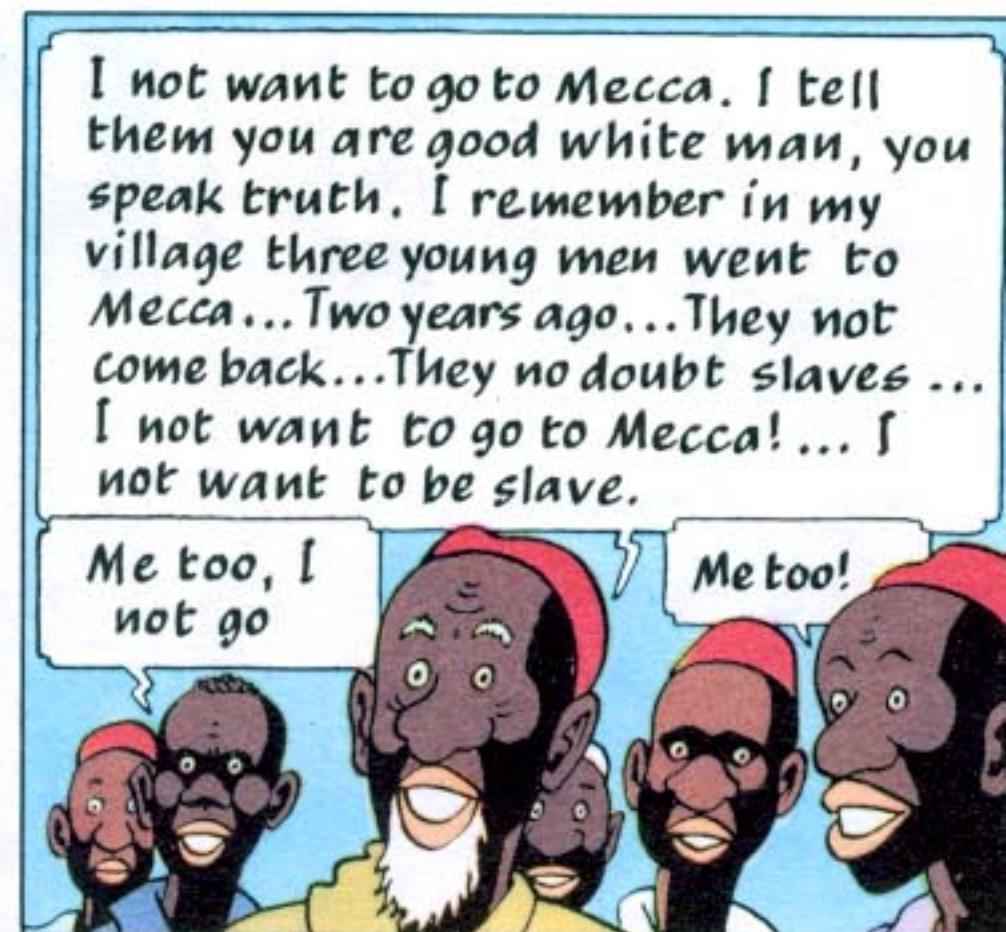
You not shout, Effendi. Poor black men only want to go to Mecca.

All right, you boneheads, go to Mecca! ... But you'll stay there for ever! ... You'll never see your own country again! ... Never see your families again! ... You'll be slaves for ever! ... That's what you're in for, you dunderheaded coconuts, you!

We not coconuts, Effendi. We good black men. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.



I can't do a thing! ... I've tried the lot! ... You can't shift them: they want to go to Mecca, stop: that's all! ... It's like banging your head against a brick wall!



That plane swooping around worries me... If I were you, Captain, I'd alter course.

You're right... I'll do so.

A few hours later...



Well, Skut, how's the radio? Working?

No...

No!... The radio not working... I not find the trouble... I not know what more to do...

BRRRRR

Again?...

The same one?...

Be careful, the wire!

OH!



The radio!! Quite all broken now!

Hello... Albatross to Shark... Have found Ramona again.

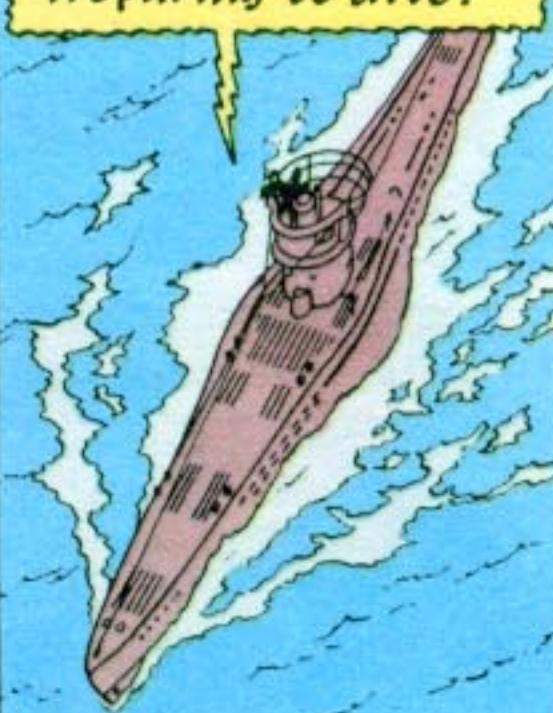
Steering due south; she is 30 miles east of Dahlak-Kebir Island.

That bird of ill-omen is getting on my nerves.

Buzz off, you stool-pigeon! You're asking for a smack on the nose!



Shark to Albatross. Ramona in sight. Preparing to dive.



I say, Skut, I'm terribly sorry! You've worked for so long on the radio... and then I'm so clumsy...

Ssh!

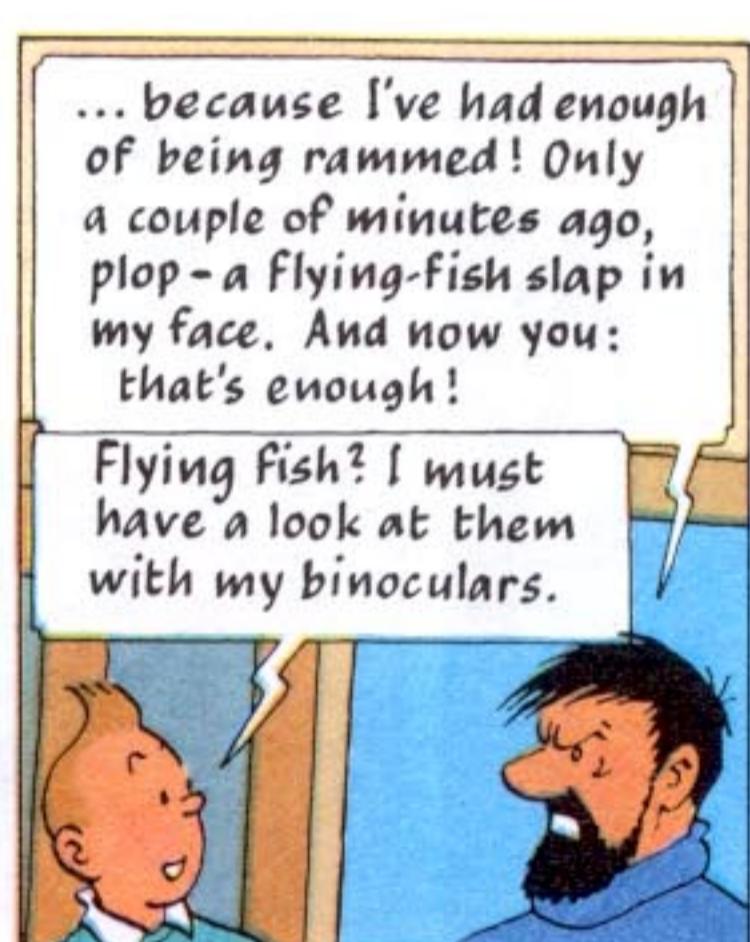
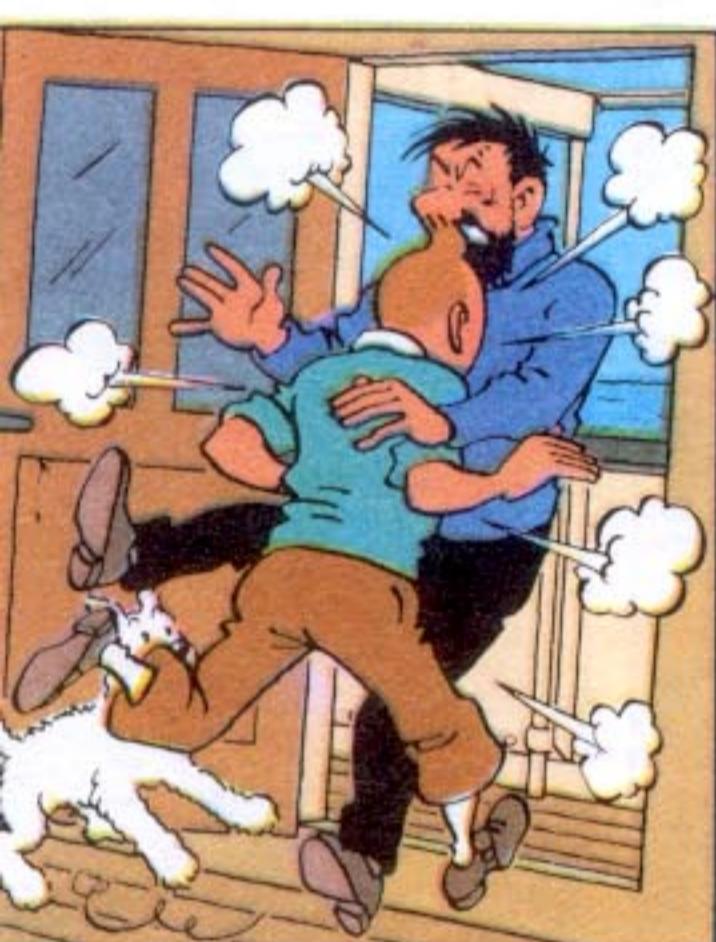
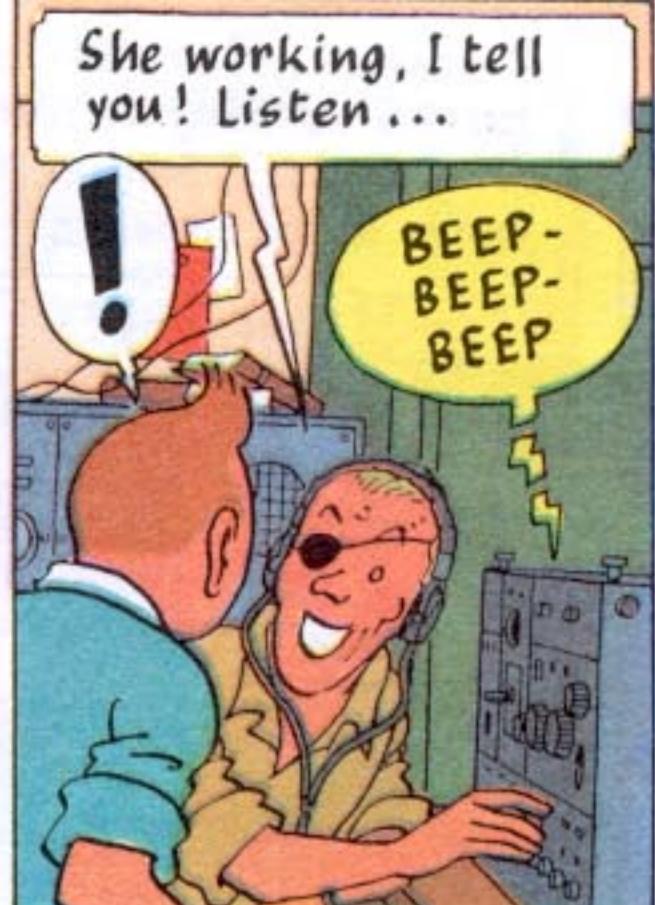
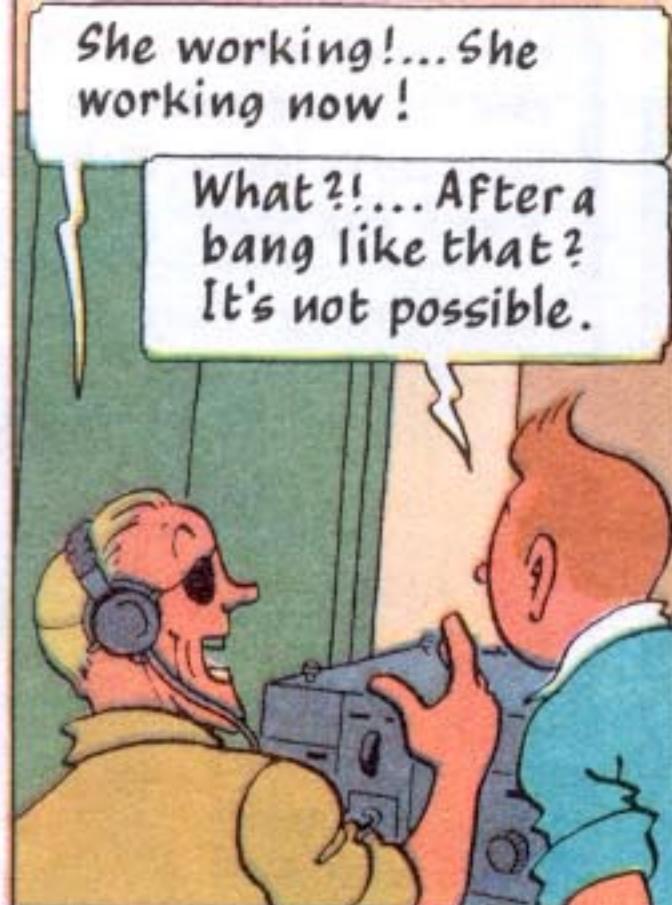
She working!... She working now!

What?!... After a bang like that? It's not possible.

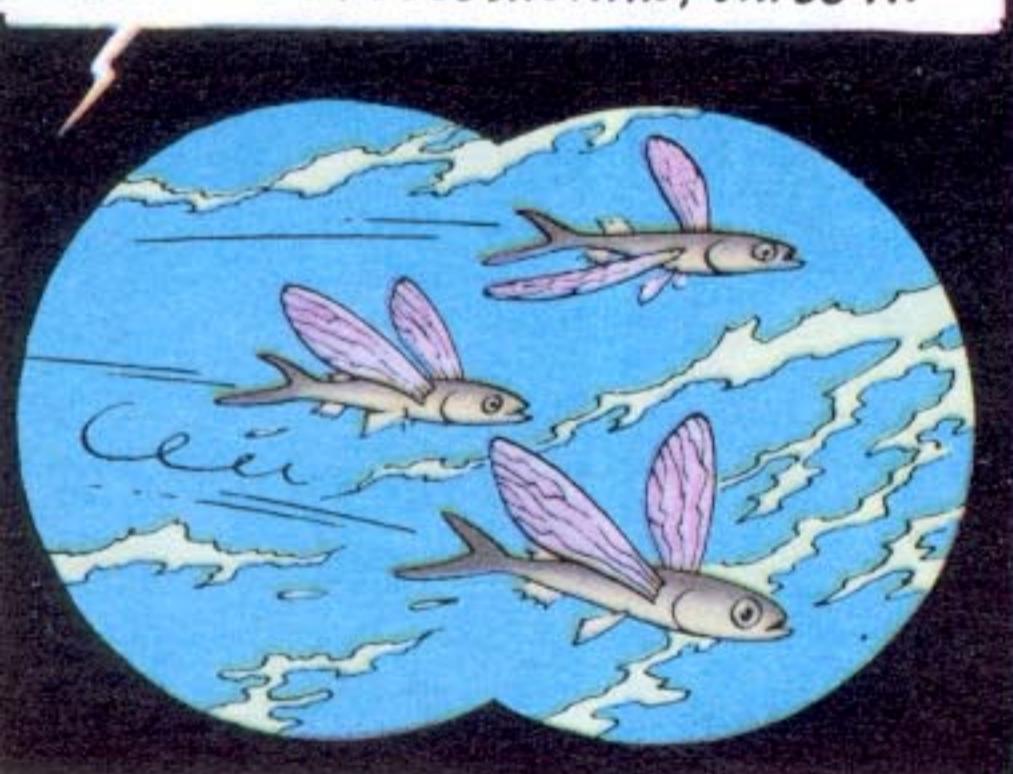
She working, I tell you! Listen ...

! BEEP- BEEP- BEEP

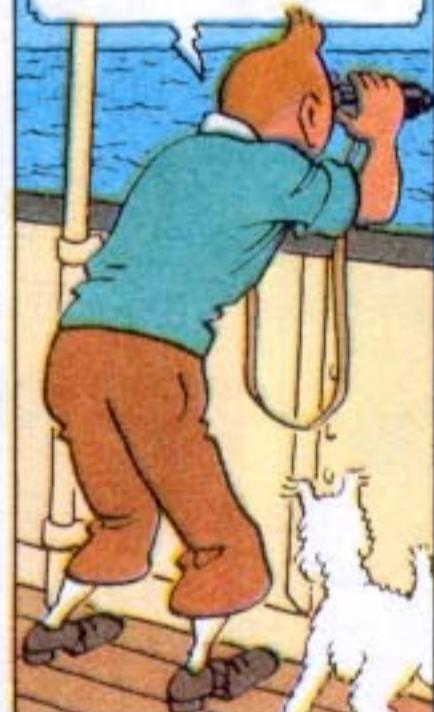
Captain!... Captain!... The radio!... It's going !!



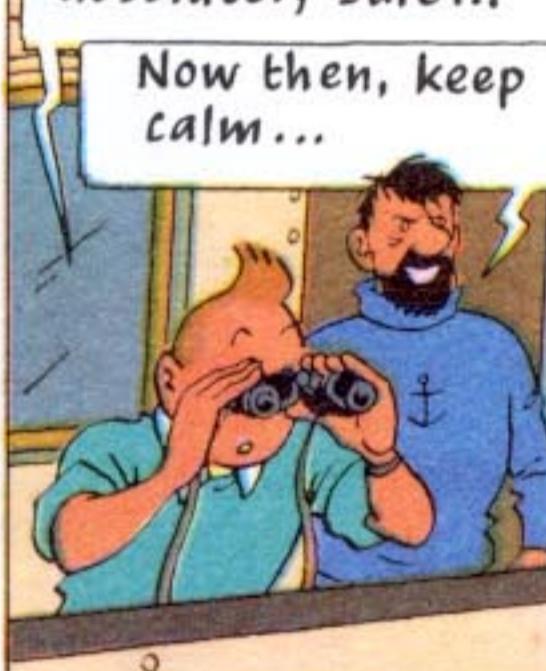
Look at them, skimming over the waves... I can see two... no, three ...



And there... Hey, what in the world's that?



Where is it now? ... I can't see it any more... But I'm absolutely sure...

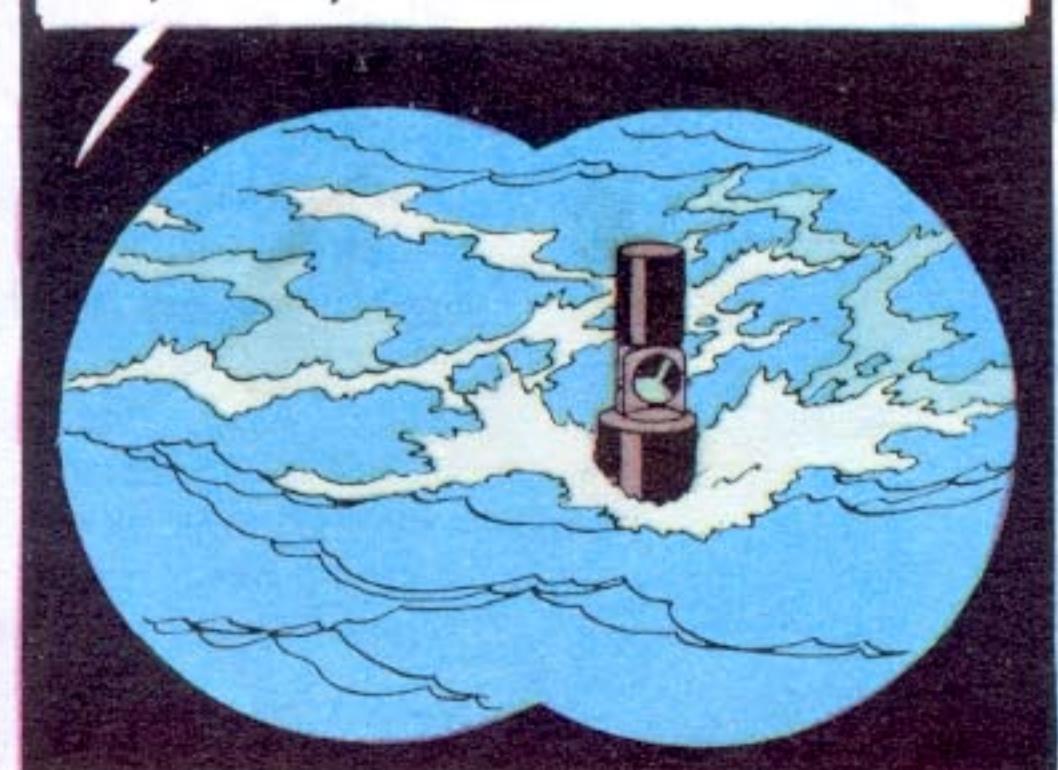


There, Captain, over there, I'm sure... Right out there ... I saw the wake, I tell you...

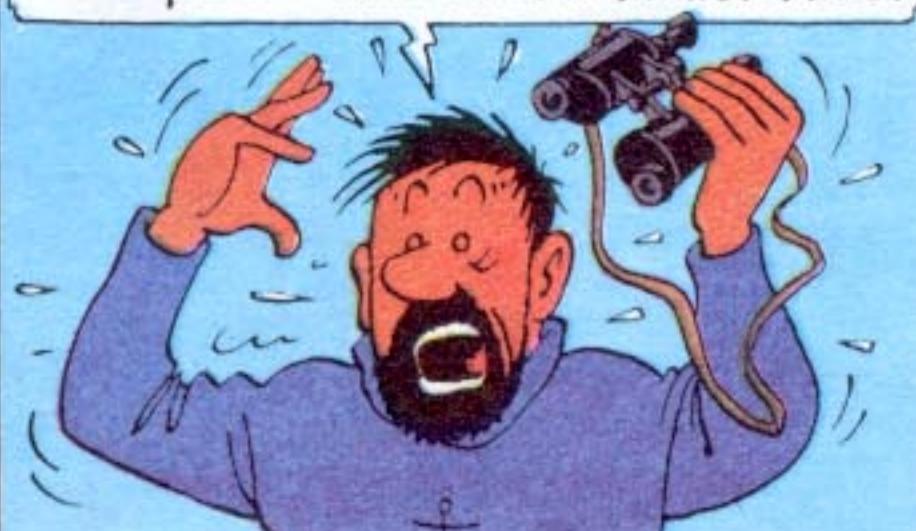
Now keep calm, young shaver! Periscope or no periscope, keep calm ...



Ten thousand thundering typhoons! A periscope!... There!... It's true!...



Action stations!... Fire!... S.O.S... The radio, Skat! Confound! the radio, Skut!... Send for help! At once!... A submarine!... Clear the decks for action!... Keep calm! Don't panic!... Women and children first!



Calm down, Captain, calm down!... All isn't lost yet!

You're right... Keep cool... Keep calm and don't panic!

Disaster!... The end!... There's nothing we can do! If they're di Gorgonzola's people we're finished!

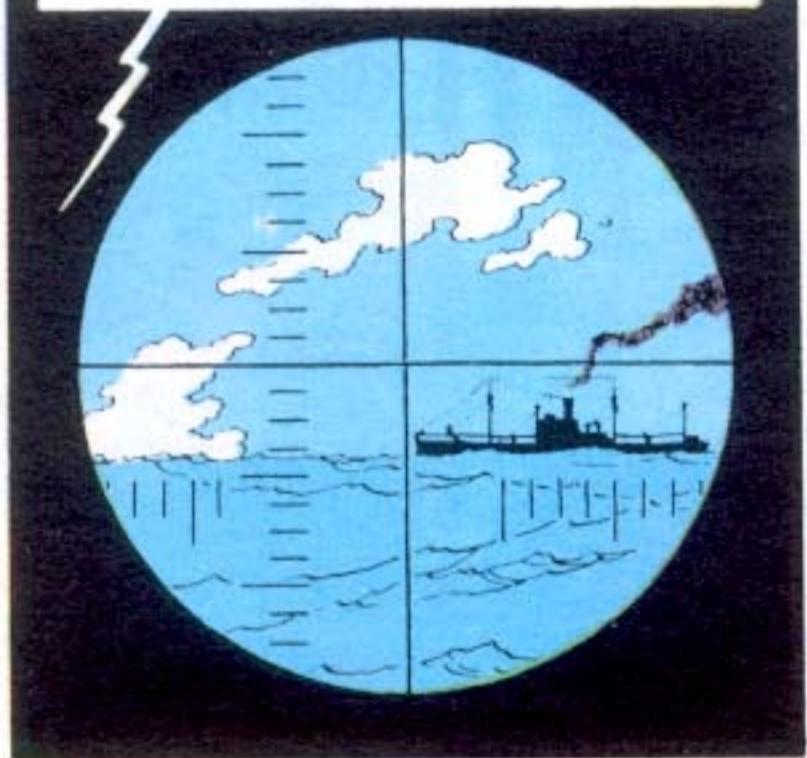
But why?

The ammunition!... In the forward hold... A torpedo in there, and you know the rest!

Of course! Only, the torpedo isn't here yet! Come on, hurry; everyone on the alert.

Not far way... We're almost within range... They don't know what's in store for them.

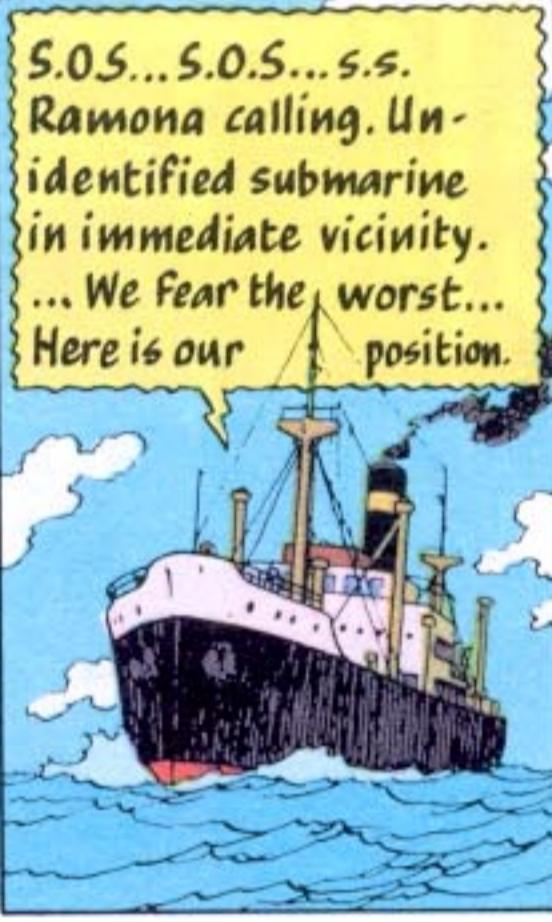
This won't take long to settle. ... Stand by No. 1 tube ...



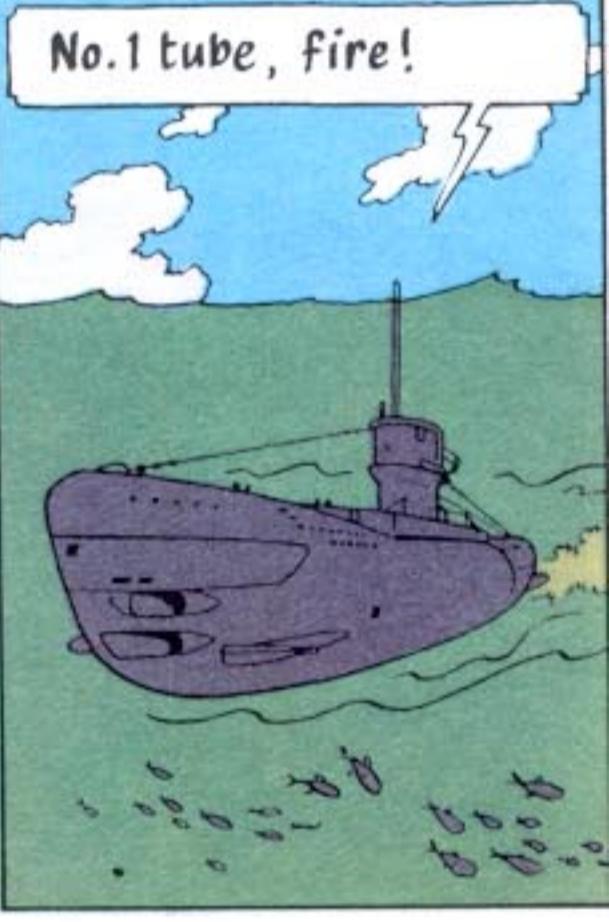
Tintin at the radio. You at the wheel, Skut. Repeat my orders when I give them. Remember, starboard is right; port on the left ...



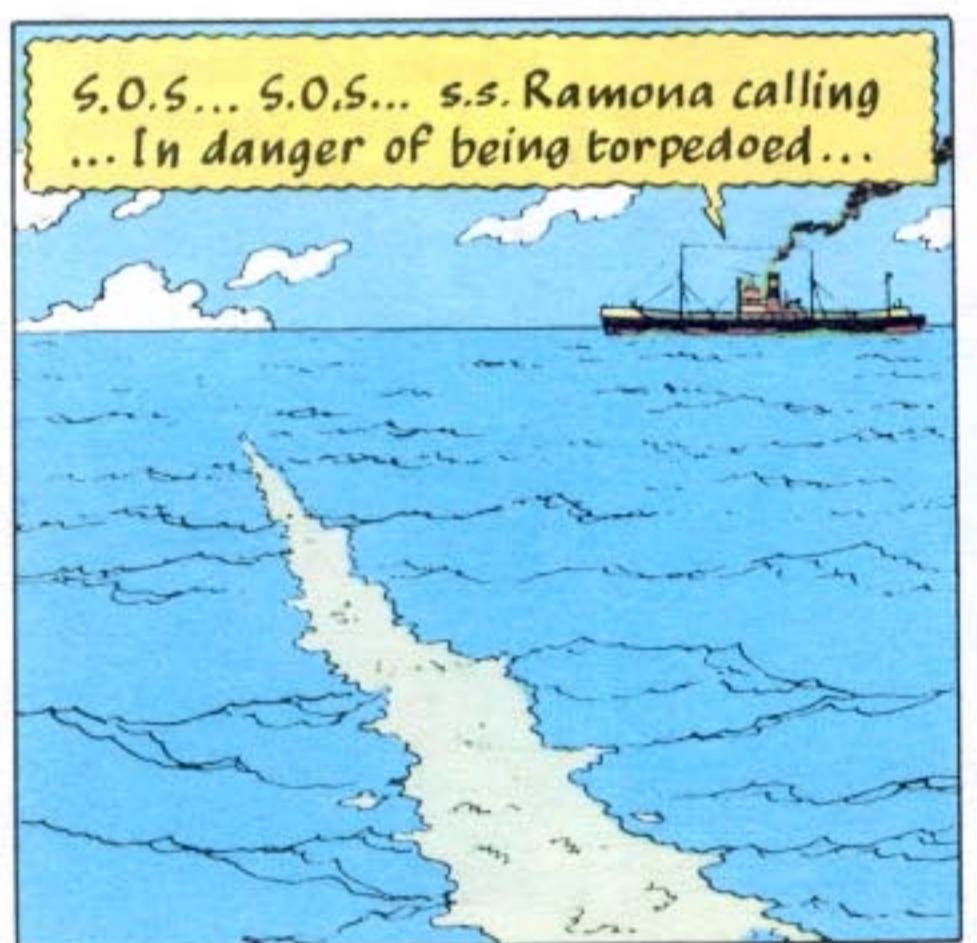
S.O.S... S.O.S... s.s. Ramona calling. Unidentified submarine in immediate vicinity. ... We fear the worst... Here is our position.



No. 1 tube, fire!



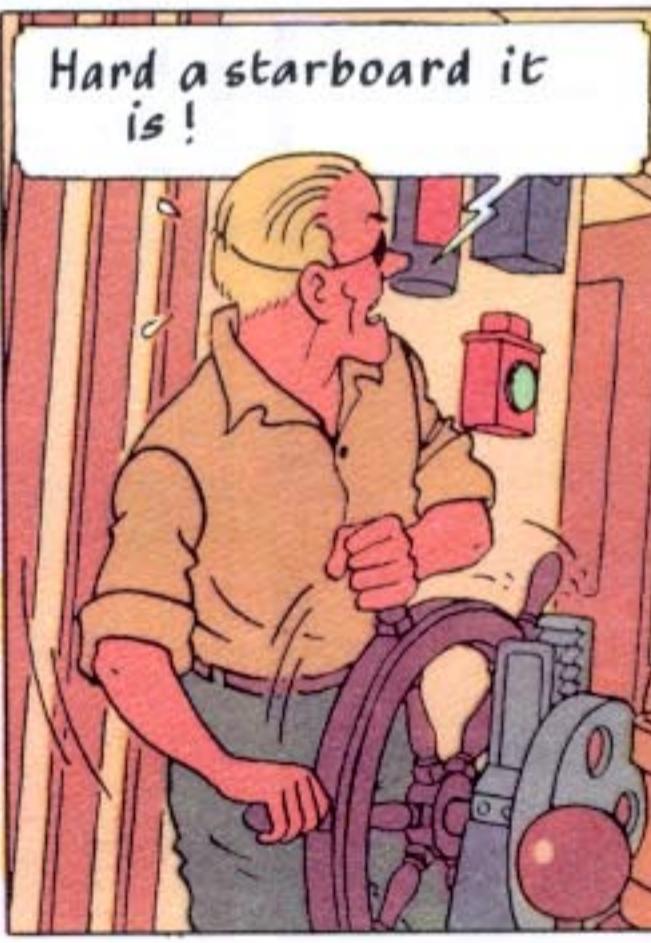
S.O.S... S.O.S... s.s. Ramona calling ... In danger of being torpedoed...



Torpedo to port! Hard a starboard! ...



Hard a starboard it is!



Curses on them! They've swung away... They must have spotted us.



S.O.S... S.O.S... A torpedo has just missed us. ... S.O.S... Hurry please... S.O.S.



A moment later, aboard the U.S.S. Los Angeles...

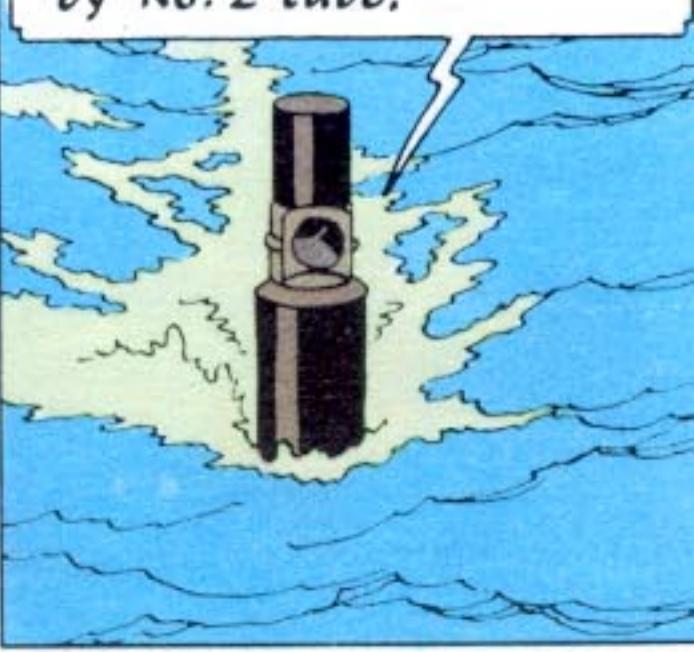
An S.O.S. I just picked up, sir.

What's all this bally-hoo about a submarine?... There isn't a war on, is there?

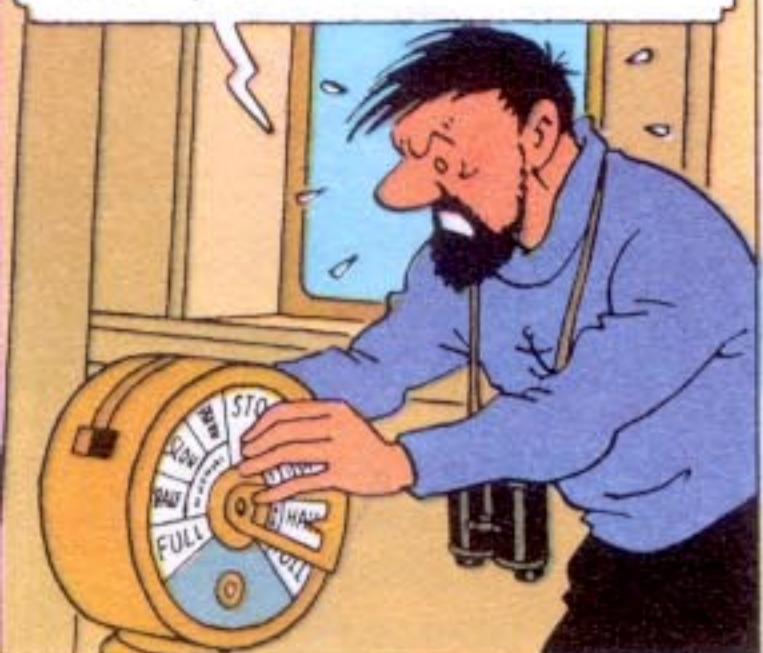


But meanwhile...

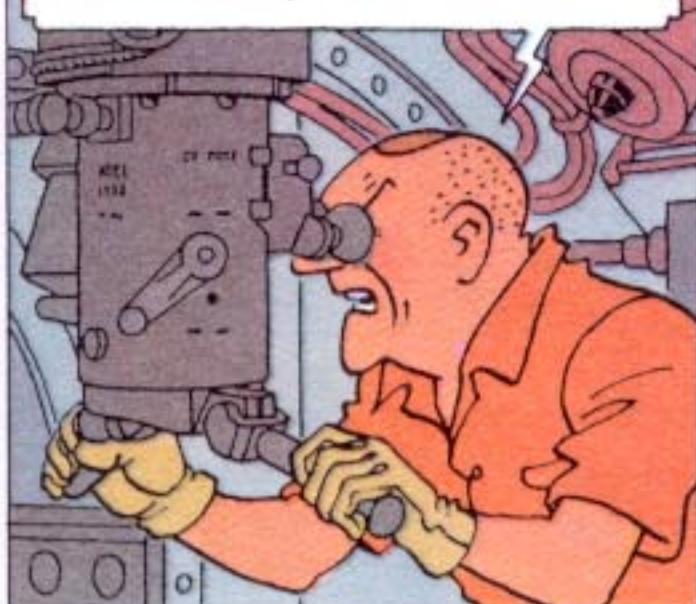
Starboard 20... Ahead, speed six knots... Stand by No. 2 tube.



Thundering typhoons! The engine-room telegraph is jammed at half-speed astern. Quick, a screw-driver!



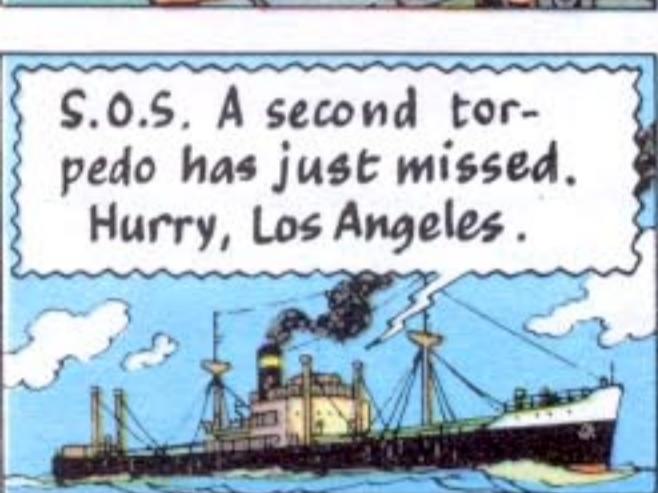
By Lucifer! They're going astern... our torpedo has missed again... They're tough, those boys...



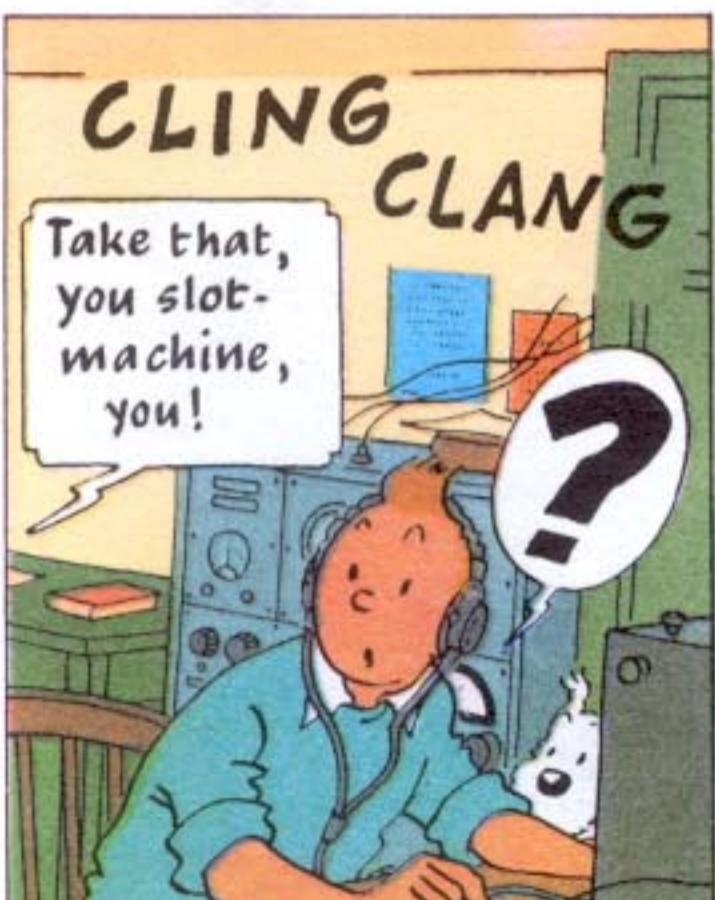
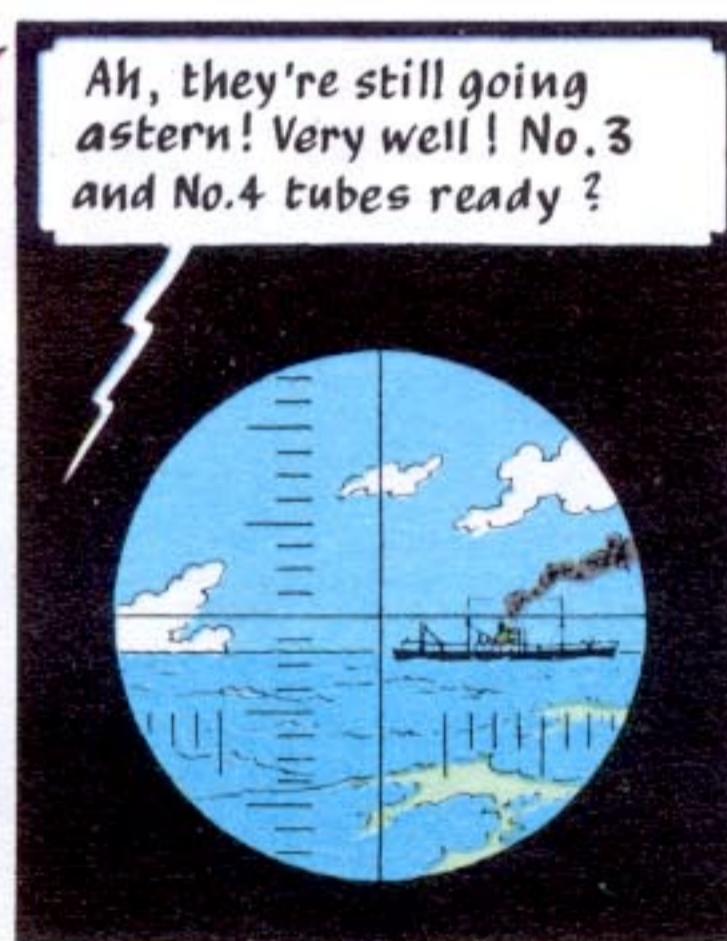
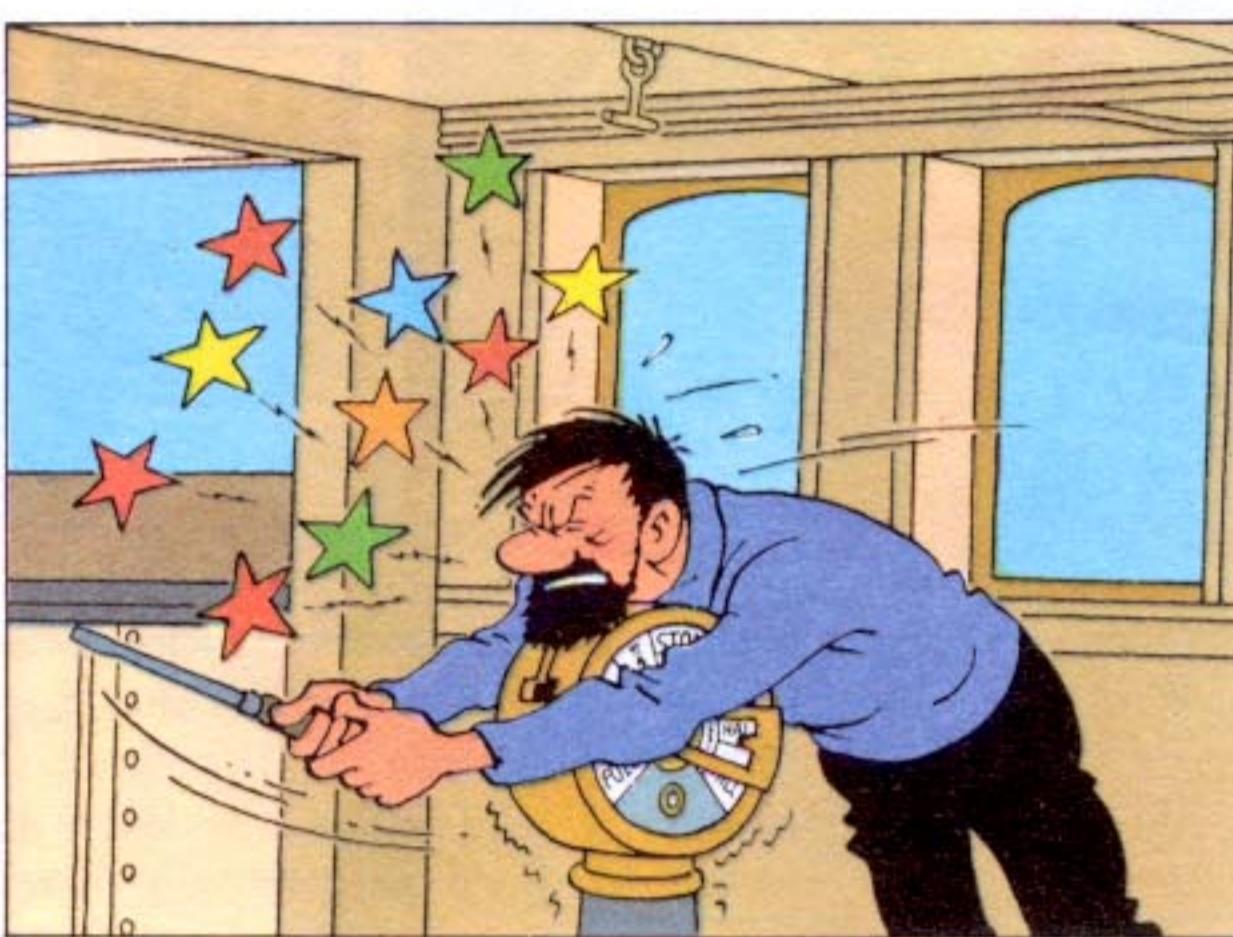
Hooray! It's passed ahead of us.



Quick! Quick! I must release this infernal machine!



S.O.S. A second torpedo has just missed. Hurry, Los Angeles.



BRROM!

Again!

No, they're depth charges!... Whew! I really thought we'd been torpedoed...

U.S. Navy seaplanes, with those pirates for a target!... They're certainly machines from the Los Angeles.

Oh! Great grandfathers! What a pasting!... They'll be as flat as a Dover sole after that!

Wait!... There, that upheaval in the water...

Look! The submarine has surfaced!

Yes... obviously they've been badly knocked about...

Victory!... They're waving a white flag... They're surrendering... The game's up.

Hello, hello. Unidentified submarine: remain on the surface and stop your engines. One suspicious move and we'll blow you out of the water...

Torpedoes are out of the question now... A limpet-mine on their hull!... With the ammunition aboard, it'll look like an accident... In you go: you've plenty of time: the mine's set to explode in one hour.

Be quick: they're coming back!

Go!

What a job!



Saved! Yippee! Saved!

Hooray!

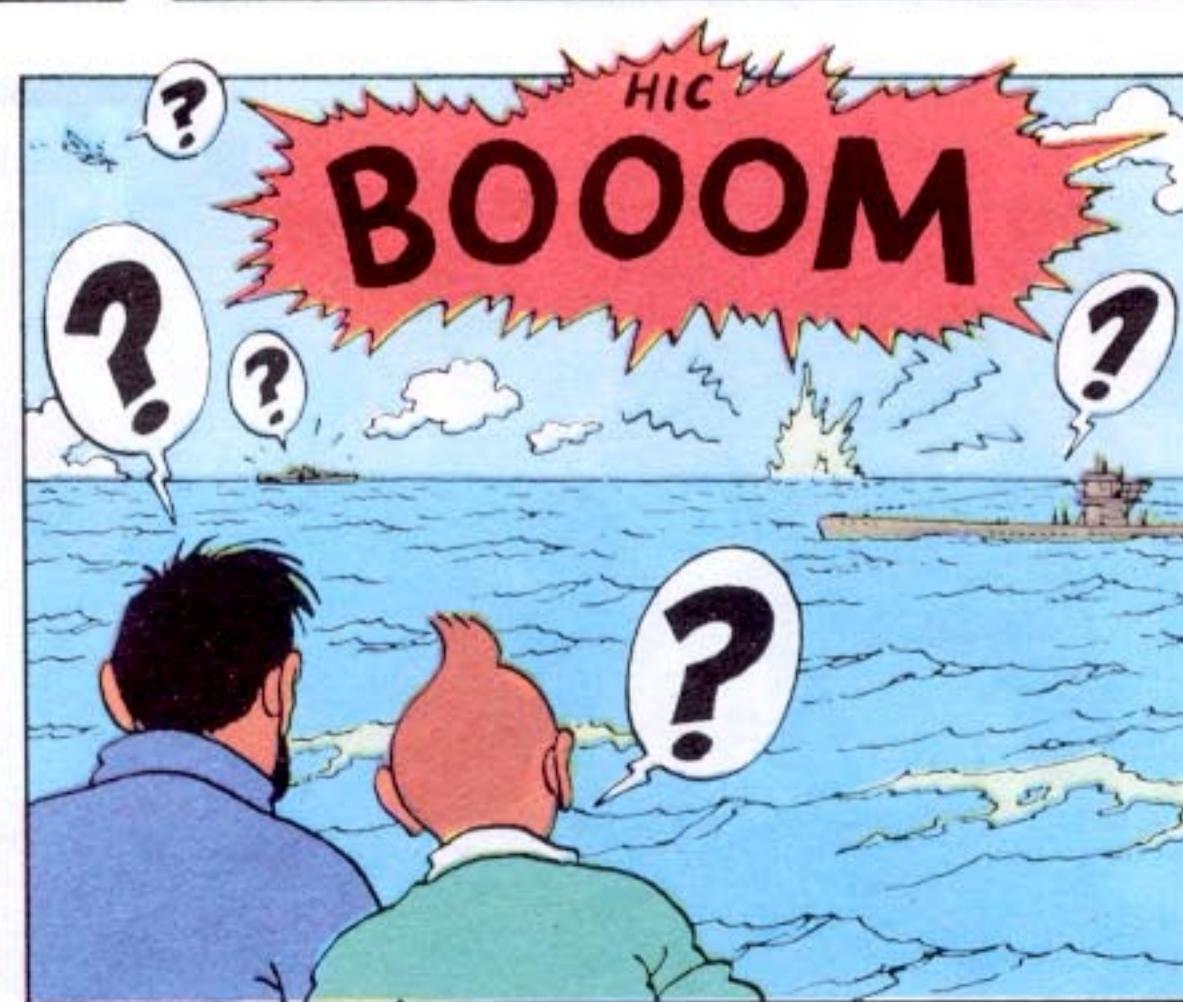
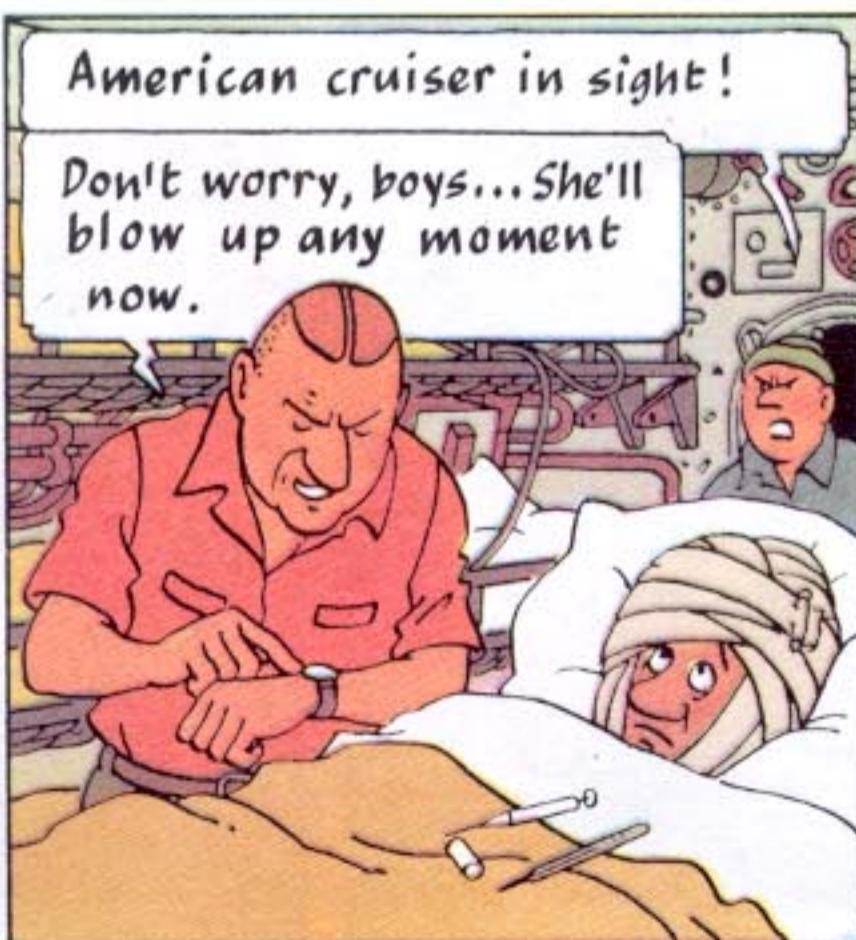
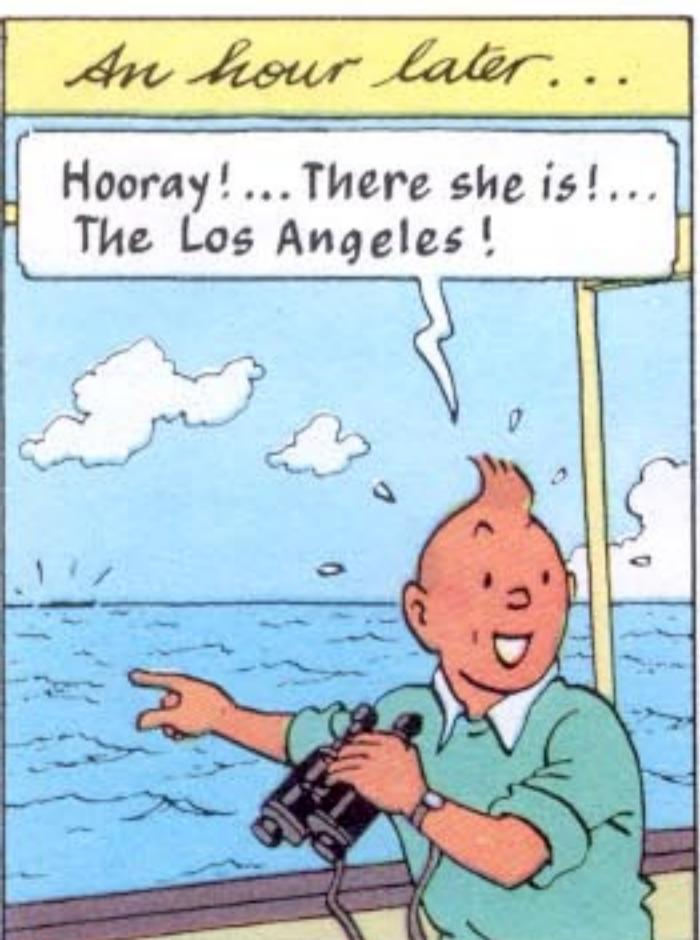
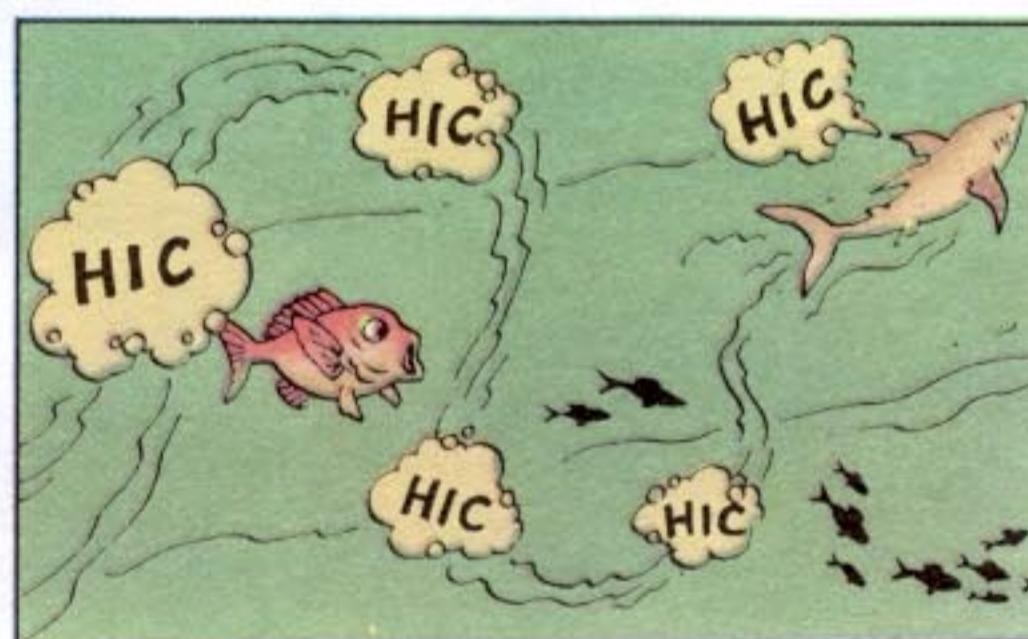
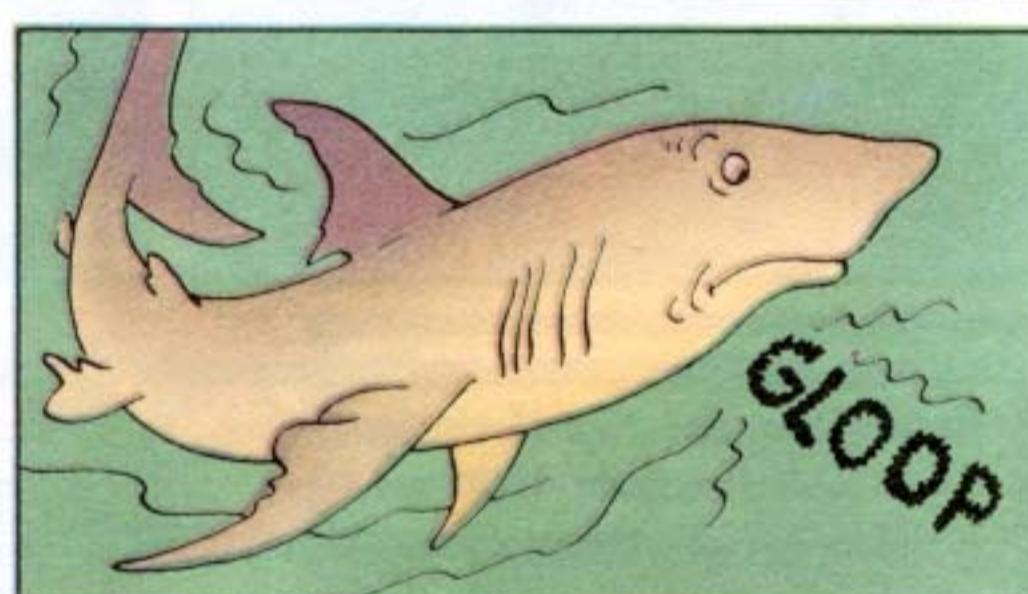
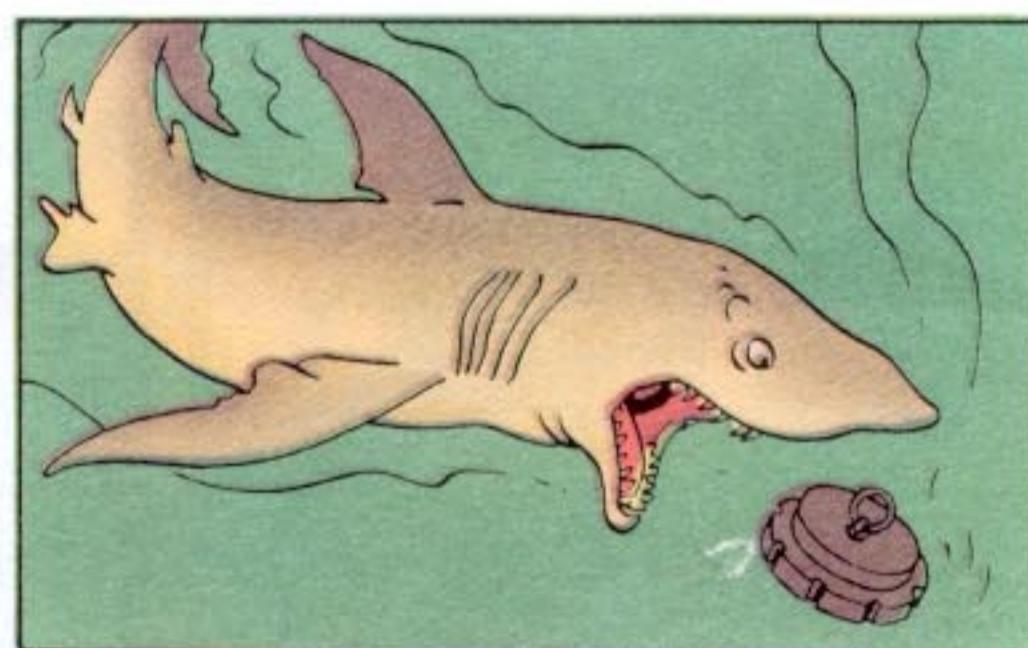
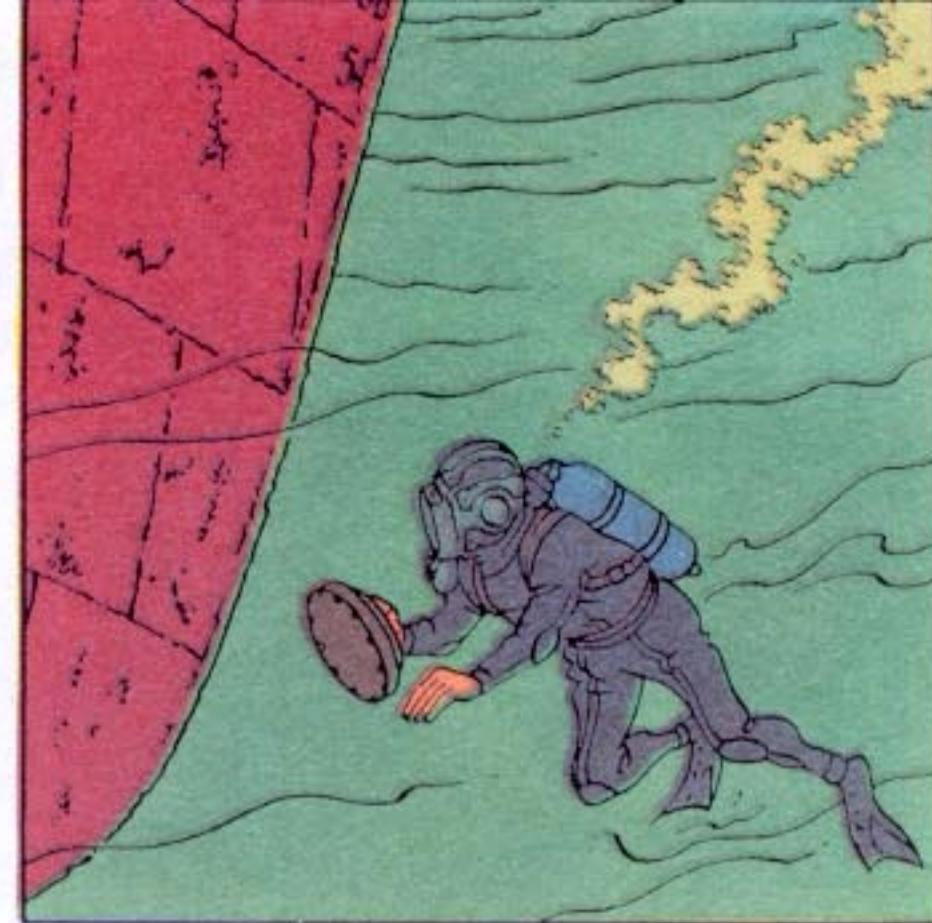
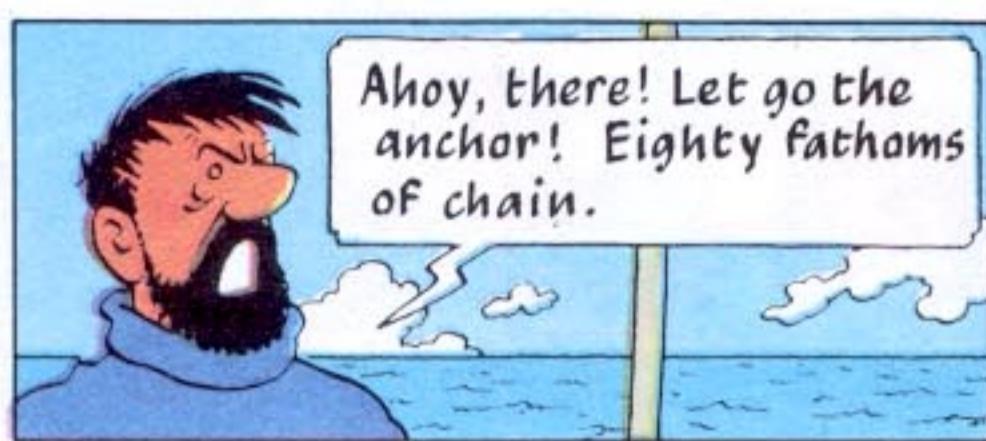
Tralalala-laika!

That is white man's folk-dance.

They said the ammunition was in the forepart...

Meanwhile ...

This is all very fine, but we must wait for the Los Angeles. I'm going to see if there's any chance of dropping anchor.



The next morning...

Still no news from Kurt and his submarine... What are they playing at, the fools?

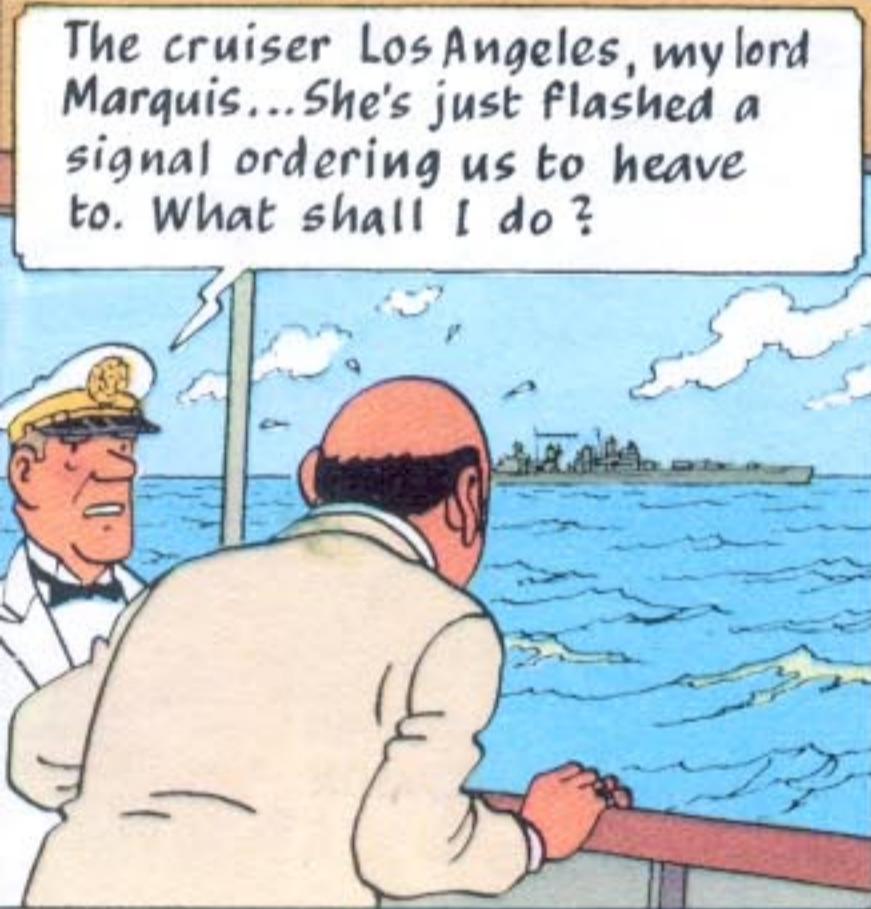
... and naval craft to intercept the m.s. Scheherazade and arrest the owner, name of Rastapopoulos, alias the Marquis di Gorgonzola...

Lost... all is lost!
... But it's impossible!

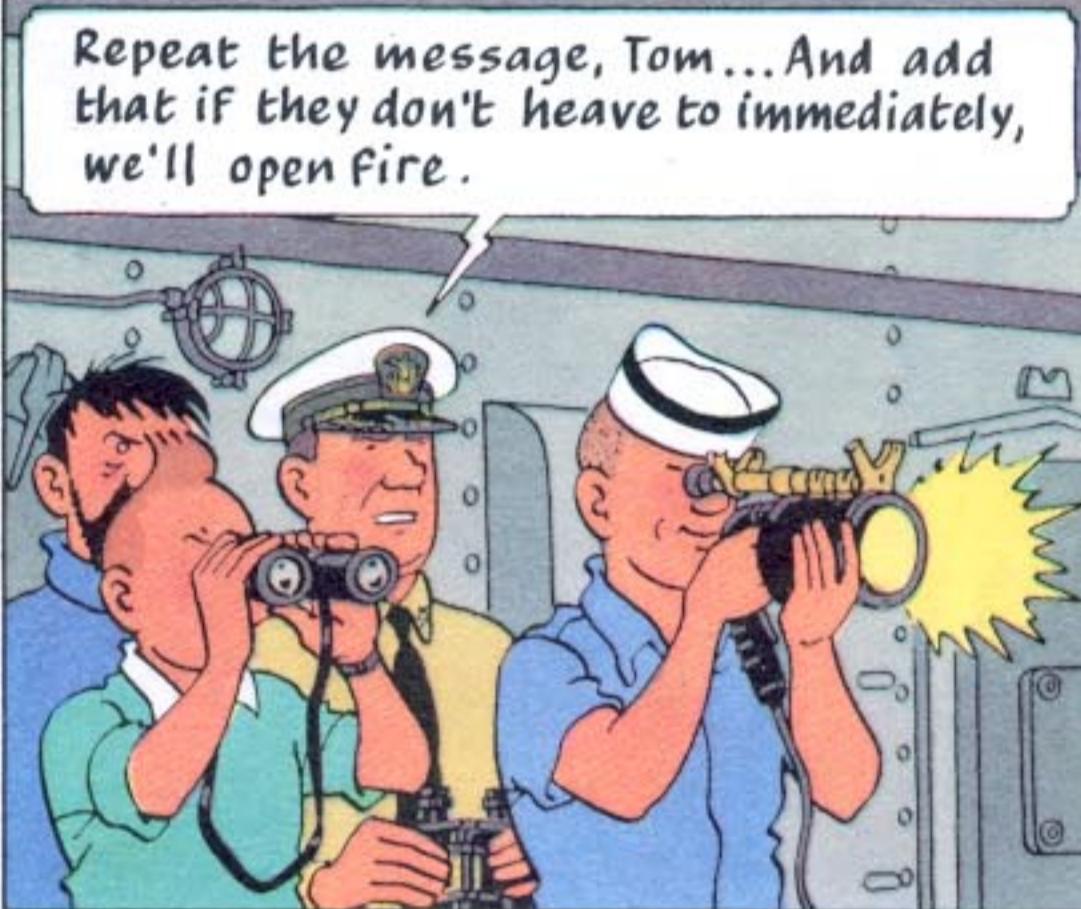
Hello?... Yes... Come up on the bridge?... I haven't time, Captain. I... What?... A warship?... I... I'm coming now.



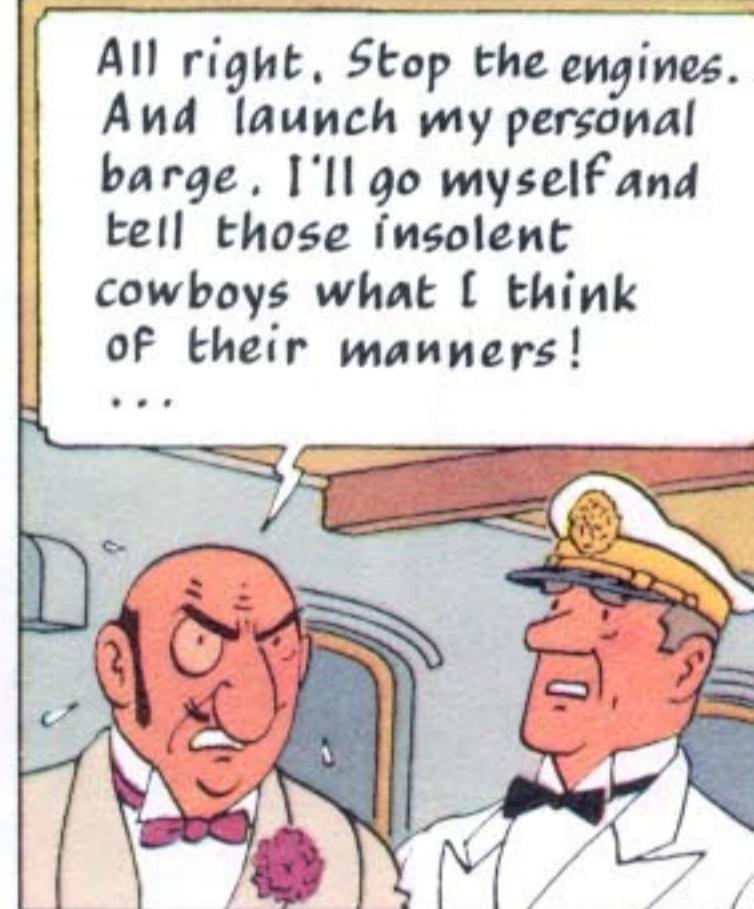
The cruiser Los Angeles, my lord Marquis... She's just flashed a signal ordering us to heave to. What shall I do?



Repeat the message, Tom... And add that if they don't heave to immediately, we'll open fire.

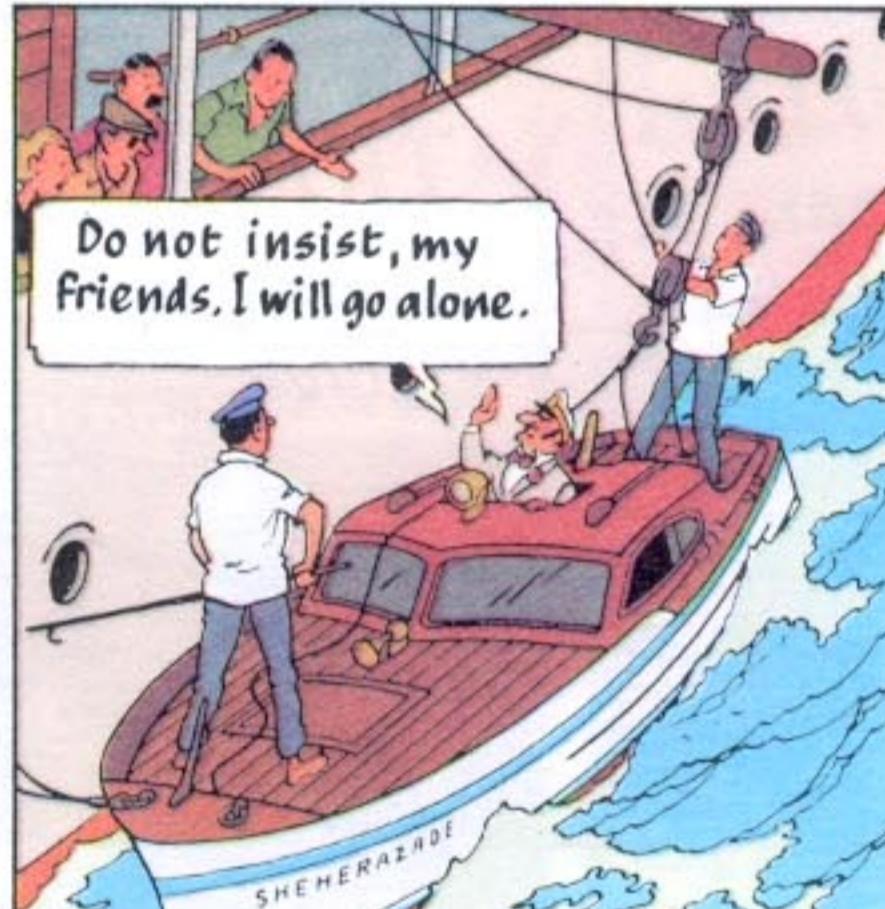
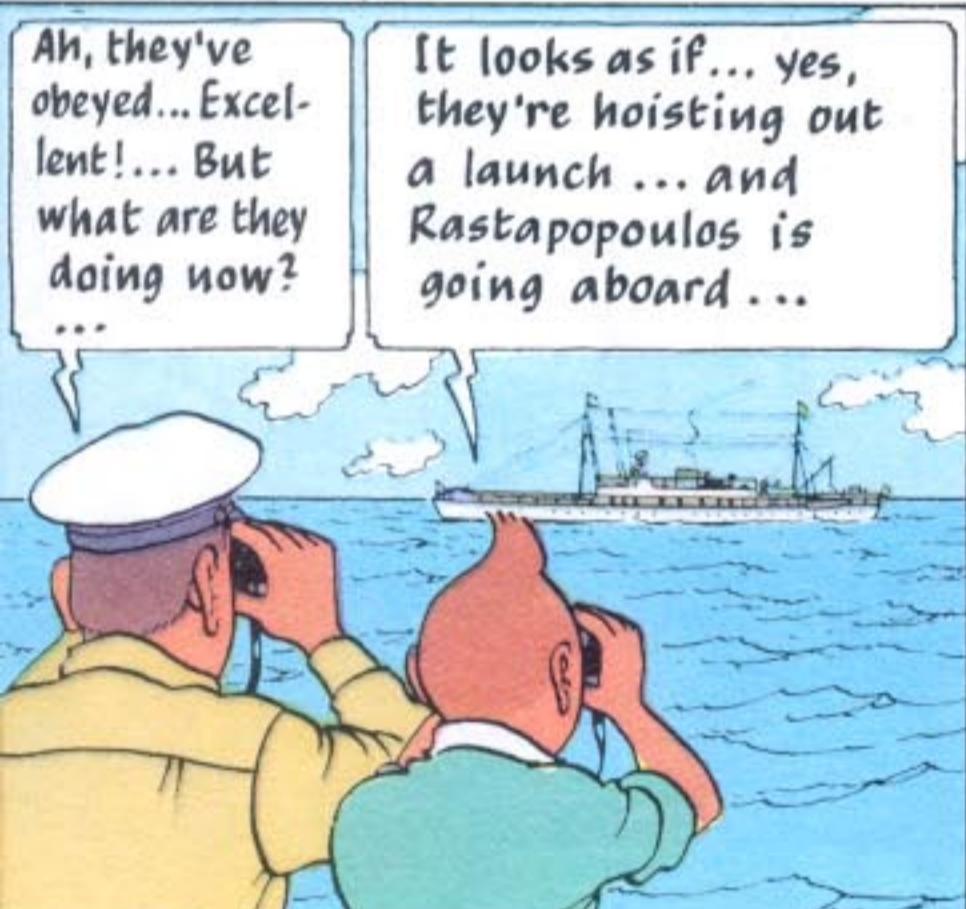


All right. Stop the engines. And launch my personal barge. I'll go myself and tell those insolent cowboys what I think of their manners!

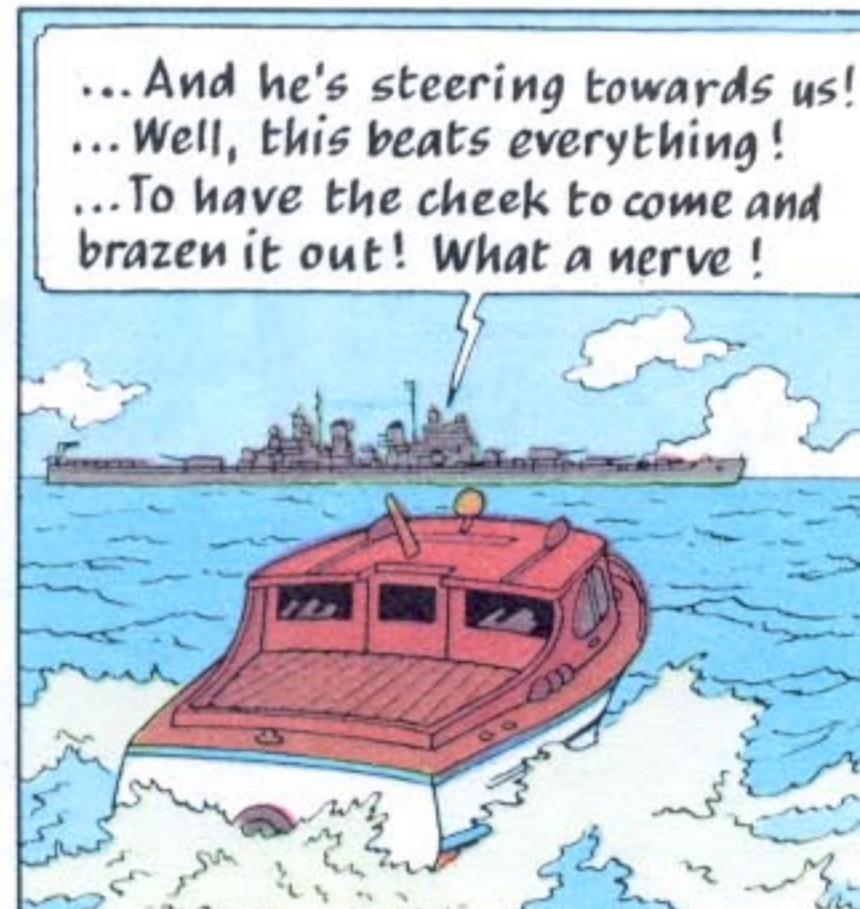


Ah, they've obeyed... Excellent!... But what are they doing now?

It looks as if... yes, they're hoisting out a launch... and Rastapopoulos is going aboard...



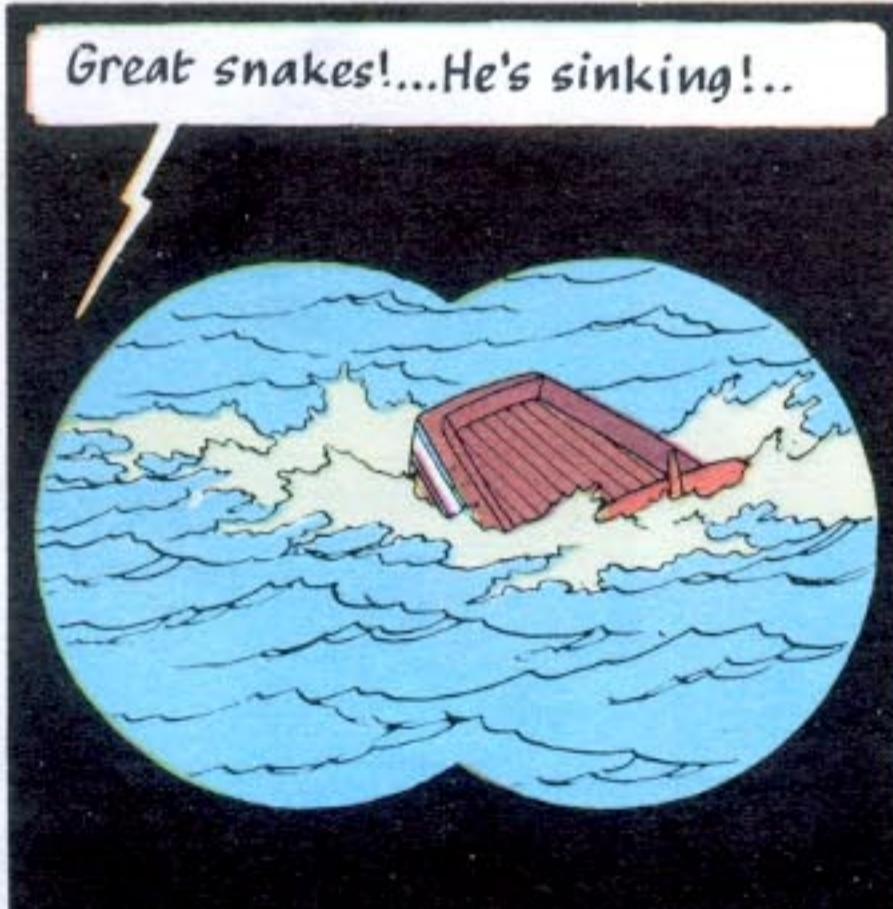
... And he's steering towards us!... Well, this beats everything!... To have the cheek to come and brazen it out! What a nerve!



But what's happening now?... He's slowing up. He's stopping... Has he broken down?



Great snakes!... He's sinking!...



Whoops! That's done the trick!... Just you catch me now gentlemen!... Ha! ha! ha!



NEW REVELATIONS SHOCK WORLD

SLAVERY—IT STILL EXISTS

Traffickers in human lives use code-word
"COKE"

Revelations in the Rastapopoulos affair have shocked the civilised world. With the discovery aboard the freighter *Ramona* of Africans destined to be sold as slaves in Mecca, the facts are plain: in this twentieth century, slave traders are still at

o the inter-
Tintin, the



Happy Africans photographed aboard the S.S. *Ramona*

Timely intervention by
Tintin and Captain Haddock
saved them from a hideous

Once known as
Mull Pasha
Once known as
Mull Pasha
Once known as
Mull Pasha

CAPTAIN ALLAN

Picked up by Danish
Cargo Vessel



Formerly Mate under the
command of Captain Haddock, the sinister Allan
commanded one of Rastapopoulos's

Where did Sheik Bab El Ehr get his Warplanes?

WAR SURPLUS STOCKS ACQUIRED BY DAWSON
ON BEHALF OF RASTAPOPOULOS

Coup d'état
San Theodoros

Alcazar
ousts Tapioca

A change of government is again reported from San Theodoros. Alcazar, former of state, has seating

PIRATE SUBMARINE IN RED SEA

pirate submarine
been operating in
Red Sea, manned
by crew of krauts. The

UNITED NATIONS APPEAL

Delegates demand international control
of Mecca pilgrimage transport

Profound shock has been caused in all the Western delegations by the news of the Red Sea slave-trading. Speeches in the General Assembly reflect the widespread feeling that some action should be

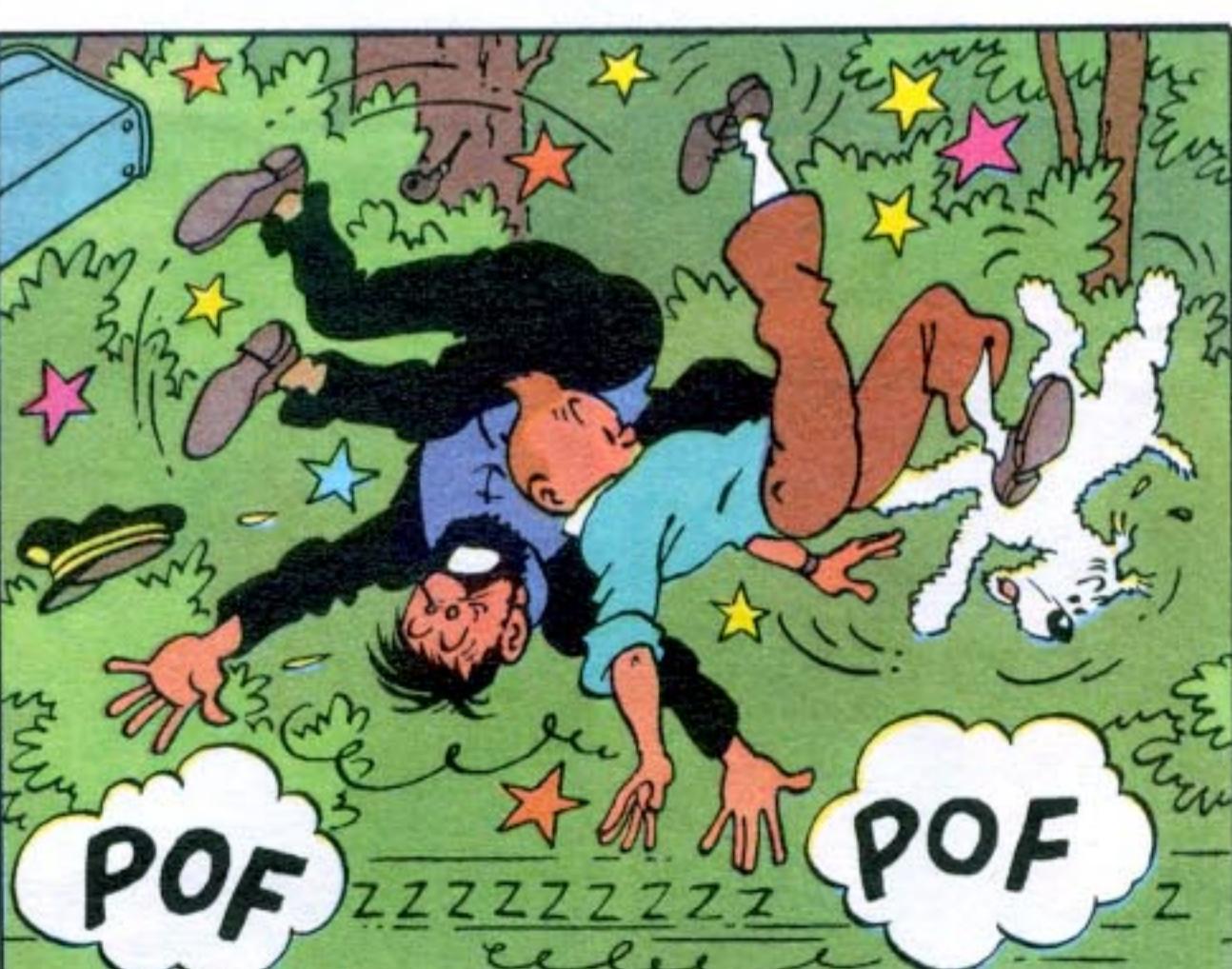
TINTIN IN NEW VENTURE

A fortnight later...

Well, what a joy to be home again, and to breathe the country air...



...and hear the old familiar sounds... Listen: the sound of a motor; it's the gardener mowing the lawn...



POF

POF

EMIR BEN
KALISH EZAB

Restored to
power in Khem

MULL PASHA

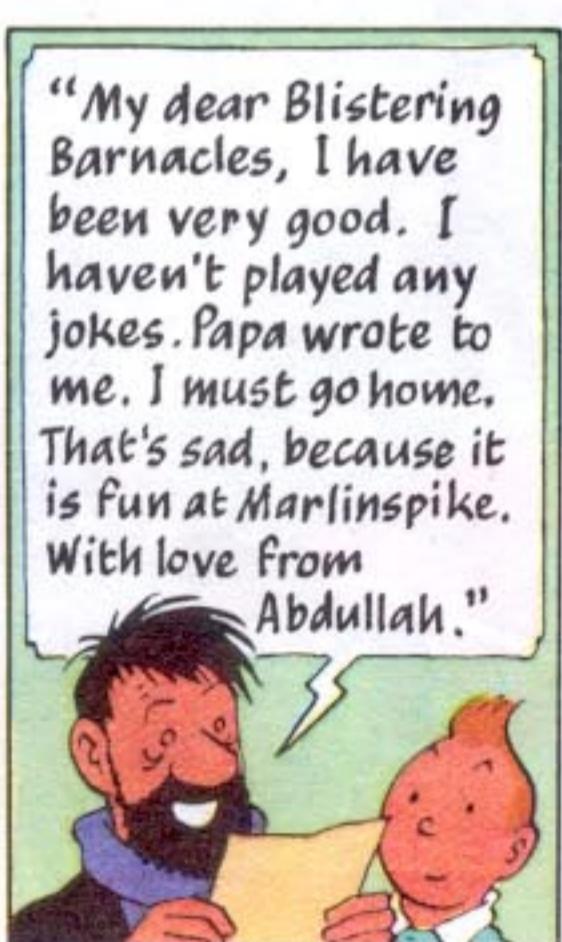
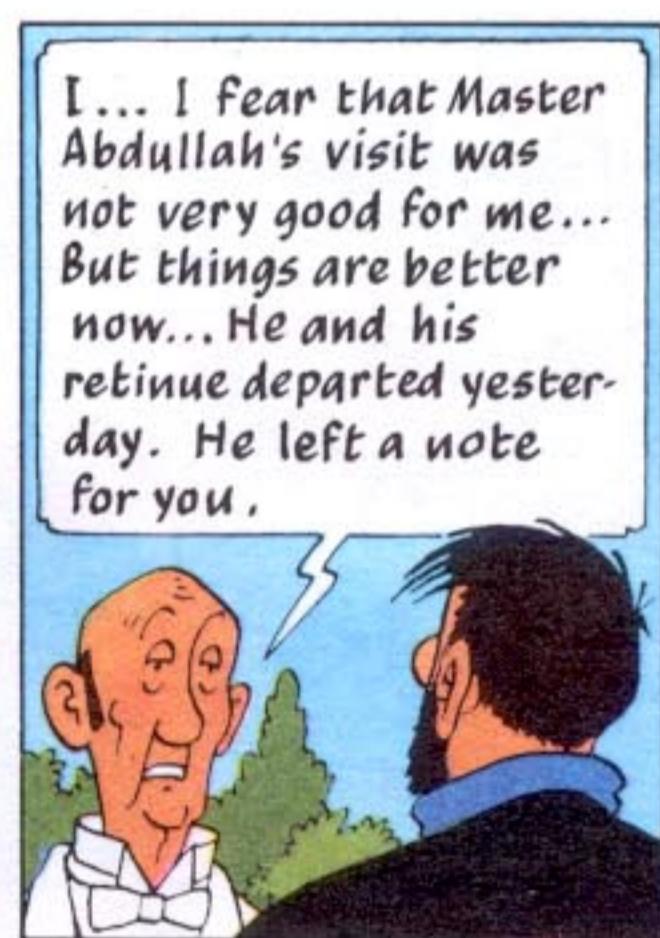
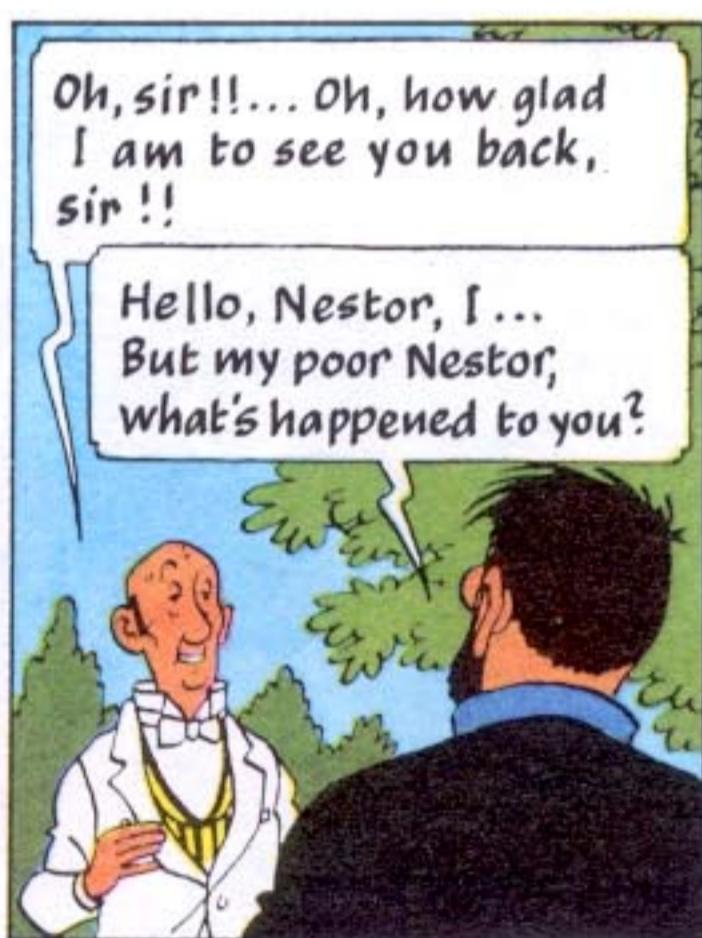
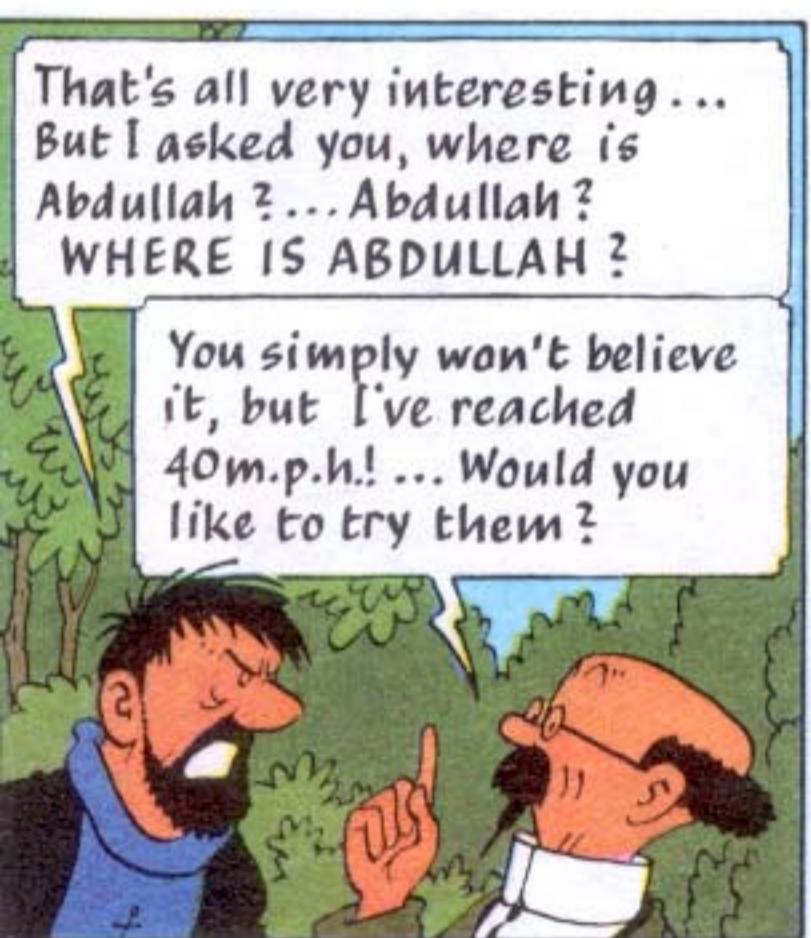
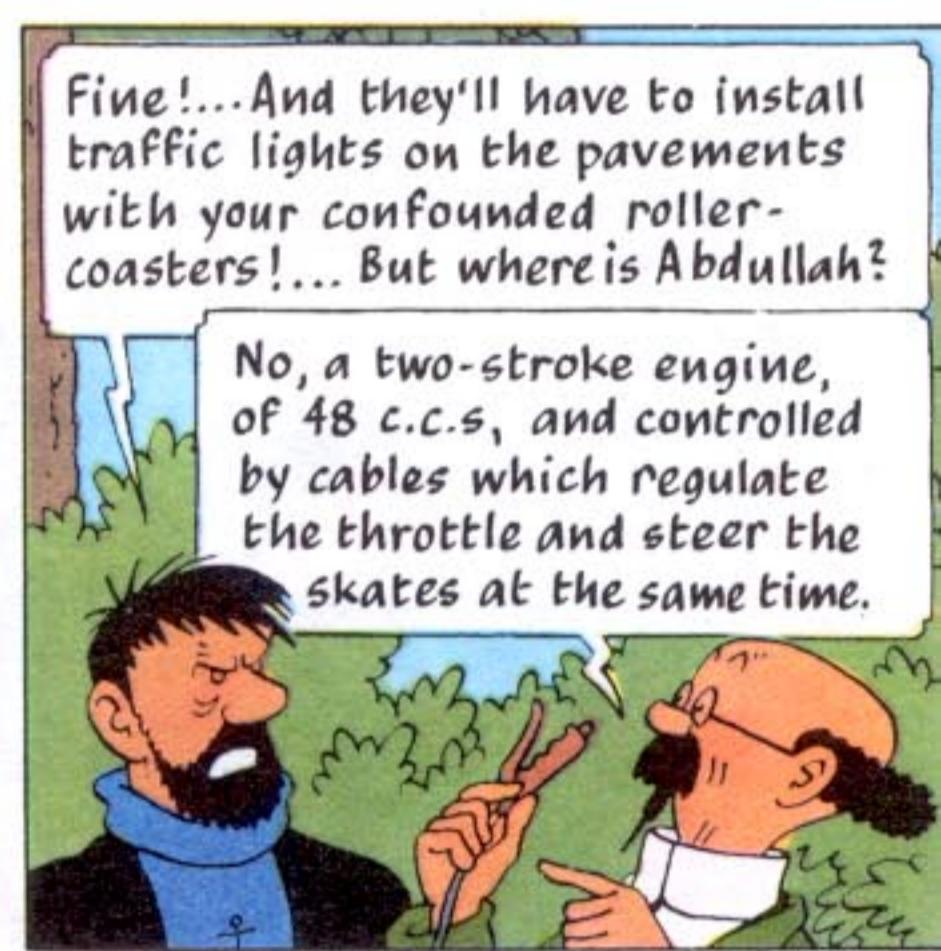
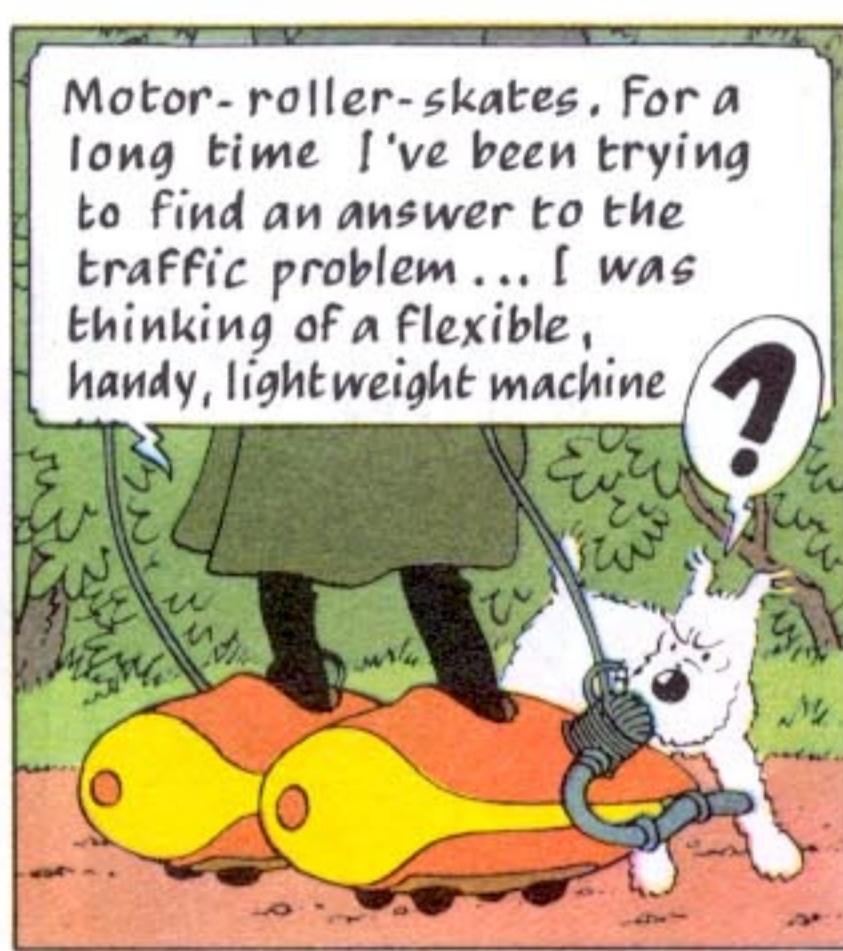
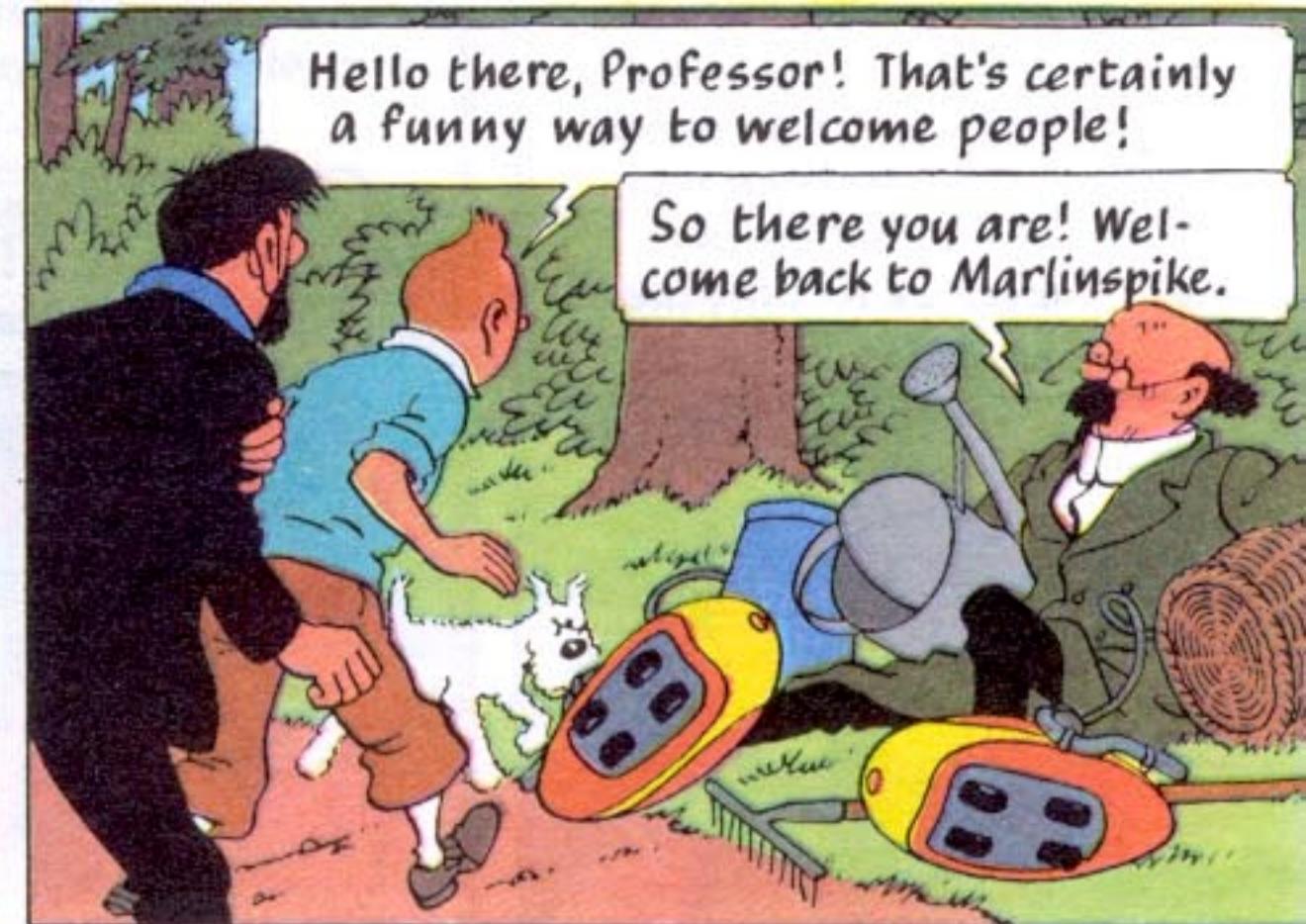
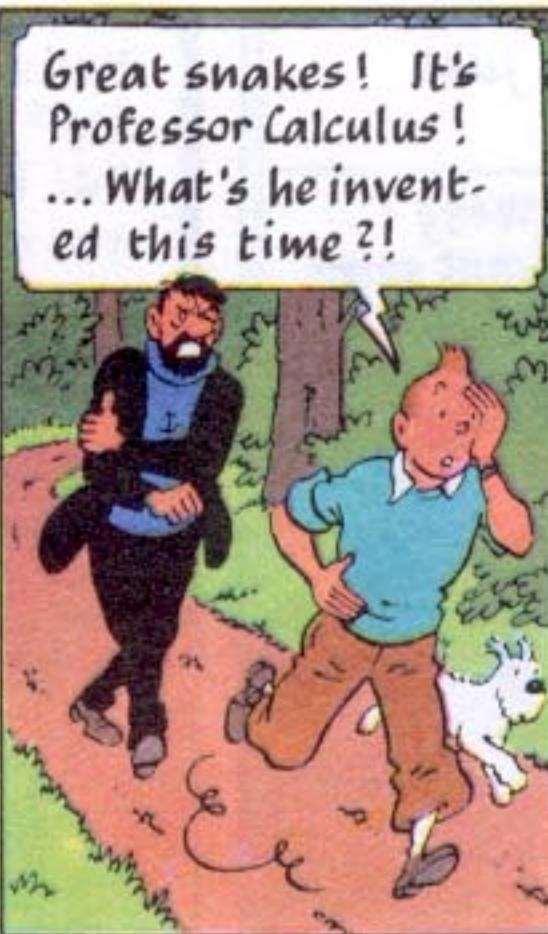
Revolutionary
Leader



Once known as
Mull Pasha
Once known as
Mull Pasha
Once known as
Mull Pasha

The source of the aircraft used by Sheik Bab El Ehr to help in his defeat of the Emir Ben Kalish Ezab is now revealed. These aircraft were war surplus stocks bought up all over Europe by Dawson, ex-Chief of Police in the International Settlement in Shanghai. This is the first time that has encountered a shady individual.

Since his return to Europe, Dawson has conducted a lucrative business for Rastapopoulos.



Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles in a thundering typhoon! Another joke by that infernal child... Shall I never be left in peace?! In peace!!

Sir, Mr. Wagg has just arrived...

Who?... Jolyon Wagg?... Oh, no, no!... I want some peace!... Peace!

Hello, old boy! How are you, you old sea-dog? I'm doing fine... in the pink!... Ha! ha! ha! ha!... What a lark to see you again, you old humbug, you!

Er...

Well, my old salt, I've got a surprise for you... I know the country's pretty, but it's dull as ditchwater...

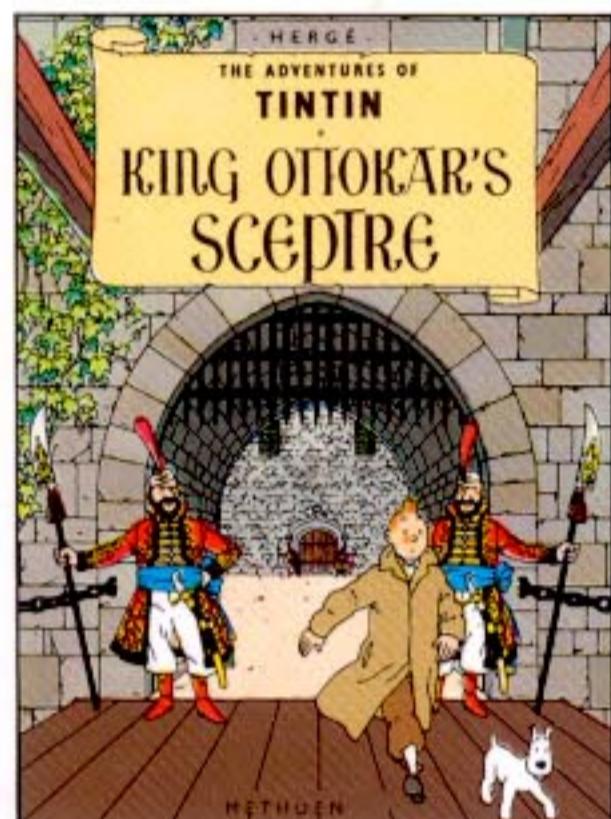
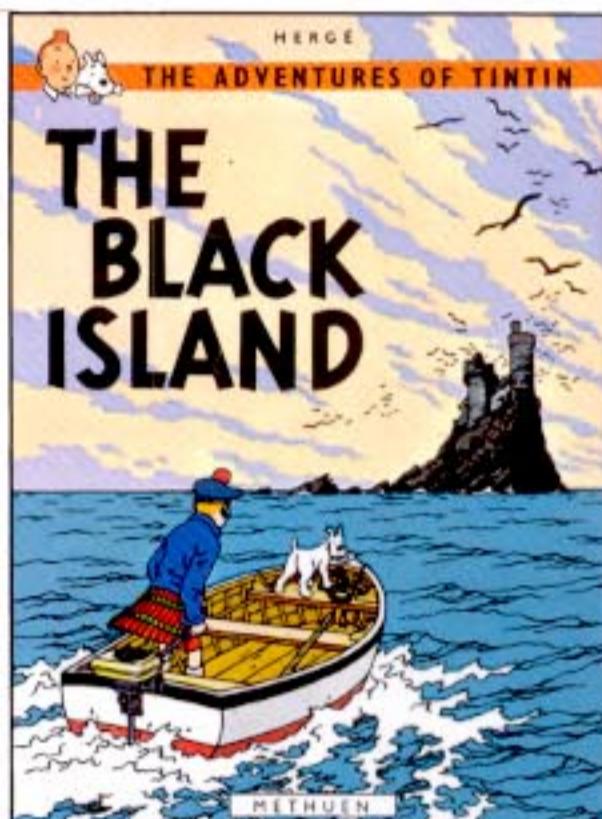
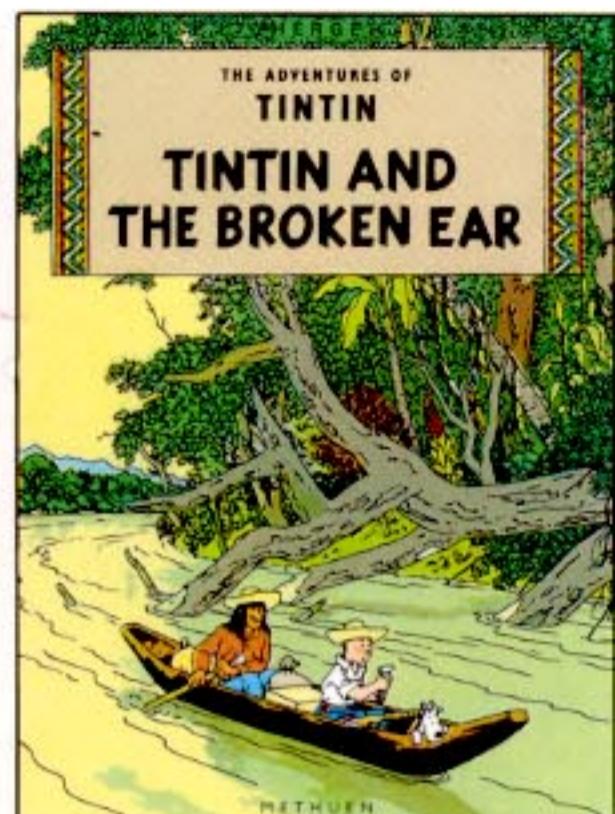
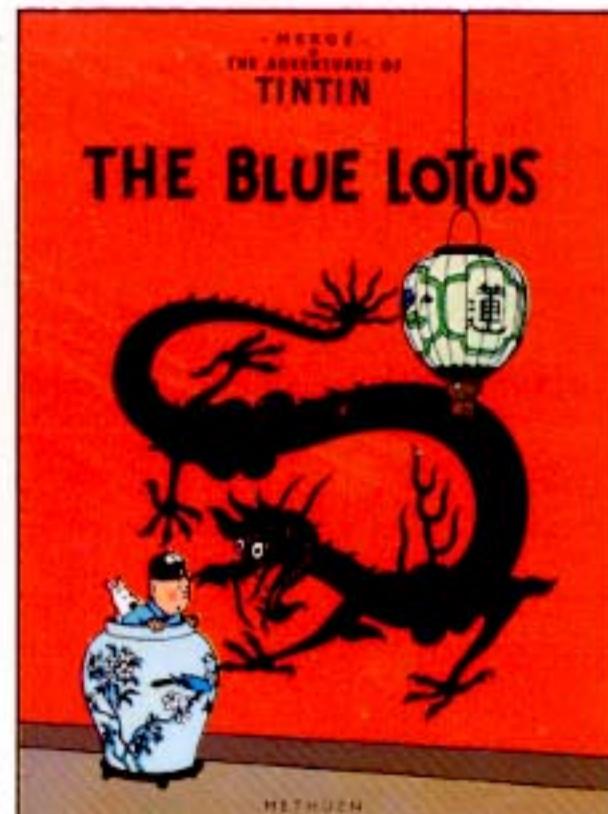
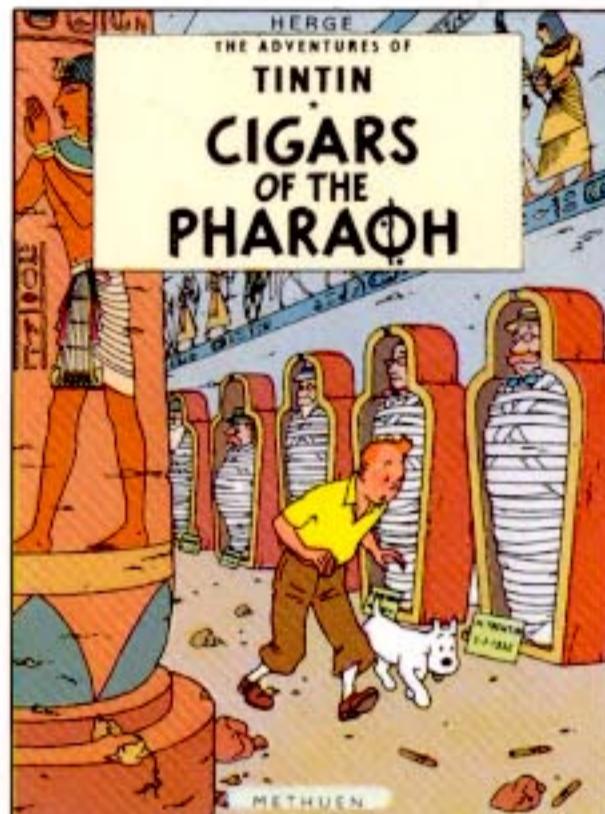
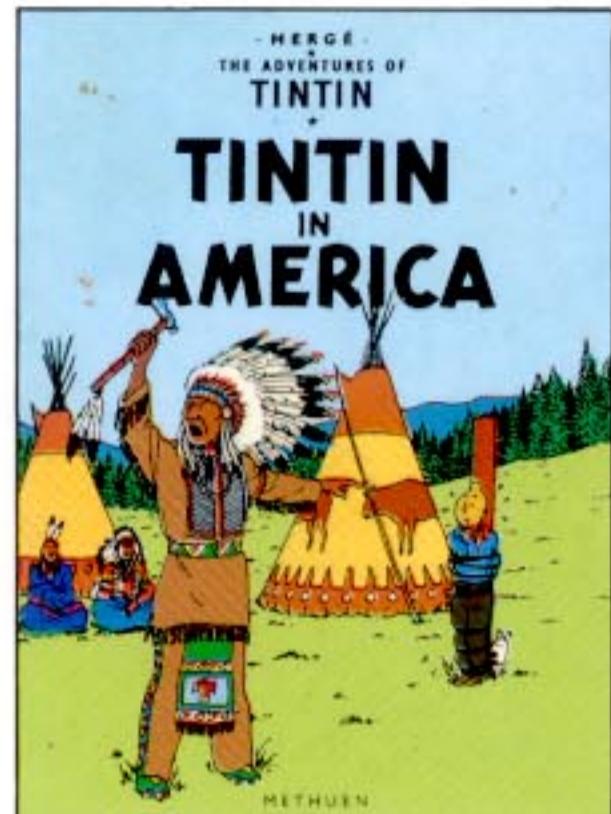
A matter of taste...

No, no, take it from me, it's dull. So I said to myself: "Jolyon," I said, "you must go and liven things up for that old stick-in-the-mud..."

That's very kind of you, but...

Now, now, turn it up! No buts! Too easy. I'm president of the Vagabond Car Club down my way; all I've had to do is organise a rally, and the final trials...





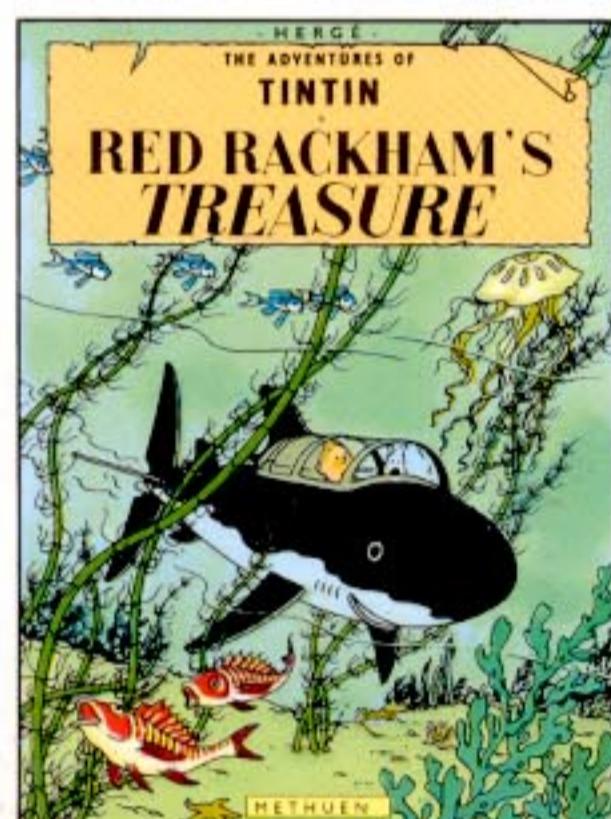
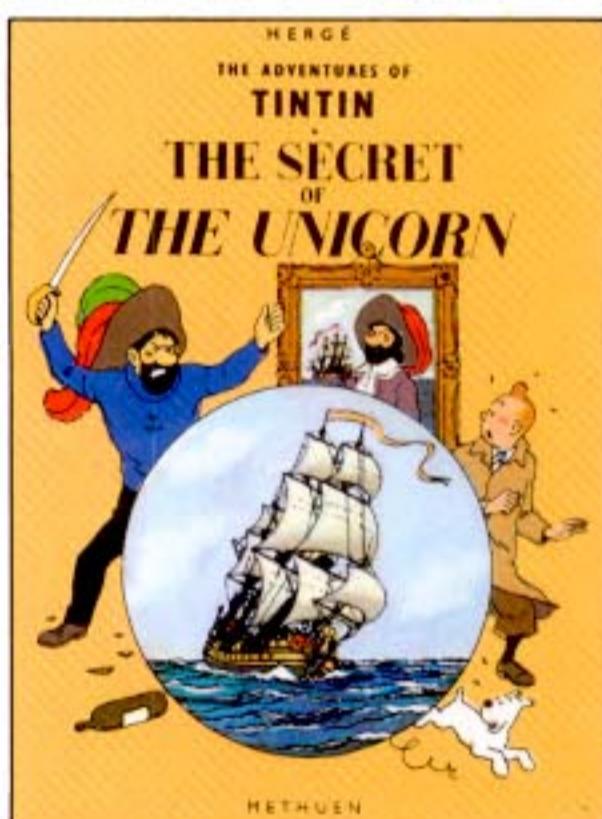
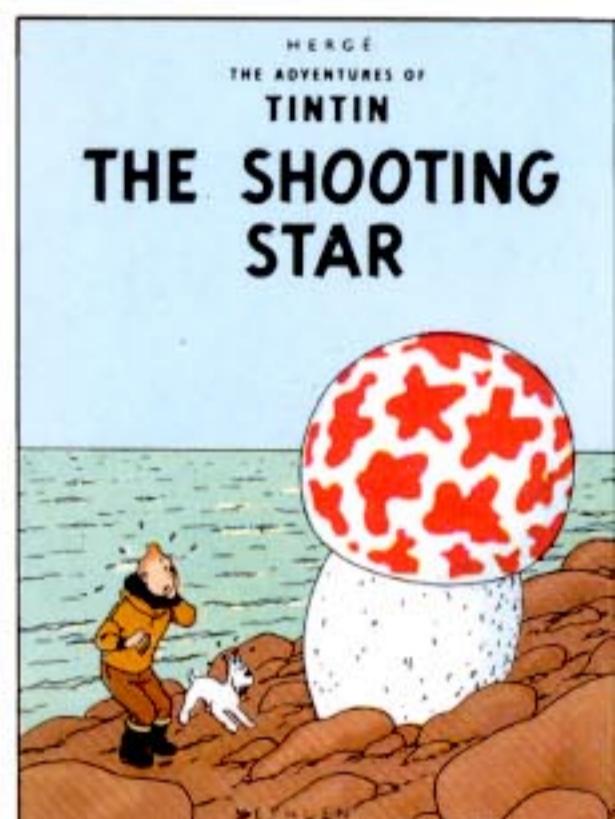
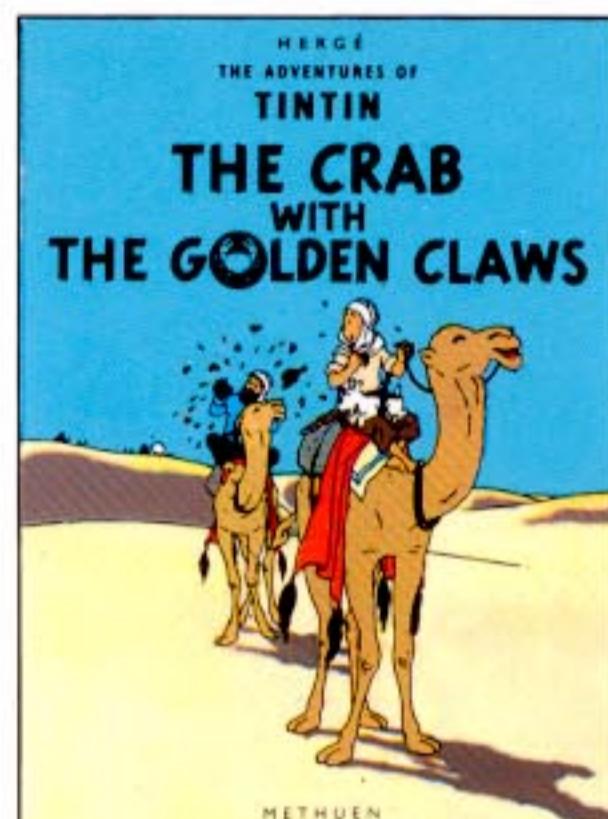
HERGÉ'S
ADVENTURES
OF TINTIN

Collect all 21
of these adventures!

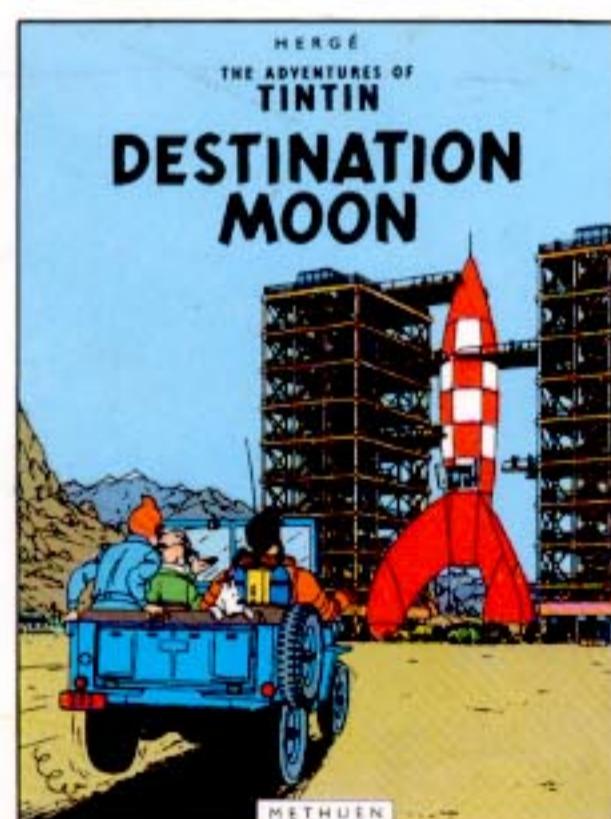
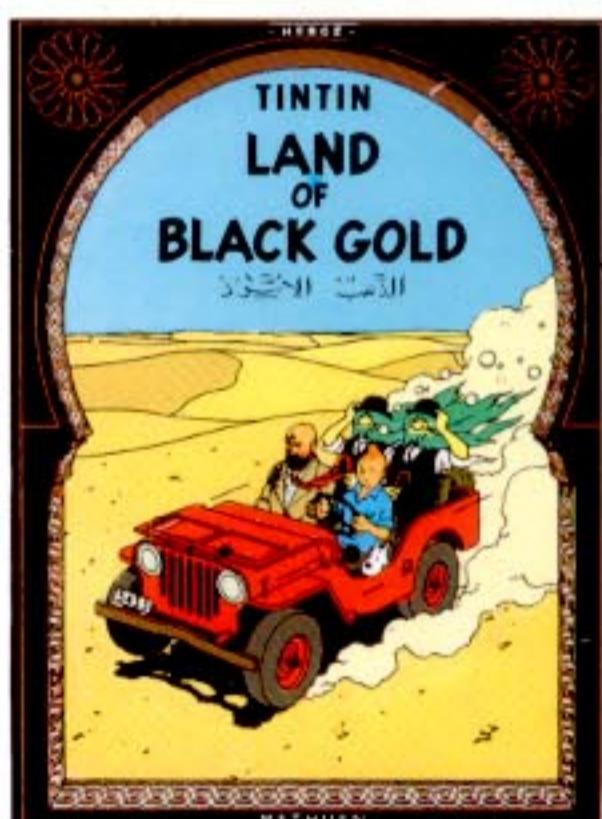
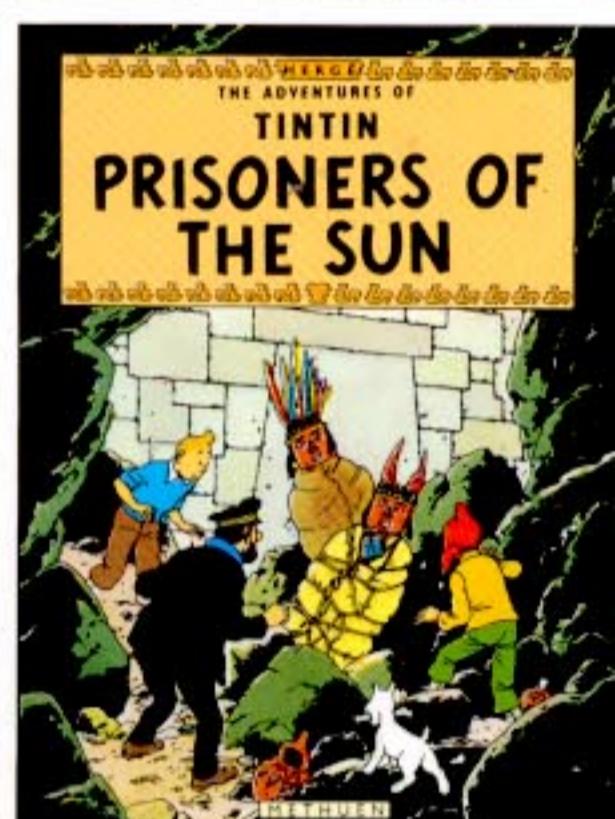
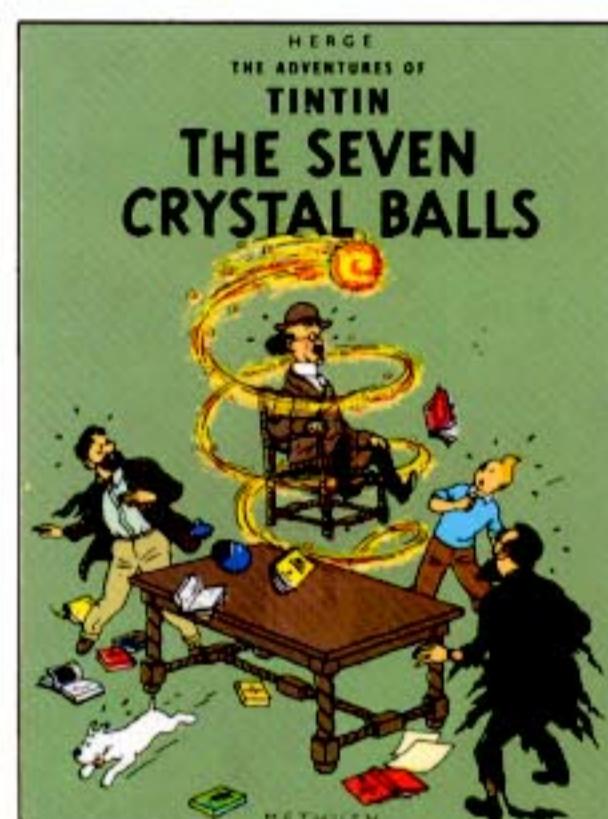
ALSO BY HERGÉ

The Adventures of
Jo, Zette & Jocko:

The Valley of the Cobras
Mr Pump's Legacy
Destination New York



The Making of Tintin
The Making of Tintin in
the World of the Inca
The Making of Tintin:
Mission to the Moon
The Tintin Games Book
Tintin and the Lake of
Sharks



Tintin Adventures:
3-in-1 volumes
The Tintin Poster Book
Tintin and the World
of Hergé
by Benoît Peeters



ISBN 0-7497-0470-5



9 780749 704704

